

Desolate Era

(莽荒纪)

Book 23

Endwar

I Eat Tomatoes

(我吃西红柿)

Story Description:

Fate had never been kind to Ji Ning. Wracked by illnesses and infirm his entire life on Earth, Ning knew early on that he would die as a teenager. What he didn't know was that there really was such a thing as life after death, and that the multiverse was a far larger place than he thought. A lucky twist of fate (one of the few in Ning's life) meant that Ning was reborn into a world of Immortals and monsters, of Ki Refiners and powerful Fiendgods, a world where Dynasties lasted for millions of years. A world which is both greater...and yet also smaller...than he ever could imagine. He would have the opportunity to join them, and in this life, Ning swore to himself, he would never let himself be weak again! The Era he was born into was a Desolate one, but Ning would make it his era.

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 1: Nuwa Immortal Realm

Ji Ning, Houyi, Fuxi, and their squad of major powers appeared in the air above the Humanworld of Yu the Great. They immediately saw the many figures awaiting them before the Allclans Palace, including Daoist Three Purities, Shennong, Suiren, and the others.

“Come, let’s go over to them,” Fuxi said.

“Alright.” Ning and the others all quickly flew over towards the Allclans Palace, then landed in front of it.

“My fellow Daoists, please accept our thanks.” Daoist Three Purities was the first to bow.

Shennong, Suiren, Patriarch Subhuti, and the other major powers all bowed together.

They were all bowing in order to express their thanks towards Ji Ning, Fuxi, Houyi, Kuafu, Jade Cauldron, and the others for risking their lives for many years in this campaign against the Primordial Ruinworld. Although they had suffered several setbacks, with Lord Tathagata the Buddha losing two of his dharma-bodies, overall their losses hadn’t been too heavy. In the end, they had accomplished the goals they had set out.

Within the palace. Everyone returned to their seats. Ning sat down as well, but he chose to sit next to Subhuti and Houyi.

“My fellow Daoists,” Daoist Three Purities said, “Our warriors went out on campaign against the Primordial Ruinworld. The Primordial Ruinworld was more powerful than we expected, and they encountered some dangers on the way. Two extremely formidable alien Outsider overlords ended up appearing out of nowhere. Fortunately for us, Darknorth has become dramatically more powerful. He was able to hold down our losses and keep them manageable. In the end, Tathagata lost the most.”

The nearby Lord Buddha smiled as he looked towards Ning. “There were losses, but there were also gains.”

“Haha...” Daoist Three Purities laughed. “The Primordial Ruinworld has

been destroyed. The Seamless Gate can forget about allying with those alien Outsiders and hiding in the Primordial Ruinworld in the future. If we can win the Endwar, we will have nothing else to worry about.”

“Darknorth has become an overlord.” Suiren spoke out. “We haven’t held a celebratory banquet for him yet.”

“No need to go to all that trouble,” Ning said hurriedly.

Generally speaking, when a new True God or Daofather was born a celebratory banquet would be held. However, since Ning had made his breakthrough while he was in the primordial chaos, no one had known about it. Since he had been warring for years, there hadn’t been a chance to hold a banquet for him yet.

“The Endwar is coming soon. I agree that it isn’t appropriate for us to hold a celebratory banquet at a time like this.” Subhuti nodded. “So many of us are gathered here in the Allclans Palace. Let us simply offer him our well-wishes.”

“Junior apprentice-brother Darknorth, congratulations.” Houyi was the first to offer a toast.

“Fellow Daoist Darknorth, congratulations.” Lu Dongbin, seated below the overlords, also raised a toast as he smiled at Ning.

“Sword Immortal Darknorth, congratulations.”

“True God Darknorth, congratulations...”

Various forms of address could be heard as the major powers laughed and cheered. They all behaved fairly casually. Normally, there were so few major powers in the Three Realms that the ascension of every single one of them was a major event. Generally speaking, large-scale celebrations would be held for the new major power. However, times were different now, which was why Ning’s ‘banquet’ became a much simpler affair. Still, although the major powers behaved fairly casually, they still had to maintain at least a bit of decorum; Ji Ning was now an overlord-class figure, after all!

Half a day later.

Ning, Subhuti, and Fuxi were seated shoulder-to-shoulder within a wooden boat which was flying through the endless Void. They had left their incarnations within the Allclans Palace. In fact, most of the major powers 'present' within the Allclans Palace had actually only sent their incarnations as well, with their true bodies standing guard over various locations. By keeping their incarnations there, they would be able to maintain constant contact and mobilize together at a moment's notice.

"Nuwa Immortal Realm?" Ning was surprised.

"Right. The Nuwa Immortal Realm." Subhuti let out a laugh. "Before Mother Nuwa left the Three Realms, she created a special estate-world of absolute beauty. However, the number of people in the Three Realms aware of its existence can be counted on two hands. Most of the other major powers don't know about it, but it is one of the most important realms belonging to the Nuwa Alliance."

"Oh?" Ning was quite curious.

When Fuxi and Subhuti had led him out of the Allclans Palace, they had told him that they were going to tell him all their secrets. They had also told him that they would first have to go to the 'Nuwa Immortal Realm'.

"Let's go." Subhuti waved his finger, causing a spatial whirlpool to appear in the air in front of them.

Swoosh.

The wooden boat flew into the spatial whirlpool, then quickly disappeared.

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Rumble...

A moment later, a ripple of power swept past the place they had just left.

"Damn. What were Subhuti and Fuxi saying to Ji Ning? Where have they gone? Subhuti's control over spacetime is simply too formidable. No one in the Three Realms surpasses him in this regard. There's simply no

way to follow him.” The ripple of power quickly dissipated.

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After passing through the spatial whirlpool, the three saw an absolutely beautiful world appear before them. Flowers and trees covered the entire world, and it was filled with all sorts of fragrant scents. Wild animals were running around happily, and lovely creeks, roaring rivers, and massive thundering waterfalls could all be seen in the world below them. The rivers could be seen winding through the mountains before flowing into the sea.

The only creatures which existed in this world were ordinary birds and beasts which possessed low levels of intelligence. There were no other intelligent beings here.

Subhuti waved his hand, putting away the wooden boat.

“You have to use this treasure if you wish to enter the Nuwa Immortal Realm,” Subhuti said with a smile. “Mother Nuwa once created a total of three of these boats. If you don’t have one of them, there’s no way to enter this place at all. I have tremendous control over spacetime and can locate this mysterious, hidden world on my own, but not even I am capable of entering it without this boat.”

“At least you can find it. The rest of us can’t even find the Nuwa Immortal Realm!” Fuxi laughed. “Nuwa truly was amazing. She was skilled in so many Daos, including even the Dao of Spacetime.”

Ning couldn’t help but silently sigh to himself.

The Nuwa Immortal Realm truly was a mysterious place. One could only enter it when making use of the flying boats which Nuwa had left behind? It seemed that this really was one of the secret mysteries of the Three Realms.

“Come.” Subhuti and Fuxi flew in front with Ji Ning following from behind.

Soon, they arrived within a beautiful peach garden. The area around them was surrounded by beautiful peach trees, and inside the peach

garden was an ordinary-looking wooden cabin.

“Come in.” Subhuti was the first to enter the wooden cabin.

Ning followed behind and entered as well. Upon doing so, he found that the insides of the cabin were quite plain and unadorned as well. The only thing it held was bookshelves, and the bookshelves were filled with jade scrolls and slips. Subhuti pointed at some of the jade slips. “These wooden cabins are all filled with many jade slips, as well as some storage-type treasures. These jade slips over here contain all of the powerful techniques, spells, and divine abilities which the Nuwa Alliance has acquired! These aren’t just our own original techniques; the techniques of the alien Outsiders are included here as well.”

“All?” Ning was shocked. The various major powers would generally keep their own secret killing techniques hidden from others.

“All the major powers were willing to hand over their supreme techniques?” Ning was quite curious. “If they wanted to keep them hidden, I imagine that Mother Nuwa wouldn’t have been able to discover them.”

“After Mother Nuwa became a Pangu-level God, she was at an incredibly high level of insight and power. In front of Mother Nuwa... there was no way for any of the major powers to keep anything hidden whatsoever.” Subhuti shook his head. “You’ve never met Mother Nuwa. If you did, you would understand. There’s no way you can even lie in front of her. It was Mother Nuwa herself who created the number one fate-type treasure of the Three Realms, the Book of Life and Death.”

Ning nodded.

The Book of Life and Death truly was an unearthly item. It recorded the lives of all of the countless living beings of the Three Realms, and it was capable of changing their fates, their very destinies.

“In addition, Mother Nuwa would often provide guidance to the other major powers,” Subhuti said. “These techniques actually won’t be of much use to you. What really will be of use are the techniques which Mother Nuwa herself left behind.”

“Oh?” Ning was startled.

Subhuti pointed towards a wall of the wooden house. Whoosh.

A technique suddenly appeared as countless characters manifested on the wooden walls.

“This is the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] scroll,” Subhuti said as he pointed towards the walls. “When Mother Nuwa became a Pangu-level God, she became what is known as a ‘World God’ in the primordial chaos. After becoming a World God, she spent time meditating on the mysteries of her divine body, spending an enormous amount of effort in developing this [Unbound Elder God Visualization] scroll. If you use this technique, you will have a chance of becoming an Elder God.”

“Although we’ve killed a number of alien Outsiders, techniques that allow one to become an Elder God are all secret techniques; they were all forced to swear lifeblood oaths, making it so that we were not able to acquire any of them.”

“Ji Ning, you have become a True God; this technique should be of use to you,” Subhuti said.

Ning gave it a careful read. He never would’ve thought that the Nuwa Alliance actually had a technique that could allow one to become an Elder God! This was a very, very rare thing.

“This technique is exceedingly important to us, as the birth of any new Elder God is a momentous affair for the entire Three Realms,” Subhuti said. “This is why, even in the Nuwa Alliance, only True Gods of incredible talent and absolutely unswerving loyalty would be given a chance to acquire this technique. If we aren’t absolutely convinced of their loyalty, we absolutely won’t divulge this technique.”

Ning was quite surprised by what he saw.

The [Solitary World God] was an extremely formidable technique that could allow one to train all the way to the World God level. It was an extremely high-class technique, and the underlying principles of the technique lay in spending tremendous time in solitude in order to find a

spark of insight within one's own divine body.

This [Unbound Elder God Visualization] scroll, however, was more like a visualization technique; it was about taking something illusory and making it real, then refining and mastering it. Its principles were completely different from that of the [Solitary World God].

Chapter 2: The Lord of Cui Palace

Theoretically speaking, the principles of the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] technique seemed to be on a higher level. However, the [Solitary World God] was more detailed and more highly refined; it was, after all, a technique which countless experts had trained in and improved, giving it a higher success rate for mastery. Although the underlying principles of the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] technique were incredibly profound, Mother Nuwa had created it as a new and inexperienced World God. In addition, since the [Solitary World God] allowed one to train all the way up to the World God level, its creator was clearly far more powerful than Mother Nuwa had been.

Still, from the creation of this technique alone Ji Ning could sense how incredibly talented Mother Nuwa had been. Even in a fairly 'backwards' chaosworld like the Three Realms, she had been able to train to such incredible heights. What level of power must she have reached once she entered the far vaster world of the endless primordial chaos? This truly was a difficult question to answer.

"Master," Ning suddenly said, "Since we have this technique...do we have any Elder Gods on our side?"

Previously, Ning had always believed that the Three Realms only had a single Elder God; the Lord of All Fiends. This was what even Fuxi and Tathagata had told him.

Fuxi and Subhuti exchanged a glance, then laughed.

"We do," Fuxi said. "The reason why we previously didn't tell you was because we needed to keep it secret."

"We do?" Ning was surprised and delighted. "Who?"

Three Purities, Tathagata, and the others were all quite formidable, but they were still 'just' True Gods and third-tier Ancestral Immortals. They had to work hard on their insights into the Dao to become comparable to ordinary Elder Gods. True Elder Gods, however, all had that level of power, even if their techniques were comparatively low-class. If they had

superior techniques and insights into the Dao, they would be elite Elder Gods.

“One of our Elder Gods of Primordial Chaos is actually still alive,” Subhuti said with a sigh.

“Who?” Ning was quite curious.

The Ancestral Dragon and the Phoenix had both died. Nuwa had left, Fuxi had been reincarnated, while Zhurong and Rushou had all perished. Who was still alive?

“The Elder God of Water, Gonggong!” Subhuti said.

“Gonggong? The one who broke Mount Buzhou?” Ning immediately knew who Subhuti was speaking of.

“Right.” Subhuti let out a sigh. “That’s the one.”

“Then why has he never shown himself?” Ning was puzzled.

“During the war that ended the Primordial Era, Zhurong ended up dying to save Gonggong,” Subhuti said. “Zhurong died, while Gonggong lived... all these years, Gonggong has felt survivor’s guilt over this matter. He’s always felt ashamed, that he owed Zhurong. He’s never been able to get over it. Still, no need to worry about him. He will definitely appear during the Endwar.”

“Alright.” Ning felt a surge of delight. Gonggong was born an Elder God; after having lived for a full chaos cycle, he must’ve improved in power at least a little. He was undoubtedly very strong.

“Anyone else? Has anyone successfully mastered the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] scroll?” Ning asked.

“Yes.” Subhuti laughed.

“Suiren.” Fuxi nodded.

Ning was surprised. “Suiren? H-he...he’s an Elder God? But...but why he wasn’t able to suppress Keeper Everwood when I was assassinated by the Seamless Gate?”

“Even though you lost one of your bodies, we had to keep the fact that Suiren is an Elder God a secret.” Subhuti looked at Ning. “We were in the midst of the war for karmic luck, and all of our efforts were directed towards winning it. No matter how much we wished to save you, we couldn’t reveal Suiren’s true power. Even if you only had a single body and were at risk of true death, we still would’ve made the same decision.”

Ning nodded. He understood this principle.

“This is the reason why we took the chaos nectar you gave us and gave it all to Suiren,” Subhuti said with a smile. “Suiren was always a tremendously talented figure; even as a True God, he was comparable to Elder Gods in power. But now that he is a true Elder God...he definitely is an elite Elder God in power! Now that he also has the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent] technique? When the Endwar comes, he’ll give the Seamless Gate a nice little surprise.”

“Right.” Ning felt excited upon hearing this. “Any other Elder Gods?”

“Uncertain.” Subhuti shook his head. “As far as we know, the only one who successfully became an Elder God thanks to the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] technique was Suiren! It’s possible that no one else has mastered it, but it’s also possible that some of the True Gods are hiding their true power.”

“Understood.” Ning nodded. In the end, most major powers only truly trusted themselves. Only a secret that was shared with none was guaranteed to be a true secret!

For example, given that Buddha Jueming had acquired techniques from Undermoon Lake, he certainly had to be an extraordinarily powerful figure. Most people in the Three Realms, however, viewed him as just being an ordinary Daofather. Ning felt certain that other True Gods and Daofathers on his side were hiding their power as well. It had been more than half a chaos cycle since the end of the Primordial Era, after all.

Half a chaos cycle...such a long period of time was enough for virtually anything to happen.

But by the same principle, it was also hard for them to ascertain the

true power of the Seamless Gate!

“We can’t be over-confident,” Subhuti said. “When the Lord of All Fiends took the survivors of the Seamless Gate and fled with them into the endless primordial chaos, they journeyed through it for a considerable period of time. What happened during those years? What did the Lord of All Fiends experience? None of us knows the answer. In fact, not even Everwood knows the answer. Only the Lord of All Fiends himself knows the truth.”

“In addition...the Seamless Gate flourished for many years in the Three Realms. On the surface though they still only have three overlord-class experts; the Lord of All Fiends, the Keeper of the Everwood, and Daomother Devilhand. I refuse to believe that they haven’t produced a single new overlord in all these years.” Subhuti shook his head. “Some of our major powers have been hiding their true might, but the same is true for the Seamless Gate.”

“In the end...everything will only be made clear once the Endwar begins.”

Ning nodded.

“Before planning for victory, first plan for defeat,” Subhuti said. “As with before, I shall not take part in the Endwar. If our side sees no chance of victory, then I’ll lead our survivors in fleeing from the Three Realms.”

“Fleeing?” Ning looked at Subhuti.

“Yes. This was the arrangement which Mother Nuwa made all the way back during the Primordial Era,” Subhuti said. “This is why I’ve been focusing so much on my mastery of spacetime. I want to ensure that when I lead our survivors away, there will be no way anyone can follow us. Although the Lord of All Fiends is incredibly fast, his skill lies in the Dao of Space alone! He can’t match me in spacetime.”

Subhuti held absolute confidence in his mastery of spacetime.

As Ning, Subhuti, and Fuxi continued to chat inside the wooden cabin, footsteps suddenly rang out from outside.

“Eh?” Ning turned his head to look, only to see an azure-robed middle-aged man walk in.

“You...” Ning was shocked.

“Ji Ning. Long time no see.” The azure-robed man smiled as he looked at Ning.

“The Lord of Cui Palace.” Ning was filled with disbelief. “You live here? All these years...I’ve never been able to find you.”

During the six hundred years his clones had been in Undermoon Lake, Ning had journeyed through the Three Realms but had been unable to find Lord Cui. It was as though the man had suddenly disappeared.

“I’m the treasure-spirit of the Book of Life and Death. To tell the truth, Nuwa handed over the Nuwa Immortal Realm to me for managing. After the Netherworld Kingdom was destroyed, I naturally chose to come here,” Lord Cui said with a laugh.

“Ji Ning.” Subhuti smiled as well. “The relationship between Lord Cui and Mother Nuwa is much like the relationship between your giant yellow bear Daoist Threelives. Understand?”

Ning nodded.

The Book of Life and Death...this was the most famous treasure which Mother Nuwa had ever created, and it contained inconceivable power over the workings of fate and destiny. Mother Nuwa must have poured all of her blood, sweat, and tears into the creation of this treasure, and she must have carried it by her side for a very long period of time as well. It was only natural for the treasure-spirit to become very close to Mother Nuwa. In truth, many major powers held more faith in their treasure-spirits than in any other beings.

This was because there was no way a treasure-spirit would ever disobey his or her master. They were absolutely loyal and devoted servants.

“Long ago, I managed to shed off the trappings of the Book of Life and Death and became an independent life form, capable of training on my own.” Lord Cui looked at Ning. “I ended up creating a clone and sent it

into the path of reincarnation, and that clone ended up entering your own homeworld of 'Earth'. That's why I said that we came from the same hometown."

When Ning was weak, he had been quite puzzled by this; if Lord Cui had originally been a cultivator from the Tang Dynasty of Earth, then he should have only recently become the First Judge of the Dead. And yet, the records of the Three Realms indicated that Lord Cui's great reputation had existed for countless years already.

Only now did he realize that Lord Cui had long ago become the First Judge of the Dead, and that it was just one of his clones which he had sent to be reborn in Earth.

"How truly marvelous." Lord Cui smiled as he looked at Ning. "I still remember what a weak, gentle youth you were. Back on Earth, you were just a bedridden patient...but now, you stand at the very peak of the Three Realms."

"I have to thank you, Lord Cui, for bestowing the 'Nuwa Painting' visualization technique upon me," Ning said. "Without it, I would never have been able to accomplish what I did."

The 'Nuwa Painting' visualization technique no longer meant anything to him, but it was the reason why he had been able to survive and acquire the legacy of the 'underwater estate'. Only then did he become able to join the Black-White College, become the champion of the Conclave of Immortal Destiny, and become the disciple of Subhuti. Without the benefit of starting off with the Nuwa Painting...he might've still been successful, but it was unlikely that he would become as successful as he was now.

"I actually bestowed the Nuwa Painting upon quite a few people, but none of them were as impressive as you." Lord Cui laughed. "When I first saw you, I had the feeling that there was a certain toughness and resilience about you, that you would never collapse no matter what setbacks or pressures you faced. Earth is a place where there is no such thing as cultivation, but even there you were able to change your own

destiny, living for two years longer than you had originally been scheduled to live for. I had the feeling that, given a bit of help, you would be able to make a miracle happen. That is why I bestowed the Nuwa Painting upon you.”

“Lord Cui, you...” Ning was shocked.

“Precisely. I already had the sense that the Seamless Gate was up to no good, which was why I began bestowing the Nuwa Painting upon certain promising prospects which I encountered! This would make it easier for them to cultivate...but of course, this was just one of many small plans I put in place. It’s quite unlikely for something as minor as the Nuwa Painting to result in the birth of a Daofather or True God; in fact, less than ten people I helped out were even able to become Celestial Immortals!” Lord Cui shook his head, laughing as he looked at Ning. “Thank goodness for you.”

“Lord Cui, you really accomplished a great deed for us,” Subhuti laughed.

“Ahaha...” Lord Cui laughed as well.

“Lord Cui, I tried to search for my old home of ‘Earth’, but I’ve never been able to find it,” Ning immediately said.

The Lord of Cui Palace shook his head. “Of course not. It’s much like how the Crescent world is located in an entirely different spacetime continuum. Some of the trillions of minor worlds of the Three Realms are also hidden in their own pocket spacetime continuums. After Mother Nuwa became a World God, she worked hard to set up these many minor worlds in their own little pockets, and your home planet of Earth was one of them.”

“No matter what troubles the Three Realms go through, these minor worlds will remain blessed places,” Lord Cui explained. “Only when the entire Three Realms is destroyed will these worlds be destroyed as well.”

Ning asked in a soft voice, “I wonder how my parents of my past life are doing...” The relationship between himself and his parents in his past life wasn’t as unshakably close as his relationship to his parents in this life,

but he had never forgotten about them. He had never forgotten about how his mother had taken care of him. Although his father had been more focused on his career, Ning's feelings towards his father were quite complicated as well."

"They live in a blessed land. Naturally, they have nothing to worry about," Lord Cui said.

"Can you explain in detail?" Ning relaxed slightly as he asked this question.

Chapter 3: Stars

Lord Cui said, “When you became apprenticed to Subhuti, your previous parents were still alive. I helped them change their fate, allowing them to live to be a hundred years old before passing away peacefully. They then were reincarnated into another blessed world; naturally, their lives were calm and smooth.”

Ji Ning nodded slowly.

To be able to live a century in peace was a good thing.

“Reincarnated into another blessed world?” Ning was puzzled about this.

“Mother Nuwa set up many minor worlds in separate pockets of spacetime. All of them are blessed lands,” Lord Cui explained. “Even after the Six Paths of Reincarnation were destroyed, the process of reincarnation in those blessed lands was not disrupted in the slightest. Those who die in a blessed world shall be reborn into another blessed world. It might be Earth or it might be a different blessed world.”

“But didn’t I end up being sent to the Netherworld Kingdom?” Ning asked.

“That’s because I chose you,” Lord Cui said. “All those blessed worlds are linked together, but I selected you as a person who was suitable for Immortal cultivation. However, those worlds are all too small; they aren’t really suitable for an Immortal to grow in. That was why I teleported your soul directly to the Netherworld Kingdom.”

Now, Ning finally understood.

No wonder!

No wonder he had never met a single person who had been reincarnated from Earth. So it was because Earth was a ‘blessed world’; unless something special happened, no one from Earth would ever be reincarnated into the various major worlds.

“I wonder if the blessed worlds will be able to survive after this

tribulation.” Lord Cui slowly shook his head. “Oh, right. I heard that you slew the Four Thearchs of the Primordial Ruinworld?”

“Yes.” Ning nodded.

“You should have acquired their treasures, yes? Take a look and see if they had any star maps,” Lord Cui said. “Star maps are maps that record the various paths that exist through the primordial chaos. We’ve killed quite a few alien Outsiders since the Primordial Era. The more powerful ones such as Rahu or the Lord of All Things, as well as their True God and Daofather subordinates. We’ve acquired quite a few star maps from them, but the more star maps the better.”

Ning was startled for a moment, then chuckled. “I haven’t sorted through them yet. Please wait a moment, Lord Cui.”

Star maps...

The primordial chaos was vast and endless, filled with opportunity and danger. Even a small place like the Three Realms had dangerous places such as Earthmoan Mountain or the Endless Sea. The primordial chaos naturally held far more terrifying dangers within it.

Even a World God could get lost if he or she just flew around blindly, and it was even possible for them to die in a particularly dangerous area. That was why one had to have star maps to journey by. Mortals needed sea charts when navigating the seas, and Fiendgods needed star maps to navigate the primordial chaos. The reason why they were called ‘star maps’ was because the primary method for long-distance transportation in the primordial chaos was through spacetime transfer arrays!

The primordial chaos was simply too vast; to slowly fly or teleport through it would take far too much time. Spacetime transfer arrays, however, were ancient constructs that had existed in the primordial chaos since time antiquity. They used stars and planets as their foundation, with the stellar bodies being forged together to form spacetime transfer arrays! One could instantly travel from one spacetime transfer array to a different, distant array.

Through repeated array transfers, one would be able to quickly reach

the desired location!

However, since the spacetime transfer arrays used giant stars and planets as parts of the array, the maps that showed the various paths and connections between them were known as ‘star maps’.

“Some Immortals or Fiendgods memorize then destroy every star map they see,” Subhuti said. “Others keep them intact and trade them to others. This is why we managed to acquire a few star maps from the alien Outsiders we have slain. However, we’ve generally found that the more powerful an Outsider is, the better the star maps in their possession are.”

“Found one.” Ning suddenly revealed a look of delight. He waved his hand, producing a metallic scroll. He unfurled the metallic scroll, allowing it to sparkle with spots of light.

“Every single spot of light represents a spacetime transfer array.” Subhuti pointed at the star map, clearly quite familiar with these things. “These unremarkable little dots here represent chaosworlds.”

“Three spacetime transfer arrays, seven hundred and twenty-one chaosworlds,” Ning said softly.

“How crude.” Fuxi shook his head.

“It is pretty crude. It seems the person who owned this star map was fairly low in rank.” Lord Cui shook his head as well. This was the star map which had been in the possession of Thearch Darkstill. When he had first joined the Lord of All Things, he had been quite weak; at the time, it was quite impressive for him to be able to acquire even a crude star map.

“Follow me, Ji Ning.” Lord Cui looked at him. “I’ve acquired quite a few star maps since the Primordial Era. I’ve put them all together into a single large star map. Let me take you to it.”

“Oh?” Intrigued, Ning hurriedly followed behind him.

He had once sworn a lifeblood oath to seek out and locate Vastheaven Palace. Although World God Northrest had left behind a very large and detailed star map for him, it was of no use! World God Northrest had

been fleeing for his life, and so he ran about randomly, jumping through every array he found. He fled so quickly that even he himself wouldn't be able to find his way back. Thus, the large and detailed star map he left behind represented a place that was extremely far away, very deep within the primordial chaos. For now, it would be of no help to Ning.

"So they compiled all the maps into a single giant star map? I hope there are a few places which connect to the places marked down in World God Northrest's star map. That will make traveling to Vastheaven Palace much easier," Ning mused to himself. Still, he knew this was unlikely. World God Northrest had arrived in the Primordial Era and had stayed in the Three Realms for a long period of time, yet had been unable to find his way back home. It was likely that there were no known intersections after all.

A short while later, Ji Ning, Fuxi, Subhuti, and Lord Cui arrived in front of a different graceful wooden house.

Lord Cui waved his hand, causing a metallic scroll to immediately fly out from inside the wooden house. The metallic scroll unfurled on its own while rapidly expanding in size. It hung in the air like an enormous painting, more than three hundred meters long. It was filled with countless tiny specks of light, and in the very center of those countless specks of light there was an enormous, blindingly brilliant sun-like dot.

"This is the star map we compiled." Lord Cui pointed towards the giant star map and smiled. "It holds all the information from the star maps we acquired from generations of Outsider invaders. During the Primordial Era, when Mother Nuwa adventured through the primordial chaos, she encountered an alien Outsider who called himself Chissa. She slew him and acquired his extremely detailed star map. Most of the information in the star map we compiled came from this 'Chissa'."

Ning was surprised by what he saw. This was an extremely detailed star map!

"This star map records a total of twenty-one spacetime transfer arrays, as well as 86,112 chaosworlds." Lord Cui sighed in amazement. "When I

first found out how many chaosworlds the endless primordial chaos contained, I was shocked as well.”

“More than eighty thousand chaosworlds...and our Three Realms is merely one of the more remote ones.” Subhuti sighed as well.

Ning, however, was just surprised at how detailed the star map was. He wasn't surprised at the number of chaosworlds, because he had received a similarly detailed star map from World God Northrest long ago.

“This star map has a total of twenty-one spacetime arrays and more than eighty thousand star maps. It covers a very large amount of space... but the star map which World God Northrest gave me doesn't have any overlapping stars at all.” Ning mused to himself, “It seems that finding Vastheaven Palace really will be difficult. Fortunately, I have an entire chaos cycle to make the attempt.”

“Look.” Lord Cui pointed at an unremarkable speck of gray light located at the very northernmost part of the map. “That little speck right there represents our Three Realms.”

“That's where the Three Realms are?” Ning was surprised. “Then it should be easy for us to travel to the other chaosworlds.”

“No.” Subhuti shook his head.

“It won't be that easy.” Fuxi shook his head as well, pointing towards that section of the star map. “Magnify.”

Lord Cui nodded, causing the star map to be magnified a hundredfold. It became thirty thousand meters long, and the area including the Three Realms was now much more easily visible.

“This place holds the Three Realms.” Fuxi pointed at that gray speck of light. “Ever since the Primordial Era, the alien Outsiders have only invade from one direction. All of them came through this ‘spatial vortex’ located right here in order to come to our Three Realms.”

“The Three Realms is actually located in an extremely dangerous and inhospitable region. The only way one can reach it is by going through this spatial vortex here.” Fuxi pointed at another location.

Ning took a carefully look while memorizing everything.

When journeying through the primordial chaos, finding a safe route by which one could travel was extremely important.

“Still, the fact that we are surrounded by danger has helped to protect us. It has made it difficult for alien Outsiders to reach us; they have to risk their very lives just going through the spatial vortex before they can reach the Three Realms,” Fuxi said. “This is why we’ve encountered so very few alien Outsiders since the Primordial Era.”

“Spatial vortex?” Ning was puzzled. “Did Mother Nuwa leave via this spatial vortex?”

“Yes.” Fuxi nodded. “To reach the Three Realms, you must go through the spatial vortex. To leave the Three Realms, you also have to travel through the spatial vortex. If you are able to safely reach the other side, it’ll be easy for you to travel to the other chaosworlds.”

“And what’s this enormous, sun-like spot located in the center?” Ning pointed at the enormous spot of light located in the center of the star map.

Fuxi, Subhuti, and Lord Cui all stared at the enormous spot of light, their eyes blazing with excitement.

“That? That’s known as the Badlands Everworld,” Lord Cui said softly.

Chapter 4: A Meeting

“The Badlands Everworld?” Ji Ning was secretly surprised.

Others in the Three Realms might not know what the phrase ‘everworld’ truly represented, but Ning did. World God Northrest’s own ‘Vastheaven Palace’ resided in an everworld. Every single everworld was a place which the cultivators of the primordial chaos would be willing to fight for in an utterly berserk manner.

“Ji Ning.” Lord Cui waved his hand again, causing yet another jade slip to fly out from the wooden room. He handed it straight to Ning. “This holds everything we know about the outside world.”

Ning quickly accepted it, sweeping it with his coresense.

“My oh my.” Ning took a deep breath.

Things were pretty much as he had guessed.

Vastheaven Palace was in control of the Vastheaven Everworld, while the Badlands Court was in control of the Badlands Everworld.

Based on the detailed information in the jade slip, Ning was able to estimate roughly how powerful this force in control of the Badlands Everworld was.

“I didn’t expect for it to be a force comparable to Vastheaven Palace,” Ning mused to himself. “In this vast region, at least, the Badlands Everworld is the center of the universe. Right...in the future, I’ll definitely have to pay a visit to the Badlands Everworld. I trust that the powerful experts of the Badlands Everworld, such as its World Gods or Chaos Immortals, must have journeyed to distant lands. They might know where Vastheaven Palace is.”

The only Outsiders the Nuwa Alliance had ever slain were at most at the Elder God or Ancestral Immortal level of power.

The more powerful one was, the more one would know!

Perhaps there were some within the Badlands Everworld who knew of

Vastheaven Palace.

“Finished reading?” Lord Cui let out a sigh. “According to the information in that slip, it is very likely that this region contains many World Gods and Chaos Immortals. Compared to them...those of us in the Three Realms truly are puny, backwards figures.”

Ning nodded slowly.

Generally speaking, every ten chaosworlds would give birth to just one World God! This was fairly normal. From the vast size of this territory, one could imagine how many Chaos Immortals and World Gods it held. Still, precisely because of how vast this territory was, there was no way to fly or teleport across it. One had to use spacetime transfer arrays in order to reach certain places.

Because of how vast the territory was and how many dangerous areas it contained, the various World Gods and Chaos Immortals were all scattered into many different regions, causing the territory as a whole to become quite chaotic.

In comparison, the Three Realms could be considered something of a paradise.

To Godfiend Witherspike and the Lord of All Fiends, the Three Realms was merely a chaosworld that was not part of the territory of any World God or Chaos Immortal. To them, it was like manna from the heavens; of course they had to do their best to try and take it over! The price of a Worldheart was far greater than the price of their very lives!

“The primordial chaos truly is endlessly vast.”

“Vastheaven Palace is in a different, distant corner of it, but the Badlands Court reigns supreme here. I wonder how long it will be before I can reach Vastheaven Palace?” Ning mused silently to himself. “Forget it. No point worrying about it now. Let’s see if we can even win the Endwar and if I can even survive it.”

They all boarded the wooden ship and departed from the Nuwa Immortal Realm. As they did, Ning continued to ponder to himself.

Upon learning that their side had two Elder Gods, Suiren and Gonggong, Ning had originally grown excited. Now, however, he began to worry a bit. The Nuwa Alliance was so powerful...how powerful, then, was the Seamless Gate? It was the Seamless Gate who had instigated the war, after all! They had launched an attack on the Six Paths of Reincarnation, causing the Three Realms to be thrown into a state of chaos.

For them to dare do such a thing...could it be that they didn't have their own reasons for feeling confident?

"It doesn't matter. If soldiers attack, let the generals deal with them; if a flood comes, build earthen ramparts to stop it!" A hint of fierceness flashed through Ning's eyes. "We can't afford to lose this war! If we lose... even if my daughter and my loved ones survive, they'll be chased and attacked and forced into the primordial chaos."

If they lost the war, Subhuti would lead the survivors in fleeing! However, Ning knew exactly how dangerous the primordial chaos was. Even Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals could easily lose their lives wandering through it. His daughter, Brightmoon, was still too weak. There was no way he could protect her at all.

"We can't lose."

This was a war between two great alliances. A war for survival itself.

"Before the Endwar begins, I have to master the Heavenly Dao of Water," Ning mused to himself.

"Ji Ning, where shall you go to next?" Subhuti looked towards Ning. "Back to the Crescent world, or...?"

"For now, I won't return to the Crescent world." Ning shook his head. "I wish to wander through the Three Realms a bit. I want to see more of the world, more of Heaven and Earth. I hope to be able to master a Heavenly Dao before the Endwar begins."

"Right." Subhuti smiled and nodded. "Your talent in swordforce is impressive, but if you wish to become an Elder God or a Daofather you have to first master a Heavenly Dao."

Ning nodded, then parted from Fuxi and Subhuti for now.

Ning's true body began to journey through the Three Realms.

Sometimes, he would sit on a boat and just watch the waters of the river flow past him.

Sometimes, he would stand on the peak of a mountain, head raised as he stared at the dark stormclouds in the skies, presaging the arrival of a rainstorm.

Sometimes, he would rest within an ancient monastery, watching as storms of rain descended upon the world outside.

Sometimes, he would soar atop the clouds, watching the waves roll and spin about through the ocean.

Water...it could sometimes be gentle, like a mother's caress.

Water...it could be as cold as ice, capable of chilling you to the bone.

Water...it could be utterly devastating, capable of shattering Heaven and Earth.

Water...it could be joyful, dancing and drifting about the skies.

The Primaltwin remained within the Heavengazer Tower, constantly focusing on the Dao. The true body continued to voyage through the Three Realms, seeing water in all of its many forms.

Mist, waves, glaciers...all of them were water.

"Eh?"

A white-robed youth was relaxing by the side of a river, holding a fishing rod in his hands. He suddenly revealed a hint of a smile as he tugged at the fishing rod. Plop! A large fish flew up from the surface of the water, landing next to him by the side of the river. The white-robed youth immediately grabbed the fish, then tossed it into the fish bucket next to him. The bucket already contained six fish inside of it.

"Some fish stew would be nice." The white-robed youth rebaited his hook, then flung it back into the waters of the river.

While acting like an ordinary mortal, fishing and swimming and boating, Ning was able to discover a different side to water. For ordinary mortals, water was necessary to life. However, it was also filled with great danger. Living the life of an ordinary mortal and experiencing water as they experienced it had caused Ning to gain many more insights....and so Ning had chosen to live life as an ordinary mortal for a time.

Splash, splash. A distant ferry was slowly crossing from the other side of the river. This river was very wide, so wide that there were large waves even when there was no wind. There was a small wind today, and it caused the waves of the river to grow greater and greater, resulting in the raft beginning to rock violently.

“Ahhh!”

“Help!”

A series of cries could be heard. The captain of the ferry did his best to keep the boat on an even keel, but as it continued to rock a young child who was seated on the ferry fell into the water. Instantly, a nearby middle-aged man cried out in shock and dove into the water.

Ning was seated at the banks of the river. Upon hearing the distant cries, he raised his head to take a look. Upon seeing the situation, he let out a soft sigh and waved his hand.

Whooooosh.

It was like a giant, invisible hand had suddenly lifted the ferry up. Even the middle-aged man and the child, both of whom were in the water, were lifted up into the air. The ferry, the child, and the middle-aged man all flew through the air. They couldn't help but stare at each other, then stare at their surroundings in shock and terror.

The ferry, the child, and the middle-aged man all landed on the other side of the distant riverbanks.

“Thank you, Dragon King!”

“Thank you for your great mercy, Dragon King!”

The ordinary mortals hurriedly kowtowed towards the water, believing that some great sea deity had just saved them.

Far off in the distance, Ning continued to sit there and fish. Suddenly, he couldn't help but sigh a little. Life was so fragile and weak. If he hadn't just happened to be here, it was likely that many of the passengers on that ferry would have died.

Suddenly, the waters of the river surged and parted, creating a corridor. A distant wooden boat sailed through the watery corridor, a red-nosed elder rowing the boat forward. In a very relaxed fashion, he rowed the boat all the way over to Ning.

"Ji Ning, long time no see." The red-nosed elder chortled as he spoke.

Ji Ning revealed a hint of delight as well as he hurriedly rose to his feet. "I had the feeling all day long that my luck was pretty good. I managed to catch six big fish! That's a lot more than I usually catch. I was wondering if something was going to happen today, given my luck...but I didn't expect to run into you, Old Man Yuan."

Old Man Yuan had graced him with kindness in the past. Not only had he saved Ning, he had also bequeathed unto Ning the [Heart Sutra].

Still...the war between the two alliances had begun, and Old Man Yuan still had yet to choose a side. Ning couldn't help but feel a sliver of unhappiness when seeing the man.

"Would you be willing to board this old man's boat and chat a bit?" Old Man Yuan asked with a smile.

"Can I bring my fish?" Ning laughed.

"Of course." Old Man Yuan nodded.

Ji Ning hoisted up his fish bucket and his fishing rod, then stepped onto Old Man Yuan's boat. Old Man Yuan looked at Ji Ning. Ji Ning moved as though he was an ordinary mortal, but with every movement he radiated a hidden, reserved power. Old Man Yuan couldn't help but sigh. "He truly is extraordinary."

Thunk. Ning set the fish bucket down at the prow of the boat, then sat down in the lotus position facing Old Man Yuan. In front of them was a wooden table, and on the wooden table was a flask of wine and two winecups.

Chapter 5: Ji Ning and Old Man Yuan

“If you deem this old man worthy, just call me ‘fellow Daoist’,” Old Man Yuan said with a smile.

“Fellow Daoist Yuan.” Ji Ning nodded.

The mood between the two was quite subtle and difficult to explain.

The campaign against the Primordial Ruinworld had already concluded. The Three Realms was in the midst of the war for karmic luck, and this war was almost over; the Endwar was going to arrive soon! And yet, Old Man Yuan still had not chosen to stand alongside the Nuwa Alliance. To tell the truth...even Ji Ning felt that Old Man Yuan was being a bit too selfish.

“First, have a bit of this wine this old man brought.” As Old Man Yuan spoke, he reached out with his hand, intending to grasp the wine flask. Ning, however, grabbed it first and smiled at him. “Let me pour.”

Splash. Splash.

Ning poured two full cups of wine. Old Man Yuan lifted up his cup, taking a small sip. “I still remember how young and inexperienced you were. I never would’ve thought that in less than a thousand years, you would’ve reached your current level of power. The Seamless Gate truly views you as one of their major headaches, but they don’t have any method of getting rid of you.”

“The Seamless Gate isn’t that powerful.” Ning looked at Old Man Yuan. “In fact...from the surface, it would seem as though they are weaker than our side. If that’s true...fellow Daoist Yuan, why are you still unwilling to join our side? My master Subhuti as well as many other major powers in the Nuwa Alliance were born alongside you from the primordial chaos, fellow Daoist Yuan. They are your brothers, and all of you roamed the Pangu Chaosworld together.”

“Yes, they were and are my lifelong friends.” Old Man Yuan nodded slowly. “But for the sake of my greater Dao, I’m willing to sacrifice all I

have.”

“Your ‘greater Dao’?” Ning looked at him.

“My greater Dao exists in the vast expanse of space outside of this place.” Old Man Yuan smiled. “The Three Realms is just merely a single small chaosworld; the outside world holds many more chaosworlds. World Gods and Chaos Immortals? The vast expanse outside the Three Realms holds many of them. That is the world which I truly belong to. To risk my life in a civil war in such a fashion is too pointless.”

“So you are just going to watch as your old friends die one by one?” Ning asked.

“So what if I do?” Old Man Yuan was quite calm.

Ning immediately understood that other major powers such as Patriarch Subhuti had most likely tried to persuade Old Man Yuan using the same words. Old Man Yuan remained unpersuaded; clearly, to convince him would be no easy feat.

“In my homeland, we have a saying: ‘Houses of silver and gold aren’t as good as a doghouse of your own.’” Ning laughed. “Although this phrase is quite crude, its meaning is quite simple. It might be true that the world outside holds more major powers, karmic legacies, techniques, and divine abilities. The alien Outsiders that invaded the Three Realms might have been nothing more than minor figures. But...”

“But no matter how weak we are in the Three Realms, this is our doghouse. This is our home!”

“If we can’t protect our home.”

“If we can’t protect our friends and brothers.”

“What’s the point of even cultivating?” Ning shook his head.

Old Man Yuan looked at Ning. “Your words are somewhat reasonable, but as far as I’m concerned, reaching new heights is what truly matters. When mortals embark on the Immortal path, some will end up slaying their parents or their loved ones in order to better understand their own

heart! If I was a mortal who was training to become an Immortal cultivator, I might very well do the same. Do you understand?"

Ning sighed in his heart.

To kill one's father, mother, wife, and children to understand one's own Dao-heart...in Ning's eyes, this was a path of evil. If one was without love and feelings, wouldn't that just be the same as being a zombie?

"Those who travel on different paths cannot make plans together." Ning lifted up his cup of wine. "Years ago, fellow Daoist Yuan, you bestowed the [Heart Sutra] upon me. I have nothing which I can use to repay you. All I can do is offer you this toast."

"A toast from Sword Immortal Darknorth? I certainly have to accept it!" Old Man Yuan raised his own cup as well.

The two both drank.

After putting down his wine cup, Ji Ning looked at Old Man Yuan. Old Man Yuan couldn't help but sigh to himself upon sensing that faint, sharp aura surrounding Ji Ning. He could sense the tremendous threat which Ji Ning posed him.

"Might I ask why you have sought me out, fellow Daoist Yuan?" Ning asked.

"Does there have to be a reason? Can't we just share some wine and enjoy a chat about the old days?" Old Man Yuan laughed.

"Chat about the old days? Well, we've drank our wine and had our chat. I need to go back and and cook some fish soup." Ning rose to his feet as he spoke, reaching towards the fish bucket and the fishing pole which had been placed at the helm of the boat.

"I actually do have something to discuss with you," Old Man Yuan said.

Ning came to a halt and was about to turn around, but suddenly...

A strange, unfathomable ripple of power instantly invaded Ning's body, surging towards his soul in a massive wave.

"Heartforce." Ning instantly understood.

There was no way his own heartforce could defend against that tremendous wave of invading heartforce power. They were on completely different levels.

“Fifth stage heartforce! Old Man Yuan has reached the fifth stage of heartforce. He just launched a sneak attack against me.” Ning was tremendously shocked. In the Three Realms, it was common knowledge that the only person who had reached the fifth stage of heartforce was Houyi. However, this clearly was not the case. Old Man Yuan was extremely accomplished in heartforce; the [Heart Sutra] he had bestowed unto Ning had thoroughly convinced Ning of his formidable prowess in this field. Only today, however, did he realize that Old Man Yuan had actually reached the fifth stage of heartforce!

Old Man Yuan’s heartforce flooded through Ning’s body!

Ning’s own heartforce couldn’t defend against it at all, resulting in the invading heartforce delving straight towards Ning’s soul!

“Heartforce soul-lock!” Ning had been maintaining this secret art the entire time.

Heartforce soul-lock was a type of defensive technique that joined one’s soul and one’s heartforce together. It was like a series of extremely complicated ‘chains’ that locked them together, making it difficult for an outside force to break through them!

When adventuring through the primordial chaos, one would often encounter natural illusions and evil spells that were aimed at the soul. Possessing a secret art that could protect the soul was extremely important. Thus, World God Northrest had imparted the ‘heartforce soul-lock’ technique unto Ning! Ning’s soul was nourished by his half-step Elder God body, resulting in it becoming tremendously powerful. Now that his soul had been joined together with his fourth-stage heartforce into a series of complicated interlocking chains, it was incredibly durable and nearly impregnable.

Boom! The valiant power of Old Man Yuan’s fifth-stage heartforce collided violently against the heartforce soul-lock technique.

Outside Ning's body.

Space in the surrounding area had come to a sudden halt. The waters of the river had calmed, with not even the tiniest ripple or wave being visible. It was as though everything had frozen solid. Even the fish within the fish bucket at the front of the boat had frozen.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The wooden boat suddenly blew apart. The wooden bucket blew apart, with the fish inside the bucket being completely disintegrated into dust. In fact, even the surrounding waters of the river were instantly vaporized...

Although heartforce was ephemeral and invisible, fifth-stage heartforce was simply too terrifyingly powerful. However, it was as though Old Man Yuan's heartforce had rammed into a steel board! The defensive prowess of the heartforce soul-lock technique was simply too formidable, and it completely defended against Old Man Yuan's attack. The resulting spiritual collision actually manifested as an enormous shockwave in the 'real' world, causing everything within ninety meters to be utterly vaporized. Outside this range, however, nothing was damaged whatsoever.

"How is this possible?!" Old Man Yuan revealed a look of shock. This was the technique which he was the most confident in, but it had failed spectacularly from the very start.

Ning just turned his head to look at him, a hint of pain in his eyes.

"Fellow Daoist Yuan, you truly disappoint me."

His voice echoed by Old Man Yuan's ears.

Whoosh!

A dazzling streak of sword-light suddenly descended. Ning didn't hesitate at all, immediately pulling out and striking down with Violetjewel while using the most inscrutable, mysterious stance he knew: Shadowless.

“Go.” A horsetail whisk appeared in Old Man Yuan’s hands. He flicked it outwards, causing countless strands of hair to swirl around the sword-light, blocking it as he hurriedly retreated.

“You hid your true power quite well.” As soon as they exchanged blows, Ning discovered that Old Man Yuan definitely had the power of an overlord-class figure.

Everyone believed him to merely be ‘close’ to the overlord level, but that was something which had been established a long, long time ago. In his attack against Ning, Old Man Yuan had first revealed his fifth-stage heartforce, then managed to block Ning’s sword-light with his own horsetail whisk. Although a soft weapon like this was a natural counter to Ning’s fierce sword-strikes, Old Man Yuan had still unquestionably shown himself to be an overlord-class figure.

Whoosh. A figure suddenly flashed into existence next to Old Man Yuan. It was an azure-haired, red-robed man.

“The Lord of All Fiends!”

Ning was completely shocked by the Lord of All Fiend’s speed. He had actually appeared without any warning whatsoever!

“Don’t even think about leaving!” Ning thrust out with his sword, striking like a thunderclap. This was the fastest stance he had, the Blood Drop Stance. He stabbed directly towards Old Man Yuan, but the azure-haired, red-robed Lord of All Fiends gracefully flew forward at the same time. As he did, every inch of space around him began to change and blur.

Ning’s sword-arts had exceeded the limits of the Heavenly Daos, and he was using the fastest stance he had, the Blood Drop Stance. And yet...

Ning stared, wide-eyed, as he realized that his sword couldn’t keep up with the Lord of All Fiend’s flying speed!

Whoosh.

The Lord of All Fiends and Old Man Yuan disappeared from Ning’s field of vision.

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The Allfiend world.

The Lord of All Fiends appeared within a palace with Old Man Yuan in tow. Within the hall were Keeper Everwood, Daomother Devilhand, and the black-robed Godking. All three turned to look at him.

“I failed.” Old Man Yuan shook his head. “He just became a True God; logically speaking, he would need to spend a long period of time allowing his soul to be strengthened by his new body. I had thought that his soul would be fairly weak, making him an easy target. I was hoping to capture him and use him as proof of my loyalty, but...ugh. I suppose I really have grown old.”

“Ji Ning is already an established power. It won’t be that easy to deal with him. In truth, there was no need for you to bring some ‘proof of your loyalty’. I believe you.” The Lord of All Fiends looked at Old Man Yuan.

Chapter 6: Buddha Jueming

The waters of the river began to flow once more.

Ji Ning stood there in midair, a look of anger and pain in his eyes.

“Old Man Yuan has actually, truly joined the Seamless Gate. Didn’t he say that he doesn’t wish to get involved in the struggles of the Three realms?” Ning had felt gratitude towards Old Man Yuan. Although Ning felt some astonishment at the power which Old Man Yuan had revealed, his primary feeling right now was anguish at the betrayal. His master Subhuti had been very close to Old Man Yuan; most likely, Subhuti would be heartbroken as well.

Whoosh.

Three figures suddenly appeared in quick succession next to Ning. First was Subhuti, who emerged from a spatial vortex. Next was Daoist Three Purities. Last was Exalted Celestial Carefree.

“Elder brother Yuan actually...” Exalted Celestial Carefree was trembling, a look of disbelief in his eyes.

“You still refer to him as ‘elder brother’?” A fierce, cold light was flickering in the eyes of Daoist Three Purities. “I truly never imagined that a traitor would emerge amongst our gang of brothers! If he left the Three Realms, that would be one thing...but he’s actually joined the Seamless Gate? Fine. Fine! Subhuti, Zixiu, mark my words well. From this day forth, Daoist Yuan is our enemy, not our friend!”

“Agreed.” Exalted Celestial Carefree nodded slowly.

“Traitor.” Subhuti clenched his jaw, pain visible in his eyes. “I didn’t imagine this. I never would have imagined this. He told me face-to-face that he was going to leave the Three Realms...and then he immediately attacked Ji Ning! Despicable, vile, traitorous wretch!”

Daoist Three Purities looked towards Subhuti.

Subhuti and Old Man Yuan had originally been extremely close to each other. They were like true brothers. Daoist Yuan’s betrayal...it probably

hurt Subhuti more than anyone else in the Nuwa Alliance.

“There will always be a few black sheep in every flock.” Daoist Three Purities let out a sigh. “Subhuti, don’t grieve too much for his sake.”

“Grieve? No. I won’t grieve.” Subhuti laughed coldly. “I hope he dies.”

Ning could tell that although his master was putting on a stiff upper lip, he was so angry that his entire body was visibly trembling. Ning understood just how heavy a blow this had been to his master and so he hurriedly changed the topic. “Just now, when Daoist Yuan assaulted me, he used a heartforce technique...which is why I now know that he has actually reached the fifth stage of heartforce.”

“The fifth stage of heartforce?” Three Purities, Subhuti, and Carefree were all shocked.

Although they had sensed the battle which had just occurred, they weren’t able to notice the heartforce attack from such a great distance.

“Yes, the fifth stage.” Ning nodded, frowning. “He’s different from senior apprentice-brother Houyi. Senior apprentice-brother Houyi focuses his heartforce on his archery, giving his arrows utterly inconceivable power. Daoist Yuan, however...he uses heartforce in a more mysterious manner. He was able to weaponize it and use it to directly attack my soul. Fortunately, my soul was strong enough to resist it.”

“Directly attack the soul?”

“That spells trouble.”

Subhuti, Three Purities, and Carefree all understood that this was going to be quite troublesome.

“That wretch must’ve been planning to take advantage of the fact that you just recently became a True God, Ji Ning.” Subhuti said coldly, “His guess was that your soul would be fairly weak, as it hadn’t had much time to be nurtured and strengthened by your True God body. That’s why he attempted this ambush.”

“Right.” Ning nodded. He had actually become a True God even before

the campaign against the Primordial Ruinworld, and was a half-step Elder God at that. His divine body was significantly more powerful than the divine bodies of most True Gods. Given that he also had the heartforce soul-lock technique...this time, Daoist Yuan really had rammed into a steel plate!

“Daoist Yuan...he was able to defend against Ji Ning’s sword, and his heartforce has reached the fifth stage.” Daoist Three Purities said in a low voice, “And he’s also joined the Seamless Gate...his ambitions must be enormous! Tremendously powerful and incredibly ambitious...we have to be very wary of him.”

“Agreed.” Everyone present felt heaviness in their hearts.

They felt furious disappointment in the man as well as a deep sense of wariness.

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Old Man Yuan had finally made his choice. He led the Four Ancestors of the River Source and all of their allies in joining the Seamless Gate. The Four Ancestors of the River Source and their allies were all completely loyal to Old Man Yuan. When he had been wavering between the two sides, the other experts had all chosen to wait for his decision...and now, they all followed him in joining the Seamless Gate.

This was a testament to how unified a force the Four Ancestors were.

“From this day forth, Daoist Yuan is an enemy of the Nuwa Alliance. He is no longer a friend. Once the Endwar begins, we’ll have to seize every opportunity possible to kill him.” Daoist Three Purities was speaking within the Allclans Palace, his words filled with a killing intent. All of the major powers present fully agreed with his words.

Daoist Yuan’s betrayal had truly enraged them!

Time continued to flow on.

The Realmwars continued to proceed unabated within the Three Realms, and the size and scope of each Realmwar grew larger and larger. A hundred and ten years had passed after the end of the campaign

against the Primordial Ruinworld, and with each Realmwar both sides would field more than three thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals.

Both alliances could sense that the end was nigh! The Endwar was about to start at any moment!

They didn't have to necessarily wait for the war for karmic luck to end... once one side could sense that there was no longer any hope of winning the war for karmic luck, it was entirely possible that they would launch the Endwar early.

The mood in both alliances was quite depressed as a result! Everyone was preparing for the final battle.

The Celestial Realm. Mount Ling in the eastern lands.

There were a pair of Buddhist novitiates standing guard before an ordinary-looking hall here. Within the hall was Buddha Jueming, who was seated there completely unmoving like a statue. He was in complete solitude, without any sign of life about him at all. It was as though he was a corpse.

Whoosh.

The statue-like Buddha Jueming suddenly opened his eyes in a very, very slow manner.

"The Realmwar over the Shennong major world has begun?" Buddha Jueming murmured softly to himself, "The flames of war have filled the entire Three Realms. Even the Shennong major world has been embroiled into war. It has only been a hundred and fifty years since the war against the Primordial Ruinworld. Things are progressing too quickly. If this continues...the end to the war for karmic luck shall arrive in a few scant decades."

The final battle for karmic luck would result in all of the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals in both alliances engaging in one final clash.

When this happened, all of the powerful Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms aside from the True Gods and Daofathers would be

dragged into the battle. If one side felt that things were going poorly, the True Gods and Daofathers might directly intervene, resulting in the Endwar beginning.

“Within fifty years...” Buddha Jueming slowly rose to his feet.

Fifty years was a fairly loose estimate. If things progressed quickly within the Shennong major world, for example, it was entirely possible that the final battle for karmic luck would conclude in ten or twenty years.

“The lifeblood oath I swore was to leave the Three Realms within a thousand years of becoming an Elder God and go search for Vastheaven Palace.” Buddha Jueming murmured to himself, “The Endwar could break out at any moment now...and I need time to break through from the True God level to the Elder God level. If I wait for the Endwar to actually begin before making my breakthrough, I’ll just be delaying the inevitable. Mmm...let it begin now.”

Whoosh.

Buddha Jueming disappeared from the hall, with the two Buddhist novitiates being none the wiser.

.....

Atop a black star located deep in the endless primordial chaos.

An enormous Buddhist lotus flower had descended upon the surface of this star, and seated in the lotus position atop it was Buddha Jueming.

Rumble...

The primordial chaos around the area suddenly began to writhe. Even the stellar energy of the black star was being ravenously devoured as everything in the area began to swirl around Buddha Jueming. Enormous amounts of energy were being frantically pulled towards him, forming an enormous swirling maelstrom of primordial chaos! As for Buddha Jueming, every single speck of divine power in his body began to transform and be remade anew.

A short while later, the vortex of primordial chaos dissipated. Everything became calm again, and the black star once more regained its normal aura of grandeur.

A hint of sadness could be seen in the eyes of Buddha Jueming.

“I’ve become an Elder God.”

“A thousand years from now, I must leave the Three Realms.” Buddha Jueming was filled with a deep reluctance to part with the Three Realms. He had started as a weak mortal and had slowly risen to power here. He had made miracles happen in Undermoon Lake and as a result had been awarded the [Solitary World God]. After so many years of training in it, he had long ago found the necessary spark of insight within his divine body. He was able to break through from being a True God to being an Elder God whenever he chose.

However, he truly didn’t wish to leave. He had a gentle disposition and was innately suited for the Buddhist Sangha. He had no great desires or ambitions; he was quite satisfied with living a peaceful life in the Three Realms.

However, now that the Endwar was arriving, he had to stand up and step forward.

Only by becoming an Elder God would he be strong enough to have an impact on the outcome of the war. However...becoming an Elder God meant he would have to leave the Three Realms within a thousand years. If he did not, his lifeblood oath would rebound against him and destroy his soul.

“To be able to do battle alongside Master and my old friends against a common enemy...it is enough that I can do this before leaving.” Buddha Jueming sat down on his lotus flower, once more disappearing.

No one knew of his breakthrough in the endless primordial chaos, and he quietly slipped back into his own hall.

The only people present in his hall were those two Buddhist novitiates. He was a low-key figure who never left his palace. Much like Suiren, he

used a technique which withdrew and suppressed his aura. Even if someone came to visit him, they probably wouldn't be able to tell that he had changed. Given how tense the situation was with the Endwar ready to erupt at any moment, no one would come pay a visit, especially since Buddha Jueming was so low-key and spent all of his time in solitary meditation after becoming a True God.

No one in the Three Realms knew that a new Elder God had just been born.

Chapter 7: Starseizing Hand

Within a quiet little mountain village. This village was a peaceful, calm place. There was an ordinary bamboo house located in the middle of it, and there was a white-robed youth who lived within this house.

The other villagers were all actually quite curious about this youth.

Most of the people in this village were ordinary mortal refugees who had fled to the depths of this mountain and built homes here. Thus, very few people knew each other. The white-robed youth had travelled alongside them and established a residence here as well. They had thought that the white-robed youth was a refugee like them...but then the white-robed youth had lived with them for five full years. During these five years, they noticed that the white-robed youth spent almost every day fishing.

He didn't chase after pretty lasses, nor did he worry about starting a family, nor did he tend to any fields.

All he did was fish. He relied on fishing to make his living.

"This kid really doesn't know what's good for him. I tried to propose a wife for him, but he refused to hear of it. Old Li's daughter is so pretty, and her family is a fine one! She's one of the top two eligible maidens in our village. It's rare for anyone to catch her fancy like he did, but all he did was smile and refuse..." The matchmaker granny grumbled as she walked out of the bamboo house. She even gave the bamboo door a hard kick as she left.

If this old granny knew that she had just kicked at the door of one of the most supreme Fiendgods of the entire Three Realms...what would her reaction be?

As for Ning, he just chuckled as he stood there next to the bamboo door, then grabbed his fishing pole and once more headed out to go fishing.

In previous years, he had wandered the Three Realms. Recently, however, he had chosen to merge into the ranks of commoners and live

life alongside them. This actually resulted in Ning slowly gaining insights into a different aspect of the nature of water. In the mortal world, there was a saying that 'water was life'. Water could lift up a boat, but it could also capsize it. Ning could vaguely sense a profound truth pertaining to the vast Heavenly Dao of Water...

"Eh?" Just as Ning picked up the fishing pole, he came to a halt.

"I've finally finished refitting my divine ability." Ning revealed a hint of delight.

"Let's take a look."

Whoosh.

Ning soared into the skies, instantly disappearing into the horizons. However, none of the villagers were able to see this. They only saw the white-robed youth pick up his fishing pole and head off to go fishing. They had no idea that only an incarnation had been left behind.

.....

Ning appeared out of nowhere atop a tattered, damaged star located deep in the Void of the Three Realms. As he descended upon the star, some dust was kicked up and sent flying into the endless Void.

"I'll train in the [Starseizing Hand] here."

Ning nodded, then waved his hand. The dust on the ground was all swept up together, then solidified into a stone boulder then landed next to Ning.

Ning sat down in the lotus position atop the stone boulder. Waving his hand, he produced a gourd. This gourd was filled with Five Elements essence, the essence that he had acquired from breaking down Pure Yang treasures and Protocosmic spirit-treasures in the Prisonworld through his Five Elements Cauldron. Ning needed to use the Five Elements essence to train the [Starseizing Hand] to the Sixth Cycle!

The Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand] was incredibly hard to train in.

Daoist Threelives had been lucky enough to acquire a piece of golden starstone which held certain divine runes within it. After spending a long period of time analyzing it, he had used the golden starstone as well as many other supplementary materials to master the Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand]. The only other person who had ever acquired golden starstone aside from Daoist Threelives was Daoist Three Purities!

However, Daoist Three Purities had used the piece he acquired as a component of his Immortal Slaying Swords!

The Immortal Slaying Swords were based off of his insights into the Nine Chaos Seals. Countless precious materials had been consumed in their creation, and the four Chaos-level swords were like a single weapon that could be joined together to unleash utterly terrifying devastation!

“Golden starstone...this should have been the ‘Starheart’ item which World God Northrest’s records mentioned. It’s quite impressive that the denizens of the Three Realms managed to find two such items.” Ning shook his head. Without golden starstone, there was no way he could master the Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand].

And so...

Ning had begun to focus on researching and analyzing this technique. To Ning, upgrading his hands to become Chaos-level treasures wasn’t that important, because he already had real Chaos-level treasures. In fact, Violetjewel was far more powerful than Chaos treasures! The real reason why Ning cared about the [Starseizing Hand] was because when it unleashed its full power, he would be able to deliver blows of utterly tremendous power that vastly surpassed his ordinary level of strength!

Daoist Threelives wasn’t that talented in comprehending the Dao; he hadn’t even mastered a single Heavenly Dao. However, thanks to the [Starseizing Hand], he had been able to valiantly slay multiple alien True Gods and Daofathers in the war that had ended the Primordial Era!

The [Starseizing Hand] was ranked by Three Purities as one of the top ten divine abilities of the Three Realms, on par with [Houyi’s Archery]. This was precisely because it could unleash utterly shocking levels of

power! Unfortunately, Daoist Threelives himself wasn't that innately powerful; if he was a half-step Elder God like Ji Ning, he definitely would've been able to reach the overlord level of power with just the [Starseizing Hand]! Ning was in bad need of a technique which would allow him to explosively increase his level of power. Although he had the [Nine Elements Annihilation], he would need a long period of time before being able to develop a powerful divine ability of his own from it.

World God Northrest naturally possessed formidable techniques that allowed for an explosive increase in power, but all of them had come from Vastheaven Palace and could not be taught to outsiders! Over the course of his many years of adventure, he had acquired a few similar techniques, but alas all of them were fairly mediocre. Although he had passed them on to Ning, none of them could match the Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand].

"The Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand] was developed by Daoist Threelives after he meditated on a piece of golden starstone."

"However...the way in which he caused his divine power to explode out was excessively violent! My palms would first have to first be refined to become Chaos treasures; otherwise, there's no way they would be able to withstand such tremendous power," Ning mused to himself.

The [Starseizing Hand] allowed for an incredibly forceful increase in power. This meant that the palms had to be made incredibly sturdy; only then would they be able to endure this level of power!

"It has been a hundred and seventy-two years since I became a True God. My Primaltwin has spent a total of more than seventeen thousand years in the Heavengazer Tower of Radiance," Ning mused to himself. "Although I've mainly focused on comprehending the Dao and only occasionally spent time on my sword-arts and divine abilities, I was still able to finish retrofitting the [Starseizing Hand]."

Using the [Nine Elements Annihilation] as his foundation, he had carefully restructure and remade the [Starseizing Hand].

The mysteries of the [Starseizing Hand] actually came from some of the

profound secrets contained within that piece of golden starstone. The construction of the [Starseizing Hand] technique itself wasn't that complicated. With the [Nine Elements Annihilation] serving as a reference guide, Ning was able to completely deconstruct it, then slowly rebuild and postulate a new Sixth Cycle.

This process took more than seventeen thousand years...but now, the Primaltwin had finally mastered it!

This new technique allowed for the use of Five Elements essence to replace golden starstone and the other precious materials needed to refine the hands and make them into Chaos treasures. The fundamental underpinnings of the [Starseizing Hand] was to use Five Elements treasures to refine the hands, after all.

Ning sat there in the lotus together, a gourd placed next to him which was filled with Five Elements essence.

Whooooosh...

Under Ning's guidance, the Five Elements essence soared towards his twin palms. The divine Starseizing Tattoos appeared on his hands, and they quickly began to grow more and more complicated. Finally, the tattoos reached a new peak of power, causing Ning to feel as though they were bursting with power. His hands began to emanate an aura of limitless might. However, Ning had long ago set up a barrier of heartforce around the area, preventing anyone from investigating it.

The Seamless Gate knew that Ji Ning was on this star, but they had no way of looking into what Ji Ning was doing here.

"Success." Ning willed the absolutely dominating aura of power radiating from his hands to be suppressed.

"My hands are now comparable to Chaos treasures. They are now strong enough to withstand an explosion of divine power." Ning willed the divine ability active as he struck out towards the Void with his palm.

Boom!

An enormous, semi-translucent palm smashed through the Void,

causing space itself to shudder and ripple. An enormous Voidwave that was a hundred million kilometers in size blasted forward, heading off to who-knows where.

“What tremendous power.” Ning nodded, revealing a look of delight. This sort of explosive power, when combined with Violetjewel, would become even more formidable.

“My divine ability has been completed!”

“Now, the only thing I am lacking...is in my insights into the Dao! I hope that before the Endwar begins, I’ll be able to master a Heavenly Dao.” Ning felt a hint of worry. He had left one of his incarnations in Allclans Palace, which was why he knew exactly what the situation was like in the Three Realms. Things were truly at the tipping point now; the Endwar could start at a moment’s notice.

Even the Endwar occurred only after the war for karmic luck ended, that meant it was only a few decades away.

Sometimes, the more you try to force something to happen, the harder it will be for you to succeed.

Ning understood this principle very well. He deeply desired to master a Heavenly Dao, and he had made tremendous progress during the past seventeen thousand years in understanding the Heavenly Dao of Water, but he knew that the more impatient he felt the more it would hinder him in actually mastering the Dao. Thus, Ning remained very calm. He acted the same as he always had, and he would also take rests to go meditate on his sword-arts and other techniques.

Although he hadn’t mastered a Heavenly Dao during the past period of time, he had upgraded the [Starseizing Hand] and had improved tremendously in sword-arts as well.

“I’ve already mastered ninety-six of the ninety-eight techniques on those stone sword-steles. Only two more techniques remain. I need just a little more time. Once I master them, I can begin to meditate on the [Nameless] sword-art.” Within the Heavengazer Tower, the black-robed Ning was staring at the two final stone steles in front of him.

Chapter 8: Nameless Sword-Art, 'Heartsword Stance'

The black-robed Ji Ning stretched out a finger. A rainbow-colored sword materialized out of nowhere, which he then began to use to execute sword-arts.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

His sword-shadows flowed through the air, as illusory as dreams. It was as though rainwater had appeared throughout the area, with an occasional hint of sharpness appearing.

At first, Ning had a puzzled look on his face as he began training. However, a look of delight slowly began to appear on his face. In fact, he began to let out cries of delight and amazed sighs.

Swoosh.

The sword-light flashed one final time before disappearing into the void.

"What a fine [Hidden Edge] technique." Ning came to a halt, unable to disguise the excitement in his eyes. "World God Northrest truly went all out in his efforts to guide me forward on my path. Each of these ninety-eight stone steles have led me forward, step by step, to gain more and more insights into the sword. I am becoming an increasingly suitable candidate for training in the [Nameless] sword-art."

"Both of these stone steles focused on hiding one's sharpness. I've now thoroughly mastered them."

"The ninety-eight stone steles...I've mastered them all!"

Ning waved his hand, and the jade shrine instantly appeared next to him. He entered the jade shrine, and as he did he looked at the countless sword-diagrams that were drawn onto the walls of the shrine. These diagrams recorded the most important technique which World God Northrest had ever possessed...the [Nameless] sword-art. Even someone

like World God Northrest had only been capable of merely memorizing all of the techniques; he was only able to actually master a portion of them.

Being able to memorize something didn't mean that you could truly understand and master it.

Daoist Three Purities, for example, had been able to memorize all nine of the Nine Chaos Seals. However, when he fashioned the Immortal Slaying Swords, he had only been able to understand seven of them!

"This [Nameless] sword-art is completely focused on the true essence of the sword," Ning said softly. "According to what World God Northrest said...someone who masters this technique has a chance of mastering the sixth stage of swordforce."

The sixth stage of swordforce was the 'Sword World' stage. This was a stage of true perfection.

If a Fiendgod could truly reach this stage of power, then one could use the 'Sword World' to serve as the core of the body and remake it to become a World God!

If a Ki Refiner was to reach this stage of power, the 'Sword World' could be used as the nucleus for causing the Jindan region inside the body to be remade into primordial chaos anew, allowing him to step into the Chaos Immortal level!

The 'Sword World' realm was a level of mastery that was on the same level as the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos!

The Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos was one of the most commonly seen Heavenly Daos. According to what World God Northrest said, more than 99% of World Gods and Chaos Immortals had reached that level through mastering the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos! This was because the primordial chaos itself existed in all things. It didn't matter what Heavenly Dao you meditated on; once you started training in any Heavenly Dao, such as the Heavenly Dao of Water you would also be able to begin training in the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos.

The primordial chaos could be divided into the duality of Yin and Yang. It could also be divided into the essence of life and the essence of destruction, or the Five Elements of metal, wood, water, fire, earth.

If you trained in any of the other nine Heavenly Daos you trained it, you were also training in the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos! This was why only Daofathers were able to draw upon the energy of primordial chaos and able to train in that Dao. As a result, World Gods and Chaos Immortals who reached that level through understanding the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos were extremely, extremely common.

As for reaching that level through understanding the true essence of the Sword and reaching the 'Sword World' stage? Very, very few World Gods and Chaos Immortals had ever done so.

However, every single World God and Chaos Immortal who had reached that level through mastery of the 'Sword World' stage was an incredibly powerful figure with shocking offensive capabilities! Ordinary Chaos Immortals and World Gods simply couldn't compete with them.

But...

Each stage of swordforce was a hundred times more difficult to master than the last.

To advance from the first stage to the second stage was fairly easy, and to reach the third stage wasn't that hard either. The fourth stage, however, was extremely difficult.

As for reaching the fifth stage of 'Sword God', the number of people in the Three Realms who had ever succeeded in doing so could be counted on one hand. More people had become 'overlords' than reach the Sword God stage!

As for advancing to the sixth stage of 'Sword World'...this would be even more difficult, far more so than 'merely' becoming a World God or Chaos Immortal!

"The [Nameless] sword-art, however, is a technique that guides me straight to the essence of the sword itself, a peerless sword-art that can

allow the user to reach the 'Sword World' stage." Ning stared at the sword-stances recorded on the walls of the jade shrine.

The [Nameless] sword-art as recorded before him had a total of seven stances! This was, of course, just part of the real technique; it was so incomplete that World God Northrest himself didn't even know the actual name of this sword-art.

World God Northrest himself had only mastered five stances! However, so long as one could master the third stance, one would be able to reach the 'Sword World' stage.

"Forget about three stances. This first stance alone...if I can master it, my chances in the Endwar will become much greater." Ning stared at the walls of the shrine.

If Ning could master even just the first stance, then in terms of pure sword-arts it would be almost impossible for him to find an equal who was not a World God or Chaos Immortal. Far less than one in ten thousand Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals would possess an equal level of skill in the sword.

The black-robed Ning carefully inspected the jade shrine, meditating on the first stance.

Those ninety-eight stone sword-steles existed for the purpose of molding him to become a good candidate for training in the first stance. Without those ninety-eight sword-arts, just glancing at the first stance would probably result in Ning suffering injuries and vomiting up blood. However, now that he had mastered the ninety-eight sword-arts, Ning... still found it incredibly hard to understand the first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art.

"The Heartsword stance...b-but...how can the very first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art be so ephemeral, arcane, and unfathomably profound?" Ning simply couldn't understand the countless sword-stances that had been engraved on the walls of the shrine, and in truth they were just samples for Ning to inspect.

The Heartsword stance...

It had no stances. It was a sword of the heart.

In all his years of training, Ning had always used the sword in his hand to do battle! The [Brightmoon] sword-art's 'Soleheart' stance, 'Blood Drop' stance, 'Heavenbreaker' stance, 'Shadowless' stance, and 'Yin-Yang' stance were all stances that could be seen with the naked eye. The 'Heartsword' stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, however, didn't have any actual stances to it at all. This made it incredibly hard for Ning to comprehend it.

He could catch vague glimpses of the nature of this sword-art, but actually training in it remained incredibly hard.

Still...he could sense that once he mastered it, he would have reached a completely different realm of using the sword.

After training in it for roughly five years, Ning came to a halt and instead once more turned to mastering the Heavenly Dao of Water.

Training in the sword. Meditating on the Dao.

He alternated between the two. Although the flames of the Endwar were growing increasingly visible, Ning remained calm as he trained in solitude.

The Three Realms was in a state of complete chaos now. Both sides had finished their preparations and were ready for the Endwar.

Buddha Jueming and others like him who had been hiding their true power had finished their preparations as well.

.....

The Allfiend world.

"The Realmwar going on in the Shennong world went on for nine years. In the end, we still lost." The seated Daofather Ink Bamboo's voice was filled with worry. "Fiendlord, didn't you say that we have a grand army of bugbeasts? Why is it that our bugbeast army never made an appearance during the Shennong Realmwar?"

The Lord of All Fiends was seated in the highest position. He smiled as

he looked at Daofather Ink Bamboo. “Ink Bamboo, no need to be impatient. We need to keep our eye on the bigger picture. If we lost, we lost. It doesn’t matter. We’ve still been able to preserve the bulk of our forces, ensuring that our losses weren’t too heavy. As for the bugbeast army...of course we still have it. However, we can have it make its appearance during the very end of the war for karmic luck.”

“Windfiend, do we actually have a bugbeast army?” The nearby Daomother Devilhand immediately asked.

“We do.” The Lord of All Fiends nodded.

“Why is it that none of us have ever heard about it? You’ve only mentioned it a short while ago.” Daomother Devilhand was quite dubious.

“I was just keeping it a secret from everyone.” The Lord of All Fiends swept the group with his gaze. “Today, a major power of the Seamless Gate has returned to us. Just wait a short while and you will understand.”

“A major power has returned?” Everyone present was puzzled.

“Aren’t all of our major powers already here in the Three Realms?” The black-robed Godking was the most puzzled of them all. All of their formidable Elder Gods had perished during the war that ended the Primordial Era; the powerful figures who survived, such as Daomother Devilhand or Keeper Everwood, were all in the Three Realms. How could a major power have ‘made a return’?”

“You’ll know shortly.” The Lord of All Fiends had a smile on his face. Although they had been defeated in the Shennong Realmwar, he was still in quite a good mood.

The other ten-plus major powers present had no choice but to wait.

Roughly an hour later, a figure suddenly appeared before the palace then stepped inside it. This man was half bald, and his eyes seemed naturally and perpetually filled with malice and viciousness. As he walked in, he immediately and excitedly knelt down with respect. “Your disciple greets you, Master.”

“No need for this.” The Lord of All Fiends reached out with his hand, sending out a surge of divine power and pressing upwards at the man’s knee, making him rise. “Disciple, you’ve had to toil away all by yourself for so many years. Master should be the one expressing gratitude to you. In addition, you are now as strong as an Elder God yourself. There’s no need for you to kneel.”

“Without you, Master, I would’ve died long ago when I was an ordinary mortal.” The savage balding man said respectfully, “No matter what happens, you shall always be my master.”

The Lord of All Fiends smiled.

This was his favorite disciple, and the disciple he trusted the most.

“Stoneswan!?!” The black-robed Godking rose to his feet, staring at the man in disbelief. “Y-you...didn’t die?!”

“You haven’t died either, Clothred. How could I?” The man laughed coldly.

“Windfiend, did you just say that Bloodswan has become comparable to an Elder God? He’s an overlord?” Daomother Devilhand was astonished.

The Lord of All Fiends nodded. “Yes.”

“Hahaha...” Keeper Everwood began to laugh. “When you saved us all, Windfiend, you journeyed by yourself through the endless primordial chaos for a long time, only releasing us when you returned to the Three Realms. You told us that your disciple, Daofather Bloodswan, ended up dying in the primordial chaos. So that was just a lie you told us.”

Chapter 9: Immortal Ascent

“When I fled from the Three Realms,” the Lord of All Fiends said with a sigh, “I found myself lost within the vast primordial chaos. I had no idea where I was supposed to go, so I randomly chose a direction and started to move.”

Back then, the Lord of All Fiends didn’t have any detailed star maps; he had no idea that a spatial vortex tunnel existed which led out of the Three Realms.

“The endless primordial chaos is filled with countless dangers.”

“I was very lucky in that I am skilled in staying alive, and I was also quite careful. That’s the only reason I was able to survive for so long. Otherwise, I would’ve died there long ago.” As the Lord of All Fiends spoke, the other major powers all listened to him. In the past, he had never been willing to divulge anything pertaining to his experiences wandering the primordial chaos.

“Afterwards, I was lucky enough to encounter an estate that should have been left behind by some ancient, powerful figure.” The Lord of All Fiends continued, “I even discovered an entire major world there. I imagine that only World Gods and Chaos Immortals are capable of establishing a major world within the primordial chaos.”

The Daofathers of the Three Realms were generally capable of establishing major worlds, but that was only within the Three Realms!

Those created major worlds depended on the Worldheart of the Three Realms to exist. Without the Worldheart, the entire Three Realms would collapse and fall apart. The Crimsonbright world, the Xuanwu world, the Crescent world...none of them could survive on their own. The ruinous power of the primordial chaos would destroy everything! To build a major world within the primordial chaos was incredibly difficult. Some particularly formidable Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals might be capable of it, but less than one in ten thousand would have that ability.

Daofather Fujū, for example, was strong enough to do so, but that was

only because he had been possessed by World God Northrest, who stood at the very highest peak of power amongst World Gods. That was why he had been able to establish Undermoon Lake with ease.

“Although it was a major world, it was still just a few tens of millions of kilometers around; hardly enough for all of us to survive and flourish,” the Lord of All Fiends said. “When I adventured through the primordial chaos, Bloodswan travelled by my side as we risked our lives together. He took a liking to that estate world, preferring it to the Three Realms. Thus, he decided to take up residence there.”

“I decided to stay there with him. Every so often, I’d go back to take a look at the Three Realms. When I did, I did it in a way that ensured that Nuwa wouldn’t notice.”

“Finally, the day came when Nuwa left the Three Realms. I waited a fairly long period of time after she left before returning to the Three Realms with all of you in tow. By then the Nuwa Alliance clearly no longer wished to battle with us, and so they let us back inside.” The Lord of All Fiends laughed. “Afterwards, we ended up finding Blackheaven! I acquired his golem-making skills as well as certain techniques that could be used for rearing bugbeasts.”

“The art of golem-making requires many skilled artificers, but the art of rearing bugbeasts does not. The only thing you need is time; given enough time, the bugbeasts will naturally grow and evolve.” The Lord of All Fiends laughed. “And so, I let Bloodswan help me out. For all these countless years, Bloodswan has been training in that estate-world in the primordial chaos. In doing so, he also kept an eye on my bugbeasts. Last time, when I paid him a visit, I realized that he reached the overlord level.”

“I always felt that Bloodswan was a determined and decisive man.” Keeper Everwood nodded. “When I heard that you lost your life while adventuring in the primordial chaos alongside your master, I felt saddened for a long period of time. Now that I know that you are still alive, I’m absolutely delighted.”

“Bloodswan, congratulations.” Daomother Devilhand looked at him as well.

Devilhand was known by all as a devil amongst devils. Of the mortal geniuses who had risen to prominence in the Seamless Chaosworld, the one she had favored the most was Bloodswan! Bloodswan was a true devil as well. However, he was an excessively solitary figure who hated the company of others. During the era of the Seamless Chaosworld, the black-robed Godking and Bloodswan had been considered equals amongst the younger generation of cultivators. The Godking had become apprenticed to Demonheart, whereas Bloodswan had decided to join the equally solitary Windfiend.

“Damn.” The Godking felt aggrieved and stifled.

Keeper Everwood and Daomother Devilhand had long ago stood at the very peak of power in the Seamless Chaosworld. Bloodswan, however, had grown up at the same time that the Godking had. He had always treated Bloodswan as a rival, but a rival who he had always been superior to! But now, Bloodswan had actually become an overlord? This caused him to feel extremely unhappy. Bloodswan’s original name was Stoneswan, and he had been on fairly good terms with the Godking.

However, eventually they parted ways due to their different temperaments.

Both were devils! The former delighted in toying with the hearts of others, while the other was an extremely solitary who abstained from the rest of the world, holding all in contempt.

“Master,” Daofather Bloodswan said respectfully, “I’ve returned before the Endwar as promised. However, after this war concludes, I intend to head towards that spatial vortex tunnel.”

The Seamless Gate had also acquired a number of star maps and thus knew about the existence of the spatial vortex tunnel.

“I knew we wouldn’t be able to keep you forever.” The Lord of All Fiends nodded. “Indeed, only by passing through that tunnel shall you be able to enter the vaster world outside.”

“Right.” Daofather Bloodswan nodded.

The black-robed Godking now felt even more unhappy. This solitary idiot was now putting on airs of ‘wanting to visit the greater world’? He, the Godking, was planning to become the leader of the Three Realms!

“Stoneswan.” The black-robed Godking forced out a laugh, managing to make it sound very genuine and loud. “Now that you’ve become an overlord, our side has gained yet another powerful combatant. However, I need to warn you that your information might be a bit out of date. The Nuwa Alliance has gained another extremely formidable combatant as well...Sword Immortal Darknorth, Ji Ning. He has trained for less than a thousand years but has already become an overlord.”

“Oh?” Bloodswan’s eyes lit up. “He’s that incredible? The chance to face an opponent like him is truly exciting.” His eyes were actually turning slightly bloodshot with excitement.

.....

The Shennong world’s Realmwar had come to an end!

Both sides began to mobilize their armies in their various major worlds and Realms as they gathered their forces....

Ever since the battle for the Deerchaser major world, the Nuwa Alliance’s morale had been sky-high. They won most of the remaining Realmwars, and they had also won the recently-concluded Shennong Realmwar!

.....

The Humanworld of Yu the Great. The Allclans Palace.

The various major powers had all gathered together here.

“The Seamless Gate has begun to mobilize their forces spread throughout their worlds.” Daoist Three Purities was seated up high as he spoke in an icy voice. “Clearly, their many defeats have caused them to grow anxious. They wish to gather their remaining forces and launch the final battle for karmic luck.”

All the major powers seated below him felt their hearts clench.

Had the day finally arrived?

“If they wish to fight, then let us fight. Fight them to the death. Fight them to their deaths!” Exalted Celestial Thundergod crushed the winecup in his hands as he bellowed loudly.

“Even though they have allied with the Primordial Ruinworld, they still are not a match for us.” Houyi, also seated in one of the high seats, spoke in a calm voice.

“Either they die or we die. There are no other choices. We have only one option before us: To completely wipe them all out!” Kuafu bellowed in an even louder voice than Thundergod.

All of the more irascible Fiendgods present felt their blood begin to boil. Ning’s own eyes flashed with sharp light as well.

Nothing in the world would ever proceed exactly as planned or desired! Still...it didn’t matter. He had already mastered his [Starseizing Hand] and had dramatically improved his sword-arts. It was more than enough for him to go to the field of battle and slaughter his foes.

“By my decree,” Daoist Three Purities boomed out, “All major powers shall mobilize their armies of Immortals and Fiendgods and send them to the Humanworld of Yu the Great. Prepare for the final battle!”

“Good.”

“Good.”

“Fight!”

Killing light flashed through the eyes of all the major powers. This was total war. Personal survival no longer mattered. They knew that even if they were able to win this war, it was very likely that many of them would perish in the process. It was likely that many of their old friends would perish before everything was said and done. Perhaps they themselves would also pass away. And so...their only choice was to kill! To kill as many of the foes as they could so that more of their friends would be able

to survive.

.....

“By my word, everyone is to immediately assemble at the Crimsonbright major world.” In the Grand Xia, the Xia Emperor was giving an order to the many Immortals and Fiends who had assembled before him.

“Let’s go.”

The skies above the Grand Xia Palace split asunder, revealing an enormous passageway. The many Immortals and Fiendgods all entered the passageway, heading towards the Crimsonbright world.

All of the armies under the command of the Crimsonbright Realm were mobilizing.

After assembling at the Crimsonbright world, they would head together to the Humanworld of Yu the Great.

The Three Realms shuddered as the flames of war burned ever brighter.

As for Ji Ning, his true body remained within that mountain village of mortals. The village remained as calm as ever.

“They probably have no idea.” Ning was seated by the side of a pond, fishing rod in hand. He turned his head to stare at the chimney smoke coming from the distant mountain village, then let out a sigh. “A great battle is about to begin...and this battle may well impact every single major world.”

This was the final, life-and-death struggle between the two major alliances. Both sides would hold back and do their best not to wreck the Three Realms, but some collateral damage was unavoidable. It was also possible that when one side saw no hope of victory, it might decide to wreck the Three Realms out of spite.

“Water flows on in a turbulent stream, capable of supporting a boat but also capable of capsizing it. But if the boat is too big...the water can only endure...” Ning was murmuring to himself, but he suddenly came to a halt as a light flashed in his mind.

BOOM!

The skies above Ning suddenly began to shudder as the aura of the Heavenly Daos descended upon the village pond, causing all of the denizens of the village to stare in utter terror. Faced with the terrifying aura of the Heavenly Daos, they all uncontrollably fell to their knees. Right at this moment, they saw the white-robed youth suddenly soar into the skies.

Laughing loudly, Ji Ning tossed the fishing rod aside and soared into the skies.

“An Immortal!!!” The village dwellers all repeatedly pressed their heads against the ground.

Chapter 10: The Prisoners of the Prison World

The white-robed Ji Ning descended upon a tattered star located deep within the primordial chaos. He sat down in the lotus position.

Rumble...

The primordial chaos manifested above him, forming into an enormous whirlpool of energy that completely surrounded Ning, furiously surging into his body.

When one broke through to become a Celestial Immortal or Pure Yang True Immortal, one would absorb elemental energy or energy from Immortal pills! However, now that Ning had mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water, he also gained partial insight into the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos. The former was part of the latter, after all. Thus, Ning was now naturally capable of drawing energy from the primordial chaos, resulting in a seemingly endless flood of energy flooding into his body.

His Pure Yang Jindan began a new evolution, and the Immortal energy within his body began to transform on a fundamental level.

With the Heavenly Dao of Water serving as the core of his Dao, he began to absorb more and more chaos energy while converting it for his own use.

.....

The Crescent world, atop an island.

The black-robed Ning walked out of his Immortal estate. Uncle White, located outside the estate, glanced at Ning and smiled at him. "Ning, son, you've come out."

"I need to make a trip." Ning smiled back at him.

Swoosh.

The black-robed Ning immediately soared into the skies. A moment later, yet another streak of light flew towards him. This was the

Primaltwin which had been protecting his daughter the entire time. The Primaltwin immediately flew into the black-robed Ning's estate-treasure.

This time, the backup Primaltwin clone was going to make the breakthrough as well.

The black-robed Ning sat down in the lotus position atop a distant, desolate island, then began to draw upon the energy of the primordial chaos. Instantly, a vortex of chaos energy began to appear in the air above the barren island.

His true body, his backup true body clone, his Primaltwin, his backup Primaltwin clone...all of them began to make their breakthroughs.

His backup true body clone made its breakthrough within the prisonworld. It too chose to use the Heavenly Dao of Water to serve as its core as it began to draw upon the energy of primordial chaos.

As Ning mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water, a resonance was suddenly formed with the Heavenly Daos.

"Yet another major power has mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water."

"Who mastered it?"

The other major powers of the Three Realms who had also mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water were the first to react. Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Suiren, and the others who had mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water could also sense the resonance with the Heavenly Daos. Soon, they discovered that the person who had caused this major disturbance through his breakthrough was Ji Ning.

"It's Sword Immortal Darknorth."

"Haha...Darknorth has finally mastered a Heavenly Dao."

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all laughed and rejoiced. None of them were surprised at all, because Ji Ning's attainments in the sword were simply far, far too exemplary.

It was true that the Heavenly Daos were vast and profound. Normally speaking, mastering a Heavenly Dao would take an incredibly long period

of time; for someone like Ji Ning who had trained for a bit over a thousand years to succeed in doing so was a ridiculous concept.

However, Ji Ning was someone who had spent less than a thousand years to become an overlord! They weren't surprised at all that he was now able to master a Heavenly Dao as well. But of course, they had no idea that Ji Ning had actually used roughly twenty thousand years in order to master a Heavenly Dao. Still...to master a Heavenly Dao in twenty thousand years was almost inconceivably fast, something which was rarely seen even in the Primordial Era.

.....

Within the main palace of the Allfiend world.”

“It was Sword Immortal Darknorth who made the breakthrough.” Daofather Ink Bamboo frowned.

“So he really didn't master the Heavenly Dao of Water before this.” Daomother Devilhand frowned as well. “It seems that before this, he was completely focused on the path of the sword! Just by relying on his skills with the sword and his True God body, he was able to unleash the power of an overlord. In fact, he was able to fight Godfiend Witherspike to a standstill. Even his body is comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure. What the hell type of cultivation path has Ji Ning been walking?”

“He's mastered a Heavenly Dao, but his insights into the Heavenly Dao of Water are far inferior to his insights into the sword,” Keeper Everwood said. “He's always been weaker as a Ki Refiner. He might be a Daofather now, but it won't make much of a difference.”

“Agreed.”

“Sword Immortal Darknorth's power lies in his close combat ability.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Ning's divine body was terrifyingly strong; he had long ago acquired the power of a True God in close combat! For him to become a Daofather as well really was nothing more than adding a bit of icing onto the cake; it

wouldn't be of significant benefit to him in terms of power.

.....

Atop a barren island within the Crescent world.

The black-robed Ning could sense a flood of Immortal energy coursing through him. Although he was a second-tier Ancestral Immortal, thanks to the [One True Body] and [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] techniques, his Immortal energy was absolutely comparable to that of an Ancestral Immortal's.

"A first-tier Ancestral Immortal..."

"The power flowing through me truly is incredibly thick and pure. It's a pity that my Primaltwin doesn't have any good weapons." The black-robed Ning couldn't help but frown. In the Three Realms, virtually all overlord-class powers used Chaos treasures as their weapons! Daoist Three Purities even had an entire set of Chaos treasures, as well as the Immortal Slaying Swords which he himself had devised!

"My true body has Violetjewel, but my Primaltwin has no suitable weapons. It seems I need to pay the prisonworld another visit." Ning came to this conclusion.

Whoosh.

A second figure suddenly appeared next to Ning. It was Subhuti.

"Ji Ning." Subhuti had a smile on his face. "You've mastered a Heavenly Dao and become a Daofather. Congratulations."

"Fortunately, I was able to make the breakthrough before the Endwar begins. Master, I need to leave the Crescent world for a time," Ning said. Although he was at an extremely high level of power and was the undisputed number one Sword Immortal of the Three Realms, he was still very weak in terms of his mastery over spacetime. In this regard, he was far from being a match for Daofather Subhuti.

"Alright." Subhuti pointed towards the air next to Ning, causing a whirlpool to immediately appear.

A second black-robed Ning suddenly appeared next to the first one.

Although one Ning was going to enter the spatial whirlpool, the other one was going to remain on the Crescent world.

.....

The icy star located deep within the endless primordial chaos.

A figure appeared in midair. Walking quickly, the figure soon reached a deep gorge, then entered the prisonworld hidden deep inside of it.

Inside the prisonworld.

The white-robed Ji Ning and the black-robed Ji Ning advanced through it, shoulder-to-shoulder, emanating auras of tremendous power.

“Eh?” The skinny, emaciated, bone-chewing wild dog suddenly rose to his feet, staring towards Ning’s direction. His dark yellow eyes stared fixedly at Ning as he spoke out. “Not bad, kid. You actually upgraded your Jindan from the third tier to the second tier...and you also learned a powerful divine ability that allows you to have the power of a first tier Jindan.”

The two Ji Nings simultaneously glanced towards him and chuckled.

“I have to thank you for your advice all those years ago.” The white-robed Ning spoke out, then the two quickly flew away.

“Coward.” The wild dog sneered.

When he had first met Ji Ning, he had discovered that Ji Ning had a third-tier Jindan. Now, however, Ji Ning had the aura of a first-tier Ancestral Immortal...and he certainly wasn’t a weak Chaos Immortal. The aura of pressure and might which a Chaos Immortal had was completely different from that of any Ancestral Immortal’s. Even someone with a third-tier Jindan who broke through to become a Chaos Immortal would be an absolutely terrifying figure.

This meant that Ji Ning must have become an Ancestral Immortal. How, then, could an Ancestral Immortal with a third-tier Jindan suddenly have the aura of a first-tier Ancestral Immortal?

There was only one possibility!

First, upgrade the Jindan...but the Jindan could only be upgraded to the second tier at most! The second step would be to rely on certain secret arts to cause his power to vault all the way to that of a first-tier Ancestral Immortal's.

"In the future, I'll definitely pay you a more in-depth visit." Ning's voice rang out from far away.

"In the future?" A bitter look instantly appeared on the wild dog's face. "This damnable Overseer..."

The white-robed Ning and the black-robed Ning continued to fly forward through the prisonworld.

"The prisonworld has a total of sixteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals," Ning calculated silently to himself. "Anyone who not only has the courage to offend a World God but also ends up being imprisoned here instead of being slain or enslaved is definitely either extremely powerful or has an important background."

"When I swept through all of the True Gods and True Immortals, I learned quite a bit from soulscouring them."

"These sixteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals...that wild dog is one of the three most formidable ones," Ning mused to himself. "Doesn't matter. He's not one of my targets for this campaign."

The wild dog Elder God was extremely famous in the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea as well. He was born an Elder God, and over the course of countless years he had come up with just a single divine ability... 'Eat'! The wild dog Elder God loved to eat. He ate living creatures, delicacies, mountains, rivers, the skies, the earth...he was an utter madman! He gave the terrifying divine ability he had created an equally bizarre name: 'Eat'.

Using just this single divine ability, he had taken the lives of more than thirty Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals with his mouth! The King of Pangaea favored him for his talent, and so even though he had disobeyed the King's will, the King had merely chosen to imprison him. The goal

was to tame his unruly temperament, then release him in the future and allow him to once more fight on the kingdom's behalf.

The wild dog Elder God could be described as amongst the most deadly of the sixteen Ancestral Immortals and Elder Gods. Only two of the others could match him for savagery and power.

"If the wild dog Elder God was free, he would pose a far greater danger than Godfiend Witherspike," Ning murmured to himself.

"The Endwar is about to erupt. I can't let myself go too crazy with these Elder God and Ancestral Immortal prisoners." Still, Ning felt a certain itchiness in his chest. He wanted to have a good fight with these Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. After all, even if his true body was slain in combat, he would be able to slowly rebuild it. That, however, would most likely require more than ten thousand years. Ning didn't have the time to waste for now.

"Fortunately, my target is Swordfather Triult," Ning mused to himself.

Swordfather Triult was one of the sixteen imprisoned Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. He was a Ki Refiner who possessed a set of three supreme Chaos swords, and so he styled himself 'Triult'. His attacks were extremely powerful, but Ning was actually very confident in his ability to deal with his type of powerful attacks. His protective divine ability was a perfect counter!

However, Ning's only knowledge of Swordfather Triult's power came from those True Gods and True Immortals. Thus, it was entirely possible that Swordfather Triult had certain secret techniques that they didn't know about. Ning didn't dare to be over-confident in fighting him...but for the sake of acquiring that set of three Chaos swords, he still decided to take the risk.

"Here I am."

The white-robed Ning and the black-robed Ning quickly arrived at a place in the desolate wilderness. A black-haired elder was seated in the lotus position here, emanating an aura of boundless cold. The black-haired elder opened his eyes, frowning as he looked at Ning. After

becoming the Overseer, Ning had never come here to bother Swordfather Triult. Thus, the man didn't recognize Ning.

"Who are you?" The black-haired elder frowned. "Judging from your aura, you should be a first-tier Ancestral Immortal. The Overseer of a prisonworld shouldn't be someone as powerful as you."

"But I do just so happen to be the Overseer of this prisonworld." The black-robed Ning and the white-robed Ning landed at the same time, both radiating auras of incredible power.

The black-haired elder could sense the threat which Ning posed him.

"You are the Overseer?" The black-haired elder said in a low voice, "For the prisonworld to fall into your hands...it must mean that Pangaea is already destroyed. Speak. Why have you sought me out?"

"Hand over those three ultimate swords of yours," Ning said calmly.

"Hmph." The black-haired elder's eyes flashed with cold light. "Quite a few Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals have died to my swords." Although he had been imprisoned here, he was still able to unleash his full power within an area of a thousand kilometers around him. He naturally wouldn't be willing to lower his head to other Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals unless he had to. He had risen to power through blood and slaughter, and quite a few powerful figures had died to his Triult swords.

"It seems we have no choice but to fight." Ning was quite cautious as well. This was his first time battling against an Ancestral Immortal.

Many Elder Gods were only at that level of power because they were born with it. Ancestral Immortals, however, had all definitely risen to their level of power through cultivation!

However, this was a battle he had to win. He desperately needed a good Chaos sword for the Endwar which was about to erupt.

Chapter 11: Retainer

The white-robed Ji Ning and the black-robed Ji Ning walked forward, shoulder-to-shoulder. The two exchanged glances with the old man located in the center of the distant wilderness.

Waves of murderous intent billowed from both sides.

Since negotiations had failed...it was time to fight!

“Come forth!” The black-robed Ning let out a cold shout. The air around him instantly became filled with a dense cluster of goldstar beads. The Goldstar Beads of the Heavens quickly began to merge together, transforming into the Thirty-Six Heavens. He filled them with his powerful Ancestral Immortal energy, causing each of them to transform into a beautiful frozen lotus. Each frozen lotus was like the core and essence of an entire world, and when the thirty-six frozen lotuses appeared, a stream of freezing energy filled the entire area around them. The wilderness around them began to freeze and crack apart, with space itself seeming to have been frozen solid.

“Go.” The black-robed Ning pointed in front of him, causing the thirty-six frozen lotuses streaking forward through the skies and swiveling around the black-haired elder like thirty-six streaks of frozen energy.

Over the past twenty thousand years, Ning had improved dramatically both with the sword as well as in the Dao! He would also spend quite a bit of time meditating on the Nine Chaos Seals. Due to his tremendous level of insight into the Dao, he had already mastered six of the chaos seals. The sixth chaos seal allowed Ning to closely resonate with the ‘original essence of water’, something which was located infinitely far away. As a result he was now able to manifest these frozen lotuses, which could be used to emanate streams of unfathomably cold energy to bind and trap foes.

After activating the sixth chaos seal, Ning’s Thirty-Six Heavens were comparable to ordinary Chaos treasures in power. Alas, in this form they could only really be used to constrict and bind foes!

“You want to bind me?” The black-haired elder let out a cold laugh. “I am an Immortal cultivator, not a Fiendgod. I don’t even need to fight you in close combat. What can this technique of yours possibly do?”

“If you won’t come fight me in close combat, I’ll come fight you in close combat.” The white-robed Ning’s body momentarily blurred as he manifested the [Three Heads, Six Arms] technique, holding five Darknorth swords and Violetjewel in his six arms.

Whoosh.

The white-robed Ning immediately surged forward like a streak of light, flying towards the black-haired elder.

“Eh?” The black-haired elder’s face changed. Ki Refiners hated fighting in close combat. He immediately let out a cold snort, causing two streams of energy to emerge from his nostrils. These two streams of energy crystallized like ice, forming a pair of divine swords.

“Just two of them? Pull out all three of your swords,” Ning roared as he charged forward.

“Against you?” The black-haired elder sneered coldly, “Two swords is enough.”

The two crystalline swords sliced out in two streaks of light, causing the air itself to glimmer with frozen energy as they struck straight towards the white-robed Ning.

Clang!

The two attacks collided against each other.

The white-robed Ning was knocked backwards, his face changing slightly. “Damn.” As soon as they exchanged blows, he realized that this Ancestral Immortal definitely had the power of an elite Elder God! He was even more difficult to deal with than Godfiend Witherspike had been. Fortunately, Ning had mastered the Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand]; otherwise, Ning wouldn’t be able to do anything to him.

“That little bit of power you possess won’t be enough to allow you to

even get near me,” the black-haired man sneered.

“Is that so?” The white-robed Ning charged forward once again, striking out with all six swords. This time, he applied the Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand] to each hand! His mighty divine power instantly burst forth, causing six streaks of sword-light to tear through the skies, carrying an aura of inexorable might.

[Brightmoon] sword-art, Heavenbreaker stance!

The two flashing crystalline swords that were striking out towards Ning were instantly struck by this blow.

Boom!

The two crystalline swords were actually smashed flying backwards. On Ning’s side, the flashing strike from the blood-colored Violetjewel continued to streak forwards, striking out more than a thousand kilometers as it hacked towards the distant black-haired elder.

“His divine ability is pretty powerful.” The black-haired elder frowned slightly. A third sword that was golden in color flew straight out from his forehead, quickly expanding in size to become more than three hundred meters long. It swept forward in a straight line, carrying an aura of utmost forceful Yang energy as it struck against Ning’s Violetjewel.

BOOM!!!

Ning felt his hand go numb as Violetjewel was knocked backwards, but the golden sword was also knocked backwards.

“Again.” Ning once more charged forward, six swords in six arms.

“Damn.” The black-haired elder frowned as he glanced at the icy lotuses surrounding him. The icy lotuses were emanating streams of energy that furiously coiled around him, constricting his movements. Although he wasn’t fighting in close combat, his three swords were still somewhat impacted.

“Triult Sword, First Stance!” The black-haired elder’s eyes flashed with cold light.

The two crystal swords and the golden sword came together in midair to form a triangle, with the surface of the triangle flowing with runic light. Soon, the light solidified to form an shockingly sharp sword that was golden-white in color. When the sword appeared, an aura of infinite sharpness instantly appeared, slicing apart the energy streams surrounding him.

Ning's face changed dramatically as he saw this. "Such power. They really do form a perfect set of Chaos swords. These three Chaos swords are at least high-grade Chaos treasures; in fact, they could well be top-grade Chaos treasures. When the seals inside of them combine together to unleash their full power, they are almost as powerful as my own Violetjewel."

Daoist Three Purities of the Three Realms had something similar. He had those four Chaos swords, which he was able to link together with the Immortal Slaying Sword-Diagram. By Ning's estimation, that set was also close to Violetjewel in power. This was how powerful a complete set of Chaos treasures could be.

"Smash!" The distant black-robed figure let out an angry roar.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

The thirty-six frozen lotuses that had merely been hanging in the air around him all suddenly rushed towards him like meteors, smashing against the white-gold sword. Every single Frozen Lotus of the Heavens moved with incredible speed, far beyond the limits of the Heavenly Daos. Although this was just a simple smashing movement, it was based off of the 'Shadowless' stance of the [Brightmoon] sword-art.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The Frozen Lotuses of the Heavens smashed down one after another.

"Kill!" The three-headed, six-armed, white-robed Ning once more charged forward with his six swords at the ready.

The gold-white sword blasted away all the attacks; the Frozen Lotuses of the Heavens were primarily meant to be used to constrict the foe through the release of freezing energy, after all. They were rather similar

to the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation in that regard. If they were used to smash...they would at most be comparable to top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures. They were simply too weak in this regard, whereas the gold-white sword was almost as powerful as Violetjewel itself. When they were joined together, they had very nearly surpassed the limits of power possible for Chaos treasures.

Boom.

Violetjewel transformed into a black hole, moving to defend against the gold-white sword as the other five swords struck out. The black hole of sword-light was actually able to completely defend against the gold-white sword.

“What?!” The black-haired elder’s face completely changed. “This sword-art...” He himself was a sword-wielder; he could immediately sense how terrifying that sword-light was!

The black hole of sword-light seemed eternal and inexhaustible, with no end and no beginning.

Ning just smiled coldly.

The first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, ‘Heartsword’ stance, was simply far too profound. Ning simply wasn’t able to master it. However, the main purpose of the ninety-eight stone steles which World God Northrest had left behind was to teach the principle of the ‘hidden blade’. The ‘Heartsword’ stance actually also represented a profound offensive and defensive technique. After analyzing the ‘Heartsword’ stance, then focusing on the principles of the ‘hidden blade’, Ning felt that there were many similarities with his own ‘Soleheart’ stance. Thus, he fused all of his insights into his ‘Soleheart’ stance, causing it to now be the most profound of the five stances he had developed.

“Kill!”

While blocking with one sword, Ning continued to charge forward and attack with the others.

“Triult Sword, Second Stance!” The black-haired elder had an ugly look

on his face. He had only come up with two stances thus far.

Rumble...

The gold-white sword suddenly began to spin.

Ning's black hole of sword-light instantly began to tremble. It was only able to resist for a brief period of time before breaking apart, and the white-gold sword immediately stabbed Ning on the chest, knocking him one step backwards. However, it was only able to leave behind a white spot on his skin.

"A protective divine ability?" The black-haired elder was shocked.

Fiendgods were skilled in close combat, causing Ki Refiners endless headaches. Fiendgods who had exceptionally powerful protective divine abilities caused even more headaches!

"Go." The frozen lotuses in the air suddenly began to smash towards the black-haired elder once more. A black chain instantly flew out from the black-haired elder's body, coiling around him and blocking all the strikes from the frozen lotuses.

"Kill." The white-robed Ning once more charged forward, and the black-haired elder's face instantly turned extremely grim.

A short while later...

"I lost." The black-haired elder gave up.

The white-robed Ning's clothes were riddled with holes, but those holes were soon repaired.

"If I wasn't trapped here and forced to endure your assaults without being able to flee, you wouldn't be able to do anything to me." The black-haired elder stared coldly at Ning.

Ning had to admit that this was true. His protective divine ability, combined with his superlative sword-arts, made it so that although the black-haired man worked hard to keep his distance from Ning, in the end he was still caught. The moment that Ning caught up to him was the moment that he lost.

“I can give you the Triult Swords.” The black-haired elder looked at Ning.

Ning stood in front of the black-haired elder, his murderous intent billowing forwards. “Previously, I merely wanted the Triult Swords. Now, your life itself is in my hands. You had best be obedient and submit.”

“Submit?” The black-haired elder’s face changed, but then he let out a snicker. “Even if I was willing to submit and be your retainer, there’s no way for me to leave this place and battle by your side, unless you are capable of releasing me from the prisonworld.”

“I have no way of releasing you. Not now, at least,” Ning said.

“Then why even speak of ‘submission’?” The black-haired elder shook his head disdainfully.

“I need to search your memories,” Ning said.

An Ancestral Immortal would definitely know many things. He might learn something of use to him for the war.

“Impossible!” The black-haired elder’s face changed, and he roared angrily, “I’m willing to submit to you, to be your retainer and to fight to the death in your service! However, don’t even think about shaming me in such a way. I would rather die than let you search my memories!”

Ning couldn’t help but sigh to himself.

It really was going to be quite difficult, as expected.

After gaining the teachings of World God Northrest, Ning understood that when voyaging through the endless primordial chaos, there was a certain custom known as ‘taking on retainers’. Certain extremely powerful cultivators would often have retainers who served them and followed them. True Gods and True Immortals were considered weaklings without power, and so they were often simply captured and enslaved. Of the six servants of Godfiend Witherspike, five had been enslaved in such a manner!

However, there were also retainers such as ‘Saber’ who chose to follow

someone in order to repay a debt! They could be described as servants, but they were no slaves.

The black-haired elder was willing to be Ning's retainer, but he absolutely was not willing to allow Ning to search his memories.

In the endless primordial chaos, Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals generally were figures who were respected and honored.

"Then I have no choice but to do this." Ning stared at the black-haired elder, his eyes brimming with killing intent. However, he didn't take action right away, wanting to instead try and pressure the old man one last time.

"I can make one final concession." The black-haired elder gritted his teeth. "I can swear a lifeblood oath that I will never lie to you. You can ask me any question you desire. So long as your questions do not impinge on certain personal matters that I cannot discuss with outsiders, I will answer them to the best of my ability."

"A lifeblood oath?" Ning's eyes lit up. "You have an oathstone?"

Generally speaking, only World Gods and Chaos Immortals could swear lifeblood oaths. Elder Gods, Ancestral Immortals, and weaker cultivators would generally only be able to swear lifeblood oaths if they made use of an oathstone.

"I was preparing to set up my own school. Of course I prepared an oathstone long in advance!" The black-haired elder waved his hand, causing a jade globe to appear within it. Runes swirled over the surface of the jade globe. "This is an oathstone which was personally forged by a Chaos Immortal. It cost me ninety-nine drops of chaos nectar to purchase it."

Upon hearing the words 'chaos nectar', Ning felt delighted. Ancestral Immortals really were different from lower-ranking cultivators. They had far higher statuses, and they had far better treasures! The only reason why he was able to force this person to bow his head was because he was trapped here, unable to move more than a thousand kilometers away! In the outside world, this Ancestral Immortal would've fled long ago.

“It is now an ownerless item. You can bind it.” The black-haired elder offered the jade globe to Ning.

“An oathstone.” Ning waved his hand, causing it to fly over to him. He immediately began to bind it, then activated the lifeblood oath ability.

“Swear your lifeblood oath.” Ning looked at the black-haired elder.

The black-haired elder let out a soft sigh. Retainer? This Overseer was, at best, on par with him in power. If they were in the outside world, he absolutely wouldn't be willing to be this man's retainer at all! Still...in the face of death, he chose to bow his head.

The black-haired elder stretched out with his hand, placing it against the oathstone. He could sense the lifeblood oath that had been activated. He didn't try to fight it; instead, he borrowed from its power, causing his soul to begin swearing an oath. “I swear on my very life itself that I shall forever follow...”

As the master of the oathstone, Ning was able to sense the man's soul making this lifeblood oath.

Chapter 12: Triult Swords

“Master,” the black-haired elder said respectfully.

Ji Ning sighed silently to himself. Ning knew himself to merely be a newly ascended Ancestral Immortal; it wasn't very likely that he would be able to force other Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals to become his retainers, but he had succeeded in doing so. If he was in the primordial chaos, even if he had managed to take on a retainer, it would have been his responsibility to provide his retainers with treasures and weapons. This was an extremely fair relationship; if the retainer was to risk his life for the master, then the master had to provide the retainer with cultivation techniques and treasures. This was the reason why powerful cultivators generally found it fairly easy to acquire retainers.

Ning, on the other hand, ended up extorting his retainers for THEIR treasures...

Still, the black-haired elder was going to remain locked up in here. Only a World God or Chaos Immortal would be strong enough to break his chains! Thus, even though he had pledged his allegiance, there was no way he could really serve on Ning's behalf.

“Let me ask you a question.” Ning looked at the black-haired elder. “Do you have an ‘Elder God Formation’?”

“Elder God Formation?” The black-haired elder was flabbergasted. “Master, are you perhaps thinking a bit too highly of me?”

“Even a small one would do,” Ning said hurriedly. “Or perhaps the other fifteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals imprisoned here...would any of them have an ‘Elder God Formation’?”

“Fifteen?” The black-haired elder was surprised. “Which fifteen?”

He was kept separate from the others. The only Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals he knew of were the ones who had been imprisoned here before him.

“They include Ancestral Immortal Jadetide...” Ning listed all fifteen of

the other names.

“So that madman was imprisoned here as well? Good, good, good!” The black-haired elder was in quite a good mood upon hearing these names... but he then looked at Ning and shook his head. “Master, forget about acquiring an Elder God Formation. Although all the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who have been imprisoned here are extraordinary, formations like that aren’t for meant the likes of us. None of the Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals of Pangaea would be able to acquire any Elder God Formation, even one that is only meant for four or five Elder Gods. Generally speaking, only World Gods and Chaos Immortals will be able to acquire them.”

Elder God Formations could be meant for many experts or just a few.

Some, for example, could be used by as few as six Elder Gods! The six Elder Gods would take bind different parts of the formation stone, allowing them to naturally join together in a large formation. They would be able to seamlessly share their divine power together, with their attacks dramatically increasing in strength.

An Elder God Formation that could use up to a hundred Elder Gods would be able to give even a World God a good fight!

Even small-scale Elder God Formations could be used to dominate other Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals with ease.

This was something which Ning badly wanted to acquire. Ever since he had heard of them from World God Northrest’s legacy, he had wanted to acquire one! If the Elder Gods of the Nuwa Alliance could join together in an Elder God Formation, they would definitely be able to effortlessly dominate the Seamless Gate with ease. Even if they didn’t have enough Elder Gods, they would be able to use certain True Gods to temporarily fill in positions!

“Even small-scale Elder God Formations would require five hundred bottles of chaos nectar in trade.” The black-haired elder shook his head. “Five hundred bottles! The King of Pangaea spent unbelievable amounts of resources and hard work in order to construct those thirty-six chaos

nectar refinery formations. Although those thirty-six formations are known as 'prisons', in the eyes of the King of Pangaea their true value lies in their ability to distill chaos nectar."

"The prisonworlds can be said to be the most important treasures of Pangaea. For even a prisonworld to fall into your hands...it means that the chaos-kingdom of Pangaea might have truly been annihilated."

"Thirty-six prisonworlds...each chaos cycle, they can only produce roughly two hundred bottles of chaos nectar." The black-haired elder looked at Ning. "An entire chaos cycle! But small-scale Elder God Formations will require at least five hundred bottles of chaos nectar. World Gods and Chaos Immortals might be able to afford such a price, but Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals generally would not, unless they are ridiculously powerful or had absolutely incredible luck. Those of us who lived in Pangaea would rarely go out to adventure and risk our lives. Of course we wouldn't have enough treasures!"

Ning nodded.

Elder Gods could generally be divided into two different types. The first type consisted of Elder Gods like Gonggong, Suiren, or Swordfather Triult; they spent their entire life in just a single chaosworld, rarely going out to adventure.

The second type consisted of the likes of the Lord of All Things or Godfiend Witherspike. They often went out adventuring. They acted carefully for fear of losing their lives, but if they were successful they could reap fantastic rewards!

"How much chaos nectar or chaos gems do you have?" Ning asked.

"I have two bottles of chaos nectar and just a hundred or so chaos gems," the black-haired elder said.

Ning shook his head. How disappointing!

Still, this was the average networth for an ordinary Ancestral Immortal. Most of his resources would have been spent in acquiring those valuable Chaos treasures, after all! That black chain, for example; it would be

worth quite a few bottles of chaos nectar. As for the Triult Swords? They were worth dozens of bottles of chaos nectar, and Swordfather Triult had only acquired them after spending countless years building up his resources.

Chaos nectar was something of a common currency in the endless primordial chaos!

It was the extracted essence of chaos energy and could be used to replenish the soul, divine power, Immortal energy, heartforce, all physical wounds.

After asking the black-haired elder a few more questions, Ning finally gave up on acquiring an Elder God Formation, a World Castle, or any other incredibly powerful treasures. It really just wasn't realistic. Only the most monstrously powerful Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals had access to such treasures, such as the ones who were able to battle against even World Gods and Chaos Immortals.

"Go ahead and give me your Chaos treasures," Ning said.

"Ugh." The black-haired elder revealed a hint of pain in his eyes, but he still waved his hand, causing the two crystalline swords and the golden sword to join together and fly over towards Ning. The black chains appeared as well, spinning around him.

"You only have two?" Ning asked.

"How much more do you want?" The black-haired elder said angrily, "I nearly lost my life in acquiring the Triult Swords. Go ahead and see how many of the other fifteen Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals here have treasures superior to the Triult Swords!"

Ning laughed, then waved his hand and accepted the two treasures, sending out his Immortal energy to quickly bind them.

"Eh?" A look flashed past Ning's eyes.

"How many levels of the Triult Swords and the Darkcloud Chains have you mastered?" Ning asked.

“I’ve mastered the third level of the Triult Swords and the second level of the Chaincloud Chains,” the black-haired elder said.

“Oh, right. Take out all your other treasures and let me choose from them,” Ning said.

“You...!” The black-haired elder was instantly rendered speechless.

This was worse than a robbery!

What sort of a person extorted his own retainers like this?!

Ning didn’t pay any attention to the man as he picked through the treasures. These treasures weren’t very useful to him, and the two bottles of chaos nectar wouldn’t make much of a difference, but...when he left the Three Realms in the future, he would have to make sure that he had enough good things to leave behind for his daughter Brightmoon.

After cleaning out the black-haired elder, Ning immediately left. He wasn’t willing to face the old man’s glowering, resentful glare.

He located a nearby mountain, then landed atop it.

Ning waved his hand, causing the three Chaos swords to appear in the air before him as well as the large, serpent-like black chains.

“Blackcloud Chains. It has three levels of power, and can just barely be considered a high-grade Chaos treasure.”

“The Triult Swords...ehehe. They actually have six levels of power, and all three are top-grade Chaos treasures. Upon being joined together, they actually exceed the entire Chaos-level of power.” Ning nodded silently to himself, then began to test out binding the treasures.

First, he bound the Blackcloud Chains.

The Blackcloud Chains could be used to bind and trap enemies, or it could be used to circle around the user and deflect enemy attacks! Ning’s true body didn’t need this sort of protective treasure, as he had an extremely strong protective divine ability, but his Primaltwin was only an Ancestral Immortal. His Primaltwin’s body wouldn’t be able to resist enemy attacks in the same way, making the Blackcloud Chains quite a

useful item for it.

“The first level is fairly simple.”

“The second level...done.”

After spending a bit more than two hours, Ning finished mastering the first two levels of the Blackcloud Chains. The aura of the Blackcloud Chains increased dramatically in strength, and the chains themselves seemed to move more agilely as well.

Ning’s sword-arts truly were at an incredibly profound level. As a result, he had now mastered six of the Nine Chaos Seals, even though he only spent part of his time analyzing them. Even Daoist Three Purities had only mastered seven of the chaos seals back during the Primordial Era. Thus, he was able to easily master the first two levels of the Blackcloud Chains.

“The third level is too difficult...I won’t be able to unlock it in a short period of time.” Ning spent six more hours working on the chains before giving up. “I’ll focus on the Triult Swords first.”

“Violetjewel’s still the best. There are no restrictions or levels that I need to bind and unlock,” Ning said with a sigh. “It’s a divine sword that has a core quintessence within it, after all.”

Chaos weapons were considered fairly high-level weapons. Above Chaos weapons were Dao weapons. World Gods and Chaos Immortals generally would use Dao weapons.

Violetjewel, however, was something that surpassed even Dao weapons! It even had a core quintessence within it. Ning had merely repaired the surface layer of the sword, but that was still enough to allow it to have more power than any Chaos weapon!

But of course, Violetjewel was a weapon which even World Gods and Chaos Immortals would go berserk for. When World God Northrest had fled all those years ago, he had sent his truesoul riding on the sword. All his other treasures had been lost, and even his very body itself had been lost. The only things left to him were his truesoul and his precious sword.

Chapter 13: The Battle Begins

“I really wonder what sort of damnable places World God Northrest entered when he fled. Even something as tough and precious as Violetjewel was damaged to such a degree!” Ji Ning couldn’t help but sigh. Those three Wujiao Godbeasts who had chased after World God Northrest were very famous amongst World Gods as well. When they attacked him, they did so with the goal of annihilating his truesoul.

If World God Northrest managed to send a message back to Vastheaven Palace, the three of them would be doomed! Thus, when World God Northrest had frantically fled, the three of them had chased just as frantically! All World God Northrest had left had been the remnants of his soul and his sword. For the sake of fleeing, he had fled into every dangerous area he encountered, including areas that were known to be utterly deadly even for World Gods! As for the three Wujiao Godbeasts, they had entered those places as well!

Cultivators, by their very nature, would often enter dangerous regions. The only places which the three Wujiao Godbeasts would not dare to enter were those places where death was absolutely guaranteed.

Teleporting through space, blinking through time, diving into danger zones...in the end, even Violetjewel had been badly damaged. Finally, he had managed to escape into the Three Realms, but he was no longer able to flee any further. As for Violetjewel, the only part of it that remained intact and undamaged was its core quintessence, which remained very stable.

Ning sat there quietly, meditating as he bound the swords.

The seals within the Triult Swords were clearly much more complicated. He was only able to bind and unlock both the first and the second levels of it.

“Excellent.” Ning was secretly delighted.

After unlocking the first level, he found that each sword could be used as he pleased. After unlocking the second level, he found that the three

swords could be combined into one!

After another two days, he finally managed to bind and unlock the third level as well.

“I’m at the same level which Swordfather Triult was at.” Ning continued to proceed to the fourth level. The more levels he could unlock, the more powerful the swords would become! Swordfather Triult was a fairly powerful Ancestral Immortal of Pangaea, but when viewed in the context of the vast primordial chaos, he was nothing more than an average figure. Even the likes of the Lord of All Things was nothing more than a minor figure amongst the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals of the universe.

“The fourth level is quite difficult. Still, I should be able to master it, given time.” After working on it for half a day, Ning began to frown. He expected that it would take several years for him to master it.

“Best to finish the process in the Heavengazer Tower of Radiance.”

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The Crescent world.

The black-robed Ning was fishing alongside his daughter Brightmoon.

His main true body and his main Primaltwin were both located in the prisonworld. Only his backup Primaltwin remained here in the Crescent world.

“The young master has already caught twelve. Brightmoon, you haven’t even caught a single one.” Autumn Leaf looked into the fish buckets, then smiled as she teased Brightmoon.

“How should I know what’s going on?” Brightmoon glared at her nearby father. “Father, are you cheating?”

Ning looked back at Brightmoon.

Brightmoon looked quite similar to Yu Wei, and she also liked to dress in black, just like her mother. Each time he saw his daughter, he couldn’t help but think of his senior apprentice-sister Yu Wei.

“Senior apprentice-sister...” Ning murmured to himself, “After the war,

I'll leave the Three Realms. The Three Realms is a small place, after all. There are no techniques here I can use to save you...but perhaps in the outside world there is."

One reason he was going to leave the Three Realms was in order to find Vastheaven Palace. The other reason was because Ning still clung onto a thin strand of hope that he might one day find a way to rescue his wife. Saving his parents would be much easier, comparatively speaking; all he had to do was become a World God or Chaos Immortal. Rescuing his wife, however, would be incredibly difficult.

"Brightmoon, you've been watching me like a hawk. If I cheated, you would know, right?" Ning laughed as he spoke.

"You've mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water, Father. If you were cheating, how would a little girl like me be able to find out?" Brightmoon muttered.

"Ahaha..." Ning laughed. Whenever he was with his daughter, he couldn't help but smile and laugh.

"Ji Ning, the final battle for karmic luck is about to again. Come to the Allclans Palace right away." Subhuti's voice suddenly rang out by Ning's ears.

Next to Brightmoon, Ning suddenly froze mid-laughter.

"So...it has finally begun." Ning's breathing turned a bit ragged.

"Father?" Brightmoon looked towards Ning. "What happened?"

"Nothing. Let's keep fishing," Ning said with a smile.

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The icy star located deep in the primordial chaos.

Whoosh. A white-robed Ning suddenly appeared in the skies above the icy star.

"It has finally begun." Ning quickly flew teleported through the void and disappeared.

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The Allclans Palace.

Swoosh.

A white-robed Ji Ning suddenly appeared at the gates of the Allclans Palace. As he appeared, all the major powers inside the palace turned to look at him. Because both his true body and his Primaltwin had entered the prisonworld and were completely separated from the outside world, there was no way for Ning to keep an incarnation present in the Allclans Palace.

“Ji Ning has arrived.” Daoist Three Purities rose to his feet. “Let us go. The Seamless Gate has already mobilized their army; let us mobilize ours.”

“Right.”

All the major powers had sent their true bodies, because they all knew that once the final battle for karmic luck began, the Endwar would definitely be nigh. Thus everyone, Fuxi and Shennong included, had all hastened back from the primordial chaos. In fact, even that stooped, masked figure dressed in gray robes had made his appearance.

Ning glanced at the masked, gray-robed figure. He mused to himself, “He should be Gonggong.”

Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Suiren, Fuxi, Shennong, Houyi, Ji Ning, and the gray-robed figure walked at the head of the pack. Behind them walked Subhuti and the rest of the major powers.

The awe-inspiring group of major powers flew out of the Allclans Palace and into the air.

Ning stared downwards. He immediately saw that the Humanworld of Yu the Great was filled with teeming masses of Immortal armies. The armies stretched off into the horizon, like so many countless dragons that lay coiled throughout the world.

“All of the Immortal armies and Fiendgod armies of the Nuwa Alliance

in the Three Realms have been summoned.” Daoist Three Purities let out a soft sigh. “Xuan Yuan, give the order.”

“Yes.”

Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan had been standing behind him. He immediately sent the mental order. “Mobilize.”

Rumble...

Utterly titanic tears in the sky began to appear in front of them. One Immortal army after another began to flood forward and soar towards the tears in the sky. The battlefield for this final battle for karmic luck would be the vast Void itself!

During the previous Realmwars, the various major powers had acted to keep the major worlds stable, making it possible for them to endure the earth-shaking devastation wrought by each side.

This final battle for karmic luck, however, involved simply far too many Immortals and Fiendgods. This represented nearly all of the Immortals and Fiendgods that existed in the entire Three Realms. If they were to battle on a single major world, that major world would most likely be instantly annihilated.

The distant Solar Star could be seen glowing with light, illuminating the darkness of the Void. However, the Void still remained a dark, gray place. It was simply too far from the Solar Star, making it seem rather dim.

The armies of the Seamless Gate were beginning to appear in the distant parts of the Void, joining together into multiple giant formations that were spread out throughout the area.

The Immortal armies of the Nuwa Alliance continued to flood out through their spatial rifts, moving into formation as had been previous ordained. Both sides stared at their enemies, separated from them by tens of millions of kilometers.

Behind each side’s armies were their major powers.

Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, Suiren, Shennong, Fuxi, Houyi,

the masked figure, and the rest of the major powers were all standing behind their armies, staring at the enemy forces ahead of them.

“We’ve flourished for countless years.” Fuxi murmured softly, “In terms of major powers, Empyrean Gods, True Immortals, and even Celestial Immortals...far more exist in this era of the Three Realms than existed during the Primordial Era.”

“This war is also far larger in scale than the war which ended the Primordial Era.” Daoist Three Purities nodded slowly as well.

“Xuan Yuan. It is now up to you.” Lord Buddha looked towards the nearby Yellow Emperor.

“Alright.” Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan nodded.

It was the Yellow Emperor’s responsibility for directing their armies in this battle.

As for Ning, he stared at their vast allied armies. As he scanned through their ranks, he saw so many faces he recognized. They included his fellow apprentices, such as senior apprentice-sister Empyrean Phoenix, Junwu, and Goldcrow. They also included Ning’s own subordinates, such as Ninefangs, Primelight, and Sunblaze. He also saw the Xia Emperor as well as the Empyrean Gods he had rescued from Undermoon Lake, such as the Seven Dragon Gods, Oddwitch, Eastvoid, Buyou, and Sin...

Ning’s eyes blazed with torch-light as he turned to stare at the vast army of the Seamless Gate.

He immediately saw Sword Immortal Evergreen...the three Diremonster Gods of Mount Dragoneater...Fairy Deadgrass...True Immortal Gaudy...

“Darknorth, do you still remember him?” Lord Tathagata suddenly spoke out to Ning while pointing towards a distant figure.

Ning followed Tathagata’s finger and saw one of their formation commanders. This was a barefoot Bodhisattva who was dressed in yellow robes and whose face was pale and handsome.

“He is...?” Ning immediately felt that this person looked quite familiar.

“Bodhisattva Eastluck,” Lord Buddha said with a laugh.

“Eastluck?” Ning immediately remembered the man. No wonder he had looked familiar! When Ning had first gone to learn the [Five Treasures] sword-art which Daofather Fujū had left behind, he had encountered this spoiled prince, Eastluck. Ning had ordered Prince Eastluck to become a servant at an innhouse for three hundred years, and had commanded that he allow others to hit him and berate him without fighting back or talking back.

“Right. You sent him to work as a servant in the mortal world for three hundred years with the goal of tempering his arrogance. Instead, he came to truly understand his own heart! He ended up understanding the Dao and becoming a Celestial Immortal, then joined my Buddhist Sangha. His rate of advancement was simply astonishing...” Lord Buddha sighed with praise. “He truly has the heart of a Buddha, and my Buddhist techniques were perfect for him. If he was given enough time, he would stand a very good chance of becoming a major power as well. Alas, the war has already arrived.”

“Mm.” Ning felt quite pleased as well. He had never imagined that the spoiled Prince Eastluck who had provoked him would become Bodhisattva Eastluck.

Ning continued to stare at their forces.

There were quite a few people who he had ties to. There were also quite a few who had grudges against him. They were all scattered throughout the various Immortal and Fiendgod armies. At this point in time, they were nothing more than minor chess pieces in the Endwar. Ning, however, had carved out a path for himself via his cultivation. He had also been blessed by luck and opportunity, and as a result he now stood at the very peak of power. He was capable of truly influencing the entire course of the war.

“I wonder how many of them will be alive after the war.” Ning continued to quietly look at them all.

“Seamless Gate!”

Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan's voice echoed through the endless Void, reverberating by the ears of every single Immortal and Fiendgod. "We once permitted you to enter our Three Realms and live amongst us. It's one thing for you to be ungrateful, but how dare you once more stir up trouble and cause such a great war? You were even so despicable and shameless as to assassinate the family and friends of our major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals. Now...you wish to fight? Do you think our side is afraid of you? Hah! You lost the war all those years ago, and you'll lose the war this time as well!"

"Cut the crap." A cold laugh rang out from amongst the major powers of the distant Seamless Gate. "The victors pronounce themselves kings while the losers are derided as bandits. If we win, we'll become the masters of the Three Realms. Only one of us will be able to survive!"

"Then all of you can die." Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan's cold voice echoed through the Void.

"Kill!" Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan gave the order.

"Kill!" "Kill!" "Kill!"

The entire Void seemed to be filled with these cries. The hundreds of millions of Immortals and Fiendgods in the many armies all roared furiously, causing the entire Three Realms to tremble.

Chapter 14: The Battle for Karmic Luck (1)

The two titanic armies of Immortals and Fiendgods began to charge towards each other, smashing upon each other like a pair of massive anvils! Of course, the ones who charged forward were the ones skilled in close combat. There were quite a few ancient, massive formations that were located in the rear, throwing large-scale spells and attacks against the battlefield. The attacks blotted out the sun, causing even the Void to splinter and shatter.

Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan solemnly and carefully deployed his troops.

Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Daoist Three Purities, Suiren, Shennong, Fuxi, Ji Ning, Houyi, and the masked man all stood at the back lines, watching the battle and keeping an eye on the actions of the major powers of the Seamless Gate. They were determined to prevent the Seamless Gate's major powers from launching any sneak attacks!

Now that the final battle for karmic luck had begun, it was possible that the Seamless Gate's major powers would suddenly launch the Endwar if they thought they were losing.

"The advantage lies with us right now," Daoist Three Purities said in a cold voice. "We won't be in a rush to launch the Endwar. The Seamless Gate, however, is different. They have a slightly weaker hand to play; once they completely despair of victory, they will launch the Endwar. Suiren, Ji Ning, the two of you are the quickest; when the time comes, it will be up to the two of you to stop the Seamless Gate's sneak attacks."

"Right." Suiren nodded.

"Alright." Ning nodded as well.

The two of them had both mastered the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent] technique; if the Seamless Gate was to launch a sneak attack, they would be able to intercept it.

"Our side is beginning to sustain casualties already," Tathagata said softly.

“Casualties are impossible to completely avoid.” Suiren’s eyes glowed with divine power, a desire to do battle radiating from his entire body. He said in a low voice, “Sometimes, victory can only be won when you pay a price in blood.” It had been Suiren who had led the human race from obscurity to power. He knew very well that an enormous price had been paid in blood and bones for the human race to rise to its current illustrious state.

Ning watched it all unfold silently.

“Senior apprentice-brother Sloppy...” Ning suddenly saw an unremarkable figure located in a distant ‘Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation’. It was his eldest disciple-brother of the Black-White College.

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“I didn’t expect for him to become a Pure Yang True Immortal as well.” Ning sighed to himself. “If he hadn’t broken through, he might’ve been able to avoid this battle.”

The weaker disciples and family members of the various major powers, such as those who had merely become Celestial Immortals, were generally permitted not to take part in this battle. Ning’s own daughter Brightmoon was one example, and Daofather Crimsonbright’s disciple Adept Woodpass was another. Both were Celestial Immortals, and there was no real point to them taking part in this battle. No matter what, the Nuwa Alliance still had to preserve its next generation, and so its lower-level geniuses were not required to take part in the battle. As for the likes of Autumn Leaf or Bluecliff Xiaoyu, who weren’t even Celestial Immortals, there was of course no point whatsoever for them to get involved.

However, for anyone who became an Empyrean God or True Immortal, things were different. The Sloppy Daoist and Bodhisattva Eastluck were all geniuses as well, but they were required to take part in this battle.

There would only be an exception if an extremely important member of the Nuwa Alliance absolutely insisted on protecting them. Someone like Daoist Three Purities, Tathagata, Suiren, or Ji Ning could insist on

protecting a particular Empyrean God or True Immortal. For example, if Ning's daughter had theoretically become a True Immortal and Ning was unwilling for her to suffer any danger, the Nuwa Alliance would be willing to satisfy this personal request of Ji Ning's.

Still, even major powers would only rarely make a request like this. Even if they did, they would at most request for one or two of their most dearly beloved family members to be protected.

Daofather Subhuti, for example, did not ask for a single one of his disciples to be protected! All of them had gone off to war!

"Those dazzling geniuses of yore have become nothing more than minor chess pieces on this battlefield." Faced with such a deluge of Immortals and Fiendgods, Ning could keenly sense how irrelevant a single person's power and ability was. Even most True Gods and Daofathers would feel powerless in the face of a war like this.

Both sides were using enormous formations, and the attacks from these formations surpassed the power of an ordinary True God or Daofather; the attacks were very close to the power of elite Daofathers!

The first time the two massive armies clashed, they battled for roughly an hour before both sides withdrew. This sort of battle caused both sides to use up Immortal energy and divine power at an absolutely staggering rate. Virtually every single Immortal and Fiendgod in the Three Realms was taking part in this battle, and so neither the Nuwa Alliance nor the Seamless Gate could possibly provide enough Immortal pills for them to replenish their energy. Thus, their only choice was to battle over and over again.

Both sides proceeded very carefully with each clash, doing their best to locate the enemy's weak spots and tear them apart as much as possible.

On the very first day of battle, the Nuwa Alliance lost a total of 612 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, more than 3.2 million Celestial Immortals, and countless lower-level cultivators. As for the Seamless Gate, they lost 122 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, more than 1.89 million Celestial Immortals, and countless lower-level cultivators.

By the sixth day of battle, the Nuwa Alliance had lost a total of 925 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, more than 5.62 million Celestial Immortals, and countless lower-level cultivators. The Seamless Gate had lost a total of 531 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, more than 1 million Celestial Immortals, and countless lower-level cultivators.

By the nineteenth day of battle...

By the twenty-sixth day of battle...

Both sides continued to do their best to seek out the enemy's weak points, and they proceed tentatively with each clash. Casualties were still fairly light, given that almost all of the Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms were taking part.

The sixty-ninth day of battle. The battle this day was noticeably more vicious than on previous days. More Empyrean Gods and True Immortals died on this day than during all previous days combined. This was because on this day, both the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance had almost simultaneously revealed their bugbeast armies. The appearance of the dominating bugbeasts armies immediately destabilized the battlefield, resulting in large-scale massacres.

"Withdraw." Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan gave the order.

Both the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate began to withdraw their troops. The mood on the battlefield was noticeably much grimmer than before, with countless Immortals and Fiendgods having frenzied looks in their eyes. All of the cultivators knew that there was nowhere to run; their only choice was to stake their own lives in an attempt to take the lives of their opponents.

"They actually have slightly more bugbeasts than we do." Fuxi frowned.

"They gained the legacies of the Lord of All Things. It's not that strange that they also gained his bugbeast techniques." Daoist Three Purities said coldly, "Although they have slightly more bugbeasts than we do, things are still manageable."

"Sword Immortal Evergreen..." Ning shook his head.

Ning had always been wanting to find an opportunity to kill this traitor.

However, no one would've imagined what had happened. Due to both sides suddenly adding bugbeasts into their armies, the balance between the two sides had been completely disrupted. Faced with critical danger, Sword Immortal Evergreen had actually made a sudden breakthrough! He had mastered one of the Heavenly Daos, causing a resonance that everyone was able to feel. Sword Immortal Evergreen had immediately swallowed Great Firmament Immortal pills to breakthrough to become a Golden Immortal of the Great Firmament (Daofather). After he made a breakthrough, he immediately suffered frenzied, concentrated attacks attacks from the Nuwa Alliance. He became a focal point...resulting in him being slain almost instantly!

Just a few seconds after becoming a Daofather, Sword Immortal Evergreen had been assaulted by more than ten mighty formations. He had died on the spot!

In this sort of massive battle, anyone who seemed particularly impressive or eye-catching would immediately draw enormous amounts of concentrated firepower on his or her head. Only someone close to the overlord level of power would be able to survive; anyone else would almost certainly perish.”

“Too many died in this battle.” Shennong sighed softly.

“There are no other choices.” Suiren suppressed the pain he felt in his heart.

Ning felt miserable as well.

This latest battle was the most vicious battle to date in the final war for karmic luck. As a result of this battle, the total number of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals the Nuwa Alliance had lost had reached more than 8600! As for Celestial Immortals? Celestial Immortal casualties had surpassed a hundred million! Loose Immortals and Fiendgods? Forget about even trying to tell them.

Things weren't much better for the Seamless Gate either. Although they were supported by many powerful golems, they were still the weaker side

in this conflict. They had lost more than 6900 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals and more than 92 million Celestial Immortals. Their Loose Immortal casualties were also horrendous beyond count.

These simple, plain numbers represented a hideous loss of life amongst Immortals and Fiendgods!

Far, far too many had died in this battle...including many of Ning's good friends.

"Old brother Buyou. Roughpeak..." Ning couldn't help but sigh to himself. More than ten of the Empyrean Gods he had rescued from Undermoon Lake had died just now, including Empyrean Gods Buyou and Roughpeak. He had been particularly close to those two.

"And Eastluck..." Ning sighed again.

That stubborn wastrel of a prince...after his temper had been tamed, he had revealed his tremendous talent and brilliance. He had skyrocketed in power after entering the Buddhist Sangha, causing even Lord Buddha to take notice of him. In this battle, Bodhisattva Eastluck had actually been given full control over a large formation. But...just now, that dazzlingly talented Bodhisattva Eastluck had also died in battle.

If he had been given enough time, it was entirely possible that the Buddhist Sangha would've gained yet another Buddha into their ranks.

Alas, this was destiny.

No matter how talented you were or how much of a genius you were, if you weren't given enough time to grow you still wouldn't become a 'major power'. Dying in a titanic battle like this was like a single wave disappearing into the sea, leaving behind no traces of its passing.

Not even Lord Buddha had enough time to grieve for each individual person. Far too many were dying, and every single major power had to watch as quite a few of their beloved disciples perished. Almost every Empyrean God and True Immortal had taken on a major power as master, after all.

1. The legend of Nuwa repairing the heavens is one of the oldest legends of Nuwa, and was mentioned previously with regards to how Gonggong damaged the pillars of Heaven, causing the skies to collapse.

Chapter 15: The Battle for Karmic Luck (2)

War was a cruel affair.

The Empyrean Gods and True Immortals were all fighting in massive formations. Each of them commanded many Celestial Immortals and a sea of Loose Immortals and Fiendgods! Each time a formation was broken apart, a huge massacre would follow! Only a few lucky individuals would be able to survive, generally when allied Immortals and Fiendgods who were still in formation managed to scoop them up into estate-treasures.

Ji Ning's eyes were bloodshot. When he saw all this happen, he couldn't help but wish to charge into the fray himself as well.

However, he knew that he had to remain calm. Although the numbers indicated that the Nuwa Alliance's losses were heavier than the Seamless Gate's, that was because the Seamless Gate was losing golems as well! As more and more golems were destroyed, the Seamless Gate began to lose more and more Immortals and Fiendgods as well.

"Eh?" Ning suddenly relaxed slightly.

His Primaltwin had been in the Heavengazer Tower the entire time. Just now, it had finally mastered and unlocked the fourth level of the Triult Sword! As his Primaltwin was now also an Ancestral Immortal, he now used up a staggering amount of energy when he sped up time inside the tower. Thus, his Primaltwin now merely maintained a rate of thirty times the normal speed of time.

At twenty times the normal speed of time, the Primaltwin was able to maintain an energy equilibrium. At thirty times the normal speed of time, the Primaltwin would need to occasionally consume spirit pills in order to stay steady.

Roughly three months had passed in the outside world, but roughly eight years had passed in the Heavengazer Tower. Finally, the fourth level had been unlocked.

"Now, the Triult Swords will be slightly more powerful for me than they

were for Swordfather Triult,” Ning mused to himself. To be able to increase his own power at such a critical moment in time was something which pleased Ning greatly.

The war for karmic luck continued. As more and more golems were destroyed, the Nuwa Alliance’s advantage became increasingly apparent. However, the Seamless Gate was quite resolute as well. They triaged their losses whenever necessary, determined to give the Nuwa Alliance no chance at all for a quick victory.

The battles continued, and the casualties continued to climb...

By the 179th day of battle, after roughly half a year had passed, the Nuwa Alliance had lost a total of more than twenty thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals! The Seamless Gate had also lost more than twenty thousand as well! If this was a battle between mortal armies, such terrible casualties could very well have caused a complete breakdown in moral, resulting in one side collapsing.

However, the two vast armies continued to fight with utter bloodlust.

.....

“It’s about time.”

The Lord of All Fiends, Keeper Everwood, Daomother Devilhand, Daofather Bloodswan, Old Man Yuan, and the other major powers were all standing in the darkened skies, watching as the battle proceeded.

“Prepare for the Endwar,” the Lord of All Fiends sent mentally.

“The Endwar?” Everyone present felt their hearts clench.

Daomother Devilhand sent frantically, “Windfiend, we haven’t lost the war for karmic luck yet. Our losses in Empyrean Gods and True Immortals are equal to their losses. We can keep fighting.”

“We can, but can we win?” The Lord of All Fiends asked her.

Daomother Devilhand instantly fell silent.

The Lord of All Fiends swept them all with his gaze. He sent mentally, “Things weren’t so bad at the start, primarily because we had so many

golems in storage! But more and more of the golems have been destroyed. Over the course of the past half year, we've lost nearly 90% of our golem army! The formations of the Nuwa Alliance, however, remain as powerful as ever. They completely suppress our formations in power. We aren't a match for them in terms of mobilizing True Immortals and Empyrean Gods."

The major powers of the Seamless Gate had to admit to this. The Nuwa Alliance's formations had been left behind by Mother Nuwa herself. Their formations were superior, which meant that their Empyrean Gods and True Immortals were able to join together more effectively.

"Perhaps certain tactical schemes and traps can turn the course of battle, but the enemy commander is Xuan Yuan. His control over their armies is completely flawless; he doesn't strive for brilliant victories, he only seeks to make no mistakes. He fights against us in a frontal, aboveboard manner, slowly draining our armies! He relies on his superiority in numbers and his superior formations rather than compete against us in tactical brilliance!" The Lord of All Fiends shook his head. "Traps and schemes might be useful against another commander, but we can forget about using them against Xuan Yuan when he's commanding troops in such a manner."

"But our karmic luck is weaker than theirs. The situation is disadvantageous to us." The black-robed Godking spoke out in worry as well.

The Seamless Gate had lost many of the important Realmwars, resulting in their karmic luck weakening. They were at a disadvantage in this battle as well. If their karmic luck was to weaken even further, then during the Endwar it would be much more difficult for them to use certain formations to summon enough energy from Heaven and Earth. The Nuwa Alliance, however, would find it easier to summon and maintain those formations. It would be as if Heaven and Earth were both trying to assist the Nuwa Alliance.

"Yes, our karmic luck is a bit weaker right now...but if we keep fighting like this, we'll probably lose all of our karmic luck," the Lord of All Fiends

said.

“Everwood?” Daomother Devilhand looked towards the silent Keeper Everwood.

“I agree with what Windfiend said.” Keeper Everwood said slowly, “No matter what...we have to start the Endwar at some point. Although it does seem as though we still have a chance at winning the war for karmic luck...that’s precisely why, if we attack now, we might be able to catch the Nuwa Alliance off their guard. If we wait until we completely lose the war, not only will we have even less karmic luck, the Nuwa Alliance will be fully prepared as well.”

“Fine.”

“Then let the last battle begin.”

“I haven’t had the chance to make the Nuwa Alliance pay for my child’s death yet.”

“The Three Realms was created by the collision of our Seamless Chaosworld and their Pangu Chaosworld. Why, then, have they always put on airs of being the ‘true masters of the Three Realms’? I’ve been pissed off about this for eons.”

“Fight!”

The major powers of the Seamless Gate cast aside all their doubts and worries. Only one path existed before them...that of battle!

The Lord of All Fiends sent mentally, “Daoist Yuan, don’t end up becoming soft-hearted when the battle starts.”

“Don’t worry.” Old Man Yuan chuckled calmly.

“Witherspike.” The Lord of All Fiends sent a mental message deep into the darkness of the Void, to a location where a dark-golden castle was located.

Inside the castle, Godfiend Witherspike was seated atop his throne as always. Smiling coldly, he made his reply. “Don’t worry, Allfiend...if I don’t intervene, your chances of winning the Endwar would be

pathetically low. I'll definitely take part."

"Good." The Lord of All Fiends looked calmly at the two vast armies battling before him. "Transmit my orders."

All of the major powers of the Seamless Gate turned solemn, preparing to enter battle at a moment's notice.

The battle between the Immortal armies turned increasingly vicious.

Ning and the other major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all held their breaths, unable to breathe as they saw so many familiar faces perish. They felt tremendous pain in their hearts, but all they could do was watch!

Although he felt pain, Ning was still continuing to focus on attuning to his own body. He continued to train in accordance with the [Solitary World God], seeking to find that spark of insight in his own body so that he could break through to become an Elder God. If he could become an Elder God...given how he had the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and [One True Body] divine abilities, he would become a half-step World God. In all the Three Realms, most likely only the mysterious, inscrutable Lord of All Fiends would be a match for him.

Alas...

Ning desperately wanted to make the breakthrough, and he had mastered the Heavenly Dao of Water, but mastering a Heavenly Dao was just one of multiple prerequisites for becoming an Elder God. In the Three Realms, quite a few True Gods had mastered Heavenly Daos, and a good number of them had been taught the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] technique. However, Suiren was the only one to break through to become an Elder God! From this, one could see how hard it was to become an Elder God.

Ning had been unable to find that spark of insight inside his body. Despite that, Ning had never given up on trying. He continued to search for that spark at all times.

"SNOW SCORPION!!!" Suddenly, an agonized cry rang out from behind

Ning. It was Redsnow, and he had a frantic, heartbroken look on his face.

Redsnow had left his secluded meditation when Ning was fighting against the Primordial Ruinworld. He had already broken through to become a True God! Redsnow was staring at a distant Pangu Genesis Formation, one which had already been broken apart. Empyrean God Snow Scorpion had been inside that formation, and her body had been torn through by the sharp claws of an Envoy of All Things. She died on the spot.

“Snow Scorpion...” Ning felt pain in his heart as well. Seven Empyrean Gods had followed him from the Starseizer world...and one of the seven, Snow Scorpion, had just perished.

Compared to Ning, however, Redsnow felt far greater pain.

Redsnow and Snow Scorpion had been the right and left arms of Daoist Threelives. He would never be able to forget how the two had fought side-by-side for countless years. The other Empyrean Gods and True Immortals under Daoist Threelives’ command had all slowly trickled away, with only a few remaining within the Starseizing Manor. Redsnow and Snow Scorpion had stayed behind, and the two had long ago grown close to each other. Although they didn’t formally join together to become Dao-companions, they had lived alongside each other for so long that they were like family.

“Damn.” Redsnow’s eyes glistened with unshed tears.

Rumble...

Suddenly, a streak of black light appeared in the distance. The streak of black light moved faster than the limits of the Heavenly Daos, charging straight towards the vast armies of the Nuwa Alliance. This alpha strike had been launched by the most terrifying figure of the Seamless Gate, the Lord of All Fiends. He was simply far too fast when he attacked...but the Nuwa Alliance had been watching vigilantly this entire time.

“KILL!” Daoist Three Purities’ face changed and he immediately let out a furious bellow!

“KILL!” All of the major powers had been keeping their growing rage suppressed. Now, they let it all explode outwards. True God Redsnow and the others had bloodlusted eyes as all of them instantly went berserk.

“ALLFIEND!” Ning and Suiren simultaneously let out angry howls.

The two of them were the fastest on the Nuwa Alliance. When faced with the sudden attack of the Lord of All Fiends, Ji Ning was actually the most suitable candidate for defending against it, thanks to his mastery of the [Five Treasures].

Ning immediately executed the [Three Heads, Six Arms] technique as well as the Sixth Cycle of the [Starseizing Hand]! The divine tattoos appeared on his six enormous palms, filled with such power as to cause the entire Void to shudder. They were like six titanic stormclouds that swept through the skies, each palm surpassing the limits of the Heavenly Daos as they struck towards the armies of the Seamless Gate!

Ning knew very well that in terms of speed, he was still a bit inferior to the Lord of All Fiends. Thus, he launched an attack in order to force the Lord of All Fiends to withdraw his attack as he sent his six cloud-sized palms towards the army of the Seamless Gate! In this way, he could ensure that the Lord of All Fiends would have to withdraw his attack.

“Not good.”

“Careful.”

“Block it.”

The soldiers of the Seamless Gate stared ashen-faced at the six titanic stormclouds that were descending towards them. The Lord of All Fiends had only struck with a single sharp blade that moved like a streak of black light, but Ji Ning had struck out with six gigantic palms. How many of them would die to this strike?

“Hmph.” The Lord of All Fiends frowned. The black streak of light curved in midair, expanding to become hundreds of thousands of kilometers long as he swung it towards Ning’s palms.

BOOM!

A massive blast could be heard, and the incomparably powerful collision caused Ning to uncontrollably fly backwards a few steps.

The Lord of All Fiends' body trembled momentarily as well. The weapon in his hand was a strange, black-colored weaver's shuttle.

Sword Immortal Darknorth and the Lord of All Fiends had exchanged blows. Now, all the other major powers of the two alliances entered the fray as well. Some began to take command over Envoys of All Things, some began to take command over many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals to assume mighty formations...

The battlefield quickly transformed from the final battle over karmic luck to the true Endwar!

Chapter 16: Guardian Formation

“So powerful.” Ji Ning stared at the distant Lord of All Fiends, who continued to stand there in midair. “He really is an Elder God. If I only use the [Starseizing Hand], I’m at a complete disadvantage.” Even during the Primordial Era, the man had been able to save the Seamless Gate from the hands of a World God, Mother Nuwa. He was the person who the Nuwa Alliance feared the most.

“Assemble the formation.”

“Assemble the formation.”

“Assemble the formation.”

“Assemble the formation.”

Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Shennong, and Fuxi began to take command over the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals on their side. Kuafu, Daoist Jade Cauldron, Xingtian, Exalted Celestial Carefree, and the rest of the True Gods and Daofathers quickly took command over their respective Empyrean Gods and True Immortals as well.

“The final battle!” Yellow Emperor Xuan Yuan’s voice rang out by the ears of every single Immortal and Fiendgod.

All of the Celestial Immortals immediately waved their hands, putting away the Loose Immortals and Fiendgods under their command. In the blink of an eye, the previously countless throngs of Immortals and Fiendgods began to dramatically sparsen and thin out. All of the weaker cultivators vanished, while the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals then instantly drew their tens of millions of Celestial Immortals into their estate-treasures and estate-worlds.

Almost all of the cultivators on the side of the Nuwa Alliance instantly disappeared, leaving behind only the True Gods, Daofathers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals.

Rumble...

Daoist Three Purities gathered a total of 3600 Pure Yang True Immortals around him. A flood of Immortal energy began to activate, drawing upon enormous amounts of natural energy. Given Daoist Three Purities' abilities, the energy was instantly formed into an enormous formation. The illusory image of a titanic Daoist Three Purities appeared above the formation, and beneath the feet of the illusion was an enormous deep azure diagram. Four Chaos swords floated around the illusion, one in each direction, their auras filling the heavens.

"Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation!" The major powers of the Seamless Gate hurriedly took control over their formations as well, with some entering their Envoys of All Things. However, when they saw the enormous formation which the distant Daoist Three Purities had just created, they couldn't help but feel their hearts quaver.

Mother Nuwa had left behind three 'guardian formations'.

What did this term 'guardian formation' truly represent?

Mother Nuwa was worried about more alien Outsiders invading in the future, and so she spent enormous amounts of effort to develop these three guardian formations. Only then did she feel confident enough to leave.

During the war for the Deerchaser world, the Nuwa Alliance had put one of their three guardian formations on display, the Pangu Genesis Formation. However, that time they merely had True Immortal Jimin command the formation, and his formation only held a total of around five hundred Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. It could be considered a simplified version of the Pangu Genesis Formation.

However, Daoist Three Purities was now serving as the core of a massive formation with 3600 Pure Yang True Immortals, forming a perfect Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation.

Every single movement he made was filled with the power of Heaven and Earth. He was every bit as powerful as a true first-tier Ancestral Immortal!

In addition to that, Daoist Three Purities had an extremely high level of

insight into the Dao, and his Immortal Slaying Swords were tremendously powerful. One could imagine how deadly he was!

“Arise.” Lord Tathagata folded his hands together in prayer. Around him were exactly 5800 Empyrean Gods, and they too began to summon an overwhelming amount of natural energy from Heaven and Earth. A titanic body was quickly formed around them, but it still had the appearance of Tathagata.

This formation was the guardian formation known as the ‘Pangu Genesis Formation’.

It had been manifested through the power of 5800 Empyrean Gods, with Tathagata serving as the core. The Pangu God created by this formation was every bit as powerful as any Elder God! Given Tathagata’s insights into the Dao and formidable palm-arts, it could be said that he did not need to fear anyone.

“Assemble the formation.” Fuxi also took command over 3600 Pure Yang True Immortals to assemble a second Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation.

“Assemble the formation.” Shennong took control over 5800 Empyrean Gods to form a second Pangu Genesis Formation.

“Arise.” Exalted Celestial Carefree commanded a total of 2200 Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, using them to form the ‘Origin of Duality Formation’.

Three mighty guardian formations.

The Pangu Genesis Formation used Empyrean Gods to form a Pangu God which was adept at close combat.

The Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation used True Immortals to manifest tremendous amounts of Immortal energy that could be used to launch long distance attacks.

The Origin of Duality Formation was an extremely durable formation. It could be used on the battlefield to deal with the most dangerous situations. It could be placed wherever it was needed! It could launch long

range attacks but could also tank attacks at close range!

These three guardian formations were incredibly powerful!

Even if alien Outsiders with the power of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals invaded, the Nuwa Alliance would be able to rely on these three guardian formations and their profound insights into the Dao to fight back!

The Nuwa Alliance had assembled into formations, but the Seamless Gate was doing the same. They had many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals as well, and they also had their Envoys of All Things...but when they saw the three guardian formations of the Nuwa Alliance reveal their full power for the first time, they couldn't help but quiver.

"Fiendlord, our karmic luck is weak while their karmic luck is strong. Our major powers are drawing far less natural energy than theirs!"

"Our karmic luck is weak and our formations are weak...the difference is simply enormous."

"Fiendlord, what should we do?"

Everyone in the Seamless Gate was beginning to panic.

They knew that the Nuwa Alliance had three powerful guardian formations, but the Nuwa Alliance had never truly revealed them in the past! The versions they had previously seen were all just simplified versions. Daoist Three Purities, Tathagata, and the others had never personally taken command over those formations. Now that they had, the Seamless Gate was shivering in fear.

Forget about the Seamless Gate; even the highly experienced Godfiend Witherspike had an ashen look on his face.

"Prepare to fight." Godfiend Witherspike was in charge of his retainers and the alien Outsiders of the Primordial Ruinworld, and he was about to command them to attack, but...upon seeing the enormous formations the Nuwa Alliance had just set up, he was dazed.

"This formation..." Godfiend Witherspike previously always had a calm

look on his face, but he could no longer remain calm. Awestruck, he said, “Nuwa...she was just a local aboriginal, right? And she left the Three Realms shortly after becoming a World God. A new World God who didn’t have much tutelage...how the hell could she have created three formations of such power?”

“This is trouble.” The nearby Saber said in a low voice, “Master, these locals are much weaker than us, but that’s primarily because they are all just True Gods and third-tier Ancestral Immortals. Now that they’ve assembled these so-called ‘guardian formations’, they have become dramatically stronger. Look at Tathagata over there. That ‘Pangu God’ he’s created definitely has the power of an Elder God. Combined with his palm-arts...even if the two of us joined together, we wouldn’t be able to do anything to him.”

“Agreed.” Godfiend Witherspike nodded.

Tathagata was highly skilled in defense. Even in the Primordial Ruinworld, when the two had joined forces they had only been able to injure him, not capture him. Now that Tathagata had the body of a Pangu God, he could absolutely be described as invincible.

“These local ‘overlords’ all have incredible insights into the Dao. They had just one weakness...and its just been covered by their formations.” Saber frowned. “They are not easy to deal with.”

“I just KNEW that a chaosworld that gave birth to a World God wouldn’t be so easy to invade.” Godfiend Witherspike gritted his teeth. “Let’s watch for now and see how the Seamless Gate reacts. If they get completely manhandled, we’ll give up on our schemes and leave right away.”

“Agreed.” Saber nodded.

Although Godfiend Witherspike and Saber both had ultimate attacks that they had yet to use, when they saw the true power of the Nuwa Alliance they understood that even if they used everything they had, they still wouldn’t be able to take over the Three Realms. It was best to see what the Seamless Gate had up its sleeve first.

The Seamless Gate was panicking...but it had no options but to fight.

“Tathagata, Three Purities, Fuxi, and Shennong. Don’t worry about the formations they are in command of. All of you, go deal with the formations led by the other True Gods and Daofathers,” the Lord of All Fiends immediately instructed.

“Yes.”

The major powers of the Seamless Gate all heaved sighs of relief.

The Seamless Gate had quite a few major powers on its side as well, especially after Old Man Yuan had led the Four Ancestors of the River Source into their alliance. These major powers had two types of large formations of their own to use.

One of them involved three True Gods to take control over 3900 Empyrean Gods in the ‘Infinity Fiendgod Formation’.

The other involved six Daofathers taking control over 5100 True Immortals to form a ‘Ragnarok Formation’.

These were the two mighty formations which Keeper Everwood had come up with after spending countless years of effort. However, these formations were far weaker than the ones which Mother Nuwa had devised. The Ragnarok Formation, for example; it required six Daofathers and 5100 True Immortals, but the ‘Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation’ was stronger, even though it only required a single Daofather and 3600 True Immortals!

But of course...the more powerful the commander, the more powerful the formation. There was a huge gap in power between a formation commanded by Daoist Three Purities and a formation commanded by an ordinary Daofather.

Three Purities, Fuxi, Shennong, and Tathagata had each taken control over a formation. If the Seamless Gate’s Daofathers didn’t need to worry about those four formations, they felt much more confident in their chances.

“We can ignore the nastiest ones.”

“We have nine Envoys as well. We can at least give the Nuwa Alliance a good fight.”

“However...I wonder how the Fiendlord and the others are planning to deal with those terrifying formations of the Nuwa Alliance.” The major powers of the Seamless Gate continued to worry.

Chapter 17: A Host of Elder Gods

The Nuwa Alliance was not going to show any mercy!

As soon as the formations were established, they immediately began to press the attack.

“Kill!” Daoist Three Purities, in command of a Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation, pointed from far away, his aura towering to the heavens. Instantly, his four Immortal Slaying Swords joined together to form a single titanic sword that chopped downwards towards the grand army of the Seamless Gate. The tip of the giant sword instantly caused the Void to break apart, and the terrifying aura of power around the sword caused all the major power to feel their hearts grow cold.

“What a killer formation.” The faces of both Godfiend Witherspike and Saber were rather ashen.

Even Ji Ning sighed in shock upon seeing this.

Although his Primaltwin was a first-tier Ancestral Immortal and capable of unleashing tremendous power with the Triult Swords, it wouldn't be like this. Daoist Three Purities had acquired the Immortal Slaying Swords far too long ago, and he himself had developed the sword-diagram linking the four together! Daoist Three Purities was also at a higher level of insight and understanding than Ning. Thus when he used the Immortal Slaying Swords, the power of his attacks could be described as truly unequalled in all the Three Realms.

“Three Purities!” A loud roar rang out.

A wooden ruler suddenly expanded in size, becoming so gigantic that it seemed to completely block out the skies themselves.

The gigantic sword collided with the massive wooden ruler, the collision completely obliterating the Void around them.

Daoist Three Purities stared at the distant violet-robed figure, then said in a cold voice, “Everwood, I've never been able to get a good handle on the Lord of All Fiend's power. The other one I was unsure about was you.

You really did hide your power very well. You've actually become an Elder God!"

Keeper Everwood's face was turning slightly pale. The Immortal Slaying Swords were simply far too strong.

"No need to waste words." Keeper Everwood immediately attacked once again.

"Kill!" Daoist Three Purities once more sent his Immortal Slaying Sword Formation to strike at Keeper Everwood.

Keeper Everwood was proficient in almost every aspect. Treasure forging, formation setting, attack, defense...he seemed to be skilled in everything. His talent was such that even Lord Demonheart felt great admiration for him. The two most dazzling figures in the Seamless Chaosworld had been the Keeper of the Everwood and the Lord of the Demonheart! Keeper Everwood simply didn't have any taste for power. Despite that, after the battle that ended the Primordial Era he managed to make a breakthrough to become an Elder God.

He didn't have any guidance from others, much like how Mother Nuwa wasn't guided by anyone to become a World God. The same was true for Keeper Everwood. He simply had such a powerful foundation and many profound insights into many different fields. After being 'baptized' by the war that ended the Primordial Era, he ended up becoming an Elder God. He simply never revealed it to anyone else...but today, during the Endwar, he finally did.

And yet, Daoist Three Purities' 'Immortal Slaying Sword Formation' was simply too savage. Even though Keeper Everwood was an Elder God, he was only able to just barely withstand the formation's attack.

"Waterflame Apocalypse – Yin-Yang Birth and Destruction!"

Fuxi was in command of a Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation as well, and he immediately executed his strongest technique.

Rumble...

An area of a hundred million kilometers around him became instantly

transformed into a sea of water and fire. Seemingly endless amounts of Arcane Moonwater and Eternal Kindlefire filled the emptiness of the Void, and the formations and Envoys of the Seamless Gate instantly felt as though their bodies had been trapped in quicksand. Their movements were all affected, and their speed was dramatically lessened.

In addition, the water and fire joined together to form a gigantic Taiji diagram in front of the Lord of All Fiends.

Water was used to represent Yin, while fire was used to represent Yang.

Water represented life, fire represented destruction.

In his previous life, Fuxi was Elder God Fuxi, after all. He was born with mastery over the Heavenly Dao of Destruction. In this life, he had worked hard to understand the Heavenly Dao of Life, so as to be able to recover his memories from his past life. Thus, he was quite talented in both of these Heavenly Daos, and he had of course long ago mastered the Heavenly Daos of Yin and Yang.

This was why the true killer technique of his ‘Waterflame Apocalypse Formation’ was this technique, the ‘Yin-Yang Birth and Destruction’ technique. If he was to master the Heavenly Daos of Life and Destruction, the power of this attack would increase dramatically. Even now, thanks to the power of the Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation, this technique possessed extraordinary power.

“Eh?” The robes of the Lord of All Fiends fluttered, causing a series of concentric ripples to spread out around him and defend against the attacking Taiji diagram.

“Kill!” Shennong, in control of a Pangu Genesis Formation and protected by a Pangu God, also flew forward and attacked the Seamless Gate. He had mastered the Five Elements of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, and was exceedingly powerful in close combat as well.

“Kill.” Suiren no longer held back his overwhelming powerful aura either. He completely unleashed his Elder God aura as he charged towards the Seamless Gate.

“He’s an Elder God! Suiren is an Elder God!”

“He’s actually an Elder God?”

The Seamless Gate was stunned. The only ‘natural’ Elder God on their side was the Lord of All Fiends. The other one was Keeper Everwood, a genius who spent countless years cultivating before also reaching that level. As the Seamless Gate saw it, advancing from True God to Elder God was incredibly difficult. There were no techniques that could teach someone to make this breakthrough, after all. The only reason why Keeper Everwood had been able to do so was because he had such a deep, well-rounded foundation in every single aspect of the Dao. They felt that the Nuwa Alliance wouldn’t be able to accomplish the same...but they were wrong.

“Kill.” The stooped, gray-robed figure suddenly straightened his body, lifting his head up and revealing a heavily bearded face. His eyes were filled with boundless killing intent.

His aura towered to the heavens as he charged towards the Seamless Gate.

“That’s Gonggong.”

“Elder God Gonggong. He actually didn’t die?!” The Seamless Gate instantly recognized him. Elder God Gonggong had displayed his might during the war that ended the Primordial Era, after all. But everyone in the Three Realms had believed Gonggong to be dead. It was said that he had been slain by an alien Outsider, and he hadn’t shown himself in countless years. In the end, the Seamless Gate came to truly believe that Elder God Gonggong had perished.

No one imagined that he was still alive!

“First Suiren, now Gonggong. The Nuwa Alliance actually has two Elder Gods.”

“Kill!”

Hatchet in hand, Houyi no longer held back. His aura completely burst forward, sweeping through Heaven and Earth with as much power as the

auras of Gonggong and Suiren.

He was the most dazzlingly, peerlessly talented figure of the Primordial Era. After he gained Mother Nuwa's [Unbound Elder God Visualization], he had trained to become an Elder God as well. In the entire Nuwa Alliance, only two figures had been able to train in the [Unbound Elder God Visualization] to become Elder Gods. The first was Suiren, while the second was Houyi.

"Die, Godking."

Thirty-six icy lotuses had appeared in the air around Ning, and they were freezing all the opponents around him. Fuxi's 'Waterflame Apocalypse Formation' focused on large-scale attacks, which was why it wasn't that powerful in terms of constricting any specific individual. Ji Ning, however, was a first-tier Ancestral Immortal, and his Frozen Lotuses of the Thirty-Six Heavens covered a much smaller region, allowing for much more concentrated power than Fuxi's formation.

Wherever the icy lotuses flew past, snow fluttered about. Ning wielded Violetjewel in his hand, sending his sword-ki flying everywhere and bringing terror to the Seamless Gate.

"Ancestral Immortal? A first-tier Ancestral Immortal?" As Godfiend Witherspike watched from afar, his face instantly changed.

"He's actually a first-tier Ancestral Immortal." Saber was shocked as well.

"The Nuwa Alliance's foundation is far too deep. Weren't they supposed to have no Elder Gods at all? How the hell did they gain three Elder Gods and an Ancestral Immortal on top of those guardian formations!?" Godfiend Witherspike felt true pressure now. The three guardian formations had only made him feel that any assault would be unlikely to succeed, but now he felt as though he was staring at a steel plate that was waiting for him to kick.

"Wait." Godfiend Witherspike growled, "Let's keep waiting. We probably aren't strong enough to fight back against either side. The only thing we can do is wait and hope that the Seamless Gate is strong enough

to fight back. If both sides are badly injured...perhaps the Seamless Gate will deal the Nuwa Alliance a heavy-enough blow that I'll have a chance."

Saber nodded slowly.

In the primordial chaos, taking advantage of a chaotic scene to gain benefits for one's self was an extremely common tactic. It was far too difficult to crush someone with overwhelming power! Before this, Godfiend Witherspike had thought that there would be no way the Three Realms could resist his ultimate attack, but now he saw that he had been far too arrogant.

The Nuwa Alliance's morale was skyrocketing. Their formations were incredible, and they had multiple Elder Gods who had just shown themselves.

"Jueming, why haven't you entered a formation yet?"

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance had all entered into their respective formations, taking command over their Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. The weaker Daofathers would join together in groups of four to five and jointly lead a formation. Daoist Three Purities was able to easily command a Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation by himself, but ordinary Daofathers wouldn't be able to unleash the formation in its perfect state. If two or three other Daofathers were to join in, they would be able to work together to unleash the full power of the formation.

"Amitabha." Buddha Jueming folded his hands together in prayer.

BOOM!

A terrifying aura that was every bit as powerful as the auras given off by Ji Ning, Suiren, Gonggong, and Houyi instantly blasted through the Void. Buddha Jueming slowly walked through the Void, each step causing space to twist and distort as he walked towards the Seamless Gate. "Vile Seamless creatures, you should be sent into the endless hells." His eyes no longer held any mercy in them at all, only adamant rage.

"Jueming is also an Elder God?" The major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals of the Nuwa Alliance were all shocked as well.

“Good!” Daoist Three Purities, Tathagata, Fuxi, and Suiren all revealed looks of joy as well.

“As I thought.” Ning smiled upon seeing this.

The grand army of the Nuwa Alliance charged straight towards the Seamless Gate. They were led by Gonggong, Houyi, Ji Ning, Jueming, and Suiren – four Elder Gods, one Ancestral Immortal. In addition to them, there was also the formation-commanding Daoist Three Purities, Fuxi, Shennong, and Tathagata. All of these terrifying figures came surging forward, bringing utter terror to the hearts of the Seamless Gate.

Chapter 18: A Bloody Battle

The overlords of the Seamless Gate all had ashen looks on their faces.

They had made extensive and careful preparations for this fight, but the might which the Nuwa Alliance had just displayed was just too strong. Five Elder God-level combatants had just appeared out of nowhere! Just one or two, the Seamless Gate would've been able to deal with, but now? They had instantly been pushed to the edges of the cliff.

"Ugh." Old Man Yuan let out a sigh, then sent mentally, "Allfiend, I'll do what I promised I would do. However, there's no way I can change the overall situation by myself. Leave Gonggong to me. Deal with the rest yourself."

Swoosh.

Old Man Yuan transformed into a streak of light, flying straight towards Gonggong.

Elder God Gonggong's eyes were filled with murder as he stared at Old Man Yuan. He roared angrily, "Daoist Yuan, you traitor...die!"

"Who will kill me? You?" Old Man Yuan's horsetail whisk struck out, causing countless strands of white hairs to flew towards Elder God Gonggong.

Godfiend Witherspike and the one-armed Saber watched from the sidelines. Right at this moment, the Lord of All Fiend's voice rang out by their ears. "The situation looks grim. Do you plan to give up or do you plan to help us out?"

"Help out. Of course we will help out," Godfiend Witherspike replied.

"Houyi, Ji Ning, Jueming, Suiren. Choose two of these four," the Lord of All Fiends sent.

Godfiend Witherspike and Saber immediately made their decision.

Ji Ning? He was too hard to deal with.

Suiren? He actually also had the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent]. He was

also too hard to deal with.

Houyi? Intriguing. They hadn't fought against him either.

Jueming? He'd hidden his true power quite well.

"Leave Houyi and Jueming to us," Godfiend Witherspike replied. The two transformed into streaks of light, charging towards the Nuwa Alliance. These two had battled countless times in the primordial chaos; to exchange blows with Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals was a commonplace event and they felt no pressure whatsoever. Still...since they had chosen to get involved in this fight, they still had to give it their best shot.

"I'll go stop Shennong," Daofather Ink Bamboo sent, then moved to engage.

"Be careful." The Lord of All Fiends sighed quietly to himself.

After the battle that destroyed the Primordial Era, the Seamless Gate had given birth to overlords of its own. Bloodswan and Ink Bamboo were two examples! As for Everwood, he had actually broken through to become an Elder God. Of course, all these things were kept highly secret. Daofather Ink Bamboo had always been a very low-key figure. Long ago, he had followed the Lord of the Demonheart as a loyal retainer. Later, when the black-robed Godking became the nominal leader of the Seamless Gate, he had willingly carried out tasks on the Godking's behalf.

No one realized that this loyal, devoted servant, this ordinary Daofather, would actually come to possess the power of an overlord as well.

Tathagata did so by mastering the Five Elements of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth! Fuxi had mastered the Heavenly Daos of Yin and Yang!

But Daofather Ink Bamboo was different!

He had grafted his insights into the Seamless Chaosworld's Heavenly Daos of Earth and Water with the Three Realms' Heavenly Dao of Wood, joining them together into a seamless whole. This allowed him to reach an utterly inconceivably high level of insight into the Dao of Wood. Much like how Ning had reached a shocking level of power thanks to his skill in

the Dao of the Sword, Daofather Ink Bamboo's mastery over the Dao of Wood had allowed him to become an overlord as well.

Swoosh. The skies became filled with giant stalks of bamboo, all of which reached out towards Shennong's Pangu Genesis Formation.

"Bloodswan, Devilhand, the two of you go deal with Tathagata," the Lord of All Fiends instructed.

"Alright." Daomother Devilhand and Daofather Bloodswan didn't hesitate at all, immediately charging towards Tathagata. If they had to fight against Tathagata by themselves, they truly wouldn't have felt any confidence at all.

The reason why Daofather Ink Bamboo dared to fight Shennong by himself was partially because Shennong wasn't that skilled in close combat. In addition, Daofather Ink Bamboo was skilled in defense!

Whoosh. While Daofather Bloodswan flew forward, a second body suddenly appeared next to him.

There were now two of him; one in black robes, the other in blood robes. Both bodies were at the overlord level of power. Daomother Devilhand was by his side as well, and the three of them jointly struck out towards Tathagata.

As for the Lord of All Fiends, his divine body suddenly split apart into two different bodies. The two Lord of All Fiends separately attacked Ji Ning and Suiren!

Although all this took time to described, it actually all occurred in an instant.

Keeper Everwood, Old Man Yuan, Godfiend Witherspike, Saber, Daofather Ink Bamboo, Daofather Bloodswan, Daomother Devilhand, and the Lord of All Fiends attacked in unison.

Keeper Everwood, Godfiend Witherspike, Saber, and the Lord of All Fiends were actual Elder Gods!

Old Man Yuan and Daofather Ink Bamboo were both extremely skilled

in defensive techniques, guaranteeing that even though they were somewhat weaker they would still be able to hold on in the face of enemy attacks. This was much like how Tathagata had been able to hold on for a long period of time against Godfiend Witherspike, Saber, and an entire host of Outsider major powers.

When Daofather Bloodswan's two bodies joined together with Daomother Devilhand, they formed quite a formidable team.

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"Die...all of you can go die..." Elder God Gonggong's long hair fluttered about as he smashed at Old Man Yuan with his staff in a berserk manner.

Old Man Yuan continuously focused on defense, blocking the attacks.

"You should know that I hate traitors like you the most," Elder God Gonggong bellowed.

"Hmph." Old Man Yuan just smirked calmly, not deigning to respond.

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"I heard you are pretty good with the bow." Godfiend Witherspike stood there in midair, chuckling as he faced the hatchet-wielding Houyi. "Why don't you show me?"

"You think you merit it?" Houyi suddenly charged forward, his aura bursting with power as he raised his hatchet up high.

This scene caused Godfiend Witherspike to feel a slight hint of terror. He felt as though he was facing a terrifyingly powerful World God who was chopping down at him with an axe. Still, Godfiend Witherspike was able to remain quite calm. His tail rapidly expanded in size as well, striking out like a giant whip that lashed out at the upraised hatchet.

BOOM!

Godfiend Witherspike was knocked slightly backwards, while Houyi's body came to a halt as well.

"Quite powerful." Godfiend Witherspike chuckled, then let out a sigh. "This is a bit interesting. Your heartforce really is strong; I nearly

succumbed to your blow just now. Fortunately, I'm quite experienced myself."

"Hmph." Houyi just advanced coldly, continuing to swing his hatchet.

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The one-armed Saber was battling against Buddha Jueming.

A dazzlingly brilliant golden palm came flying through the air, and it knocked Saber backwards. Saber's eyes gleamed as he stared at Buddha Jueming, a hint of excitement in his gaze. "Your Three Realms has the so-called 'Buddhist Sangha'. I've tangled with your Buddhist overlord, 'Tathagata'. Your palm-arts are quite similar to his, and even your palms are like top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures. However, your palm-strikes are even more powerful than his!"

"Only because I have strong enough divine power." Buddha Jueming replied calmly. His eyes were ice cold, and he continued to slam down with his mighty palms.

The Buddhists were all skilled in palm-arts. After Jueming became a Buddha, Lord Tathagata had naturally imparted many Buddhist secret arts and divine abilities to him. Buddha Jueming had meditated on these secret arts, then joined those insights to his [Nine Elements Annihilation]. He had spent countless years in order to develop a palm-art divine ability that was every bit as strong as Lord Tathagata's; in fact, in terms of raw explosive power, it was actually superior! Now that he was an Elder God, this set of palm-arts allowed him to unleash the power of a truly elite Elder God. His only weakness was that his insights into the Dao weren't as profound as Tathagata's, making his palm-arts less perfect. Despite that, his advantage in raw power as an Elder God made it so that when he used this palm-art, his strikes were truly devastating!

For now, even Saber was kept at a disadvantage.

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Daoist Three Purities commanded his Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation to use his Immortal Slaying Swords to attack the Elder God

‘Keeper Everwood’, who found it difficult to endure his blows.

Lord Tathagata commanded his Pangu Genesis Formation to fight against Daofather Bloodswan and Daomother Devilhand, who also were just barely able to hold on.

Shennong was in command of another Pangu Genesis Formation, but Daofather Ink Bamboo had managed to tie him down.

Suiren’s strikes with his wooden staff were filled with incredible, extraordinary power. Each time he struck out with his staff, an ferocious burst of flame would erupt with absolutely devastating might. Even the Lord of All Fiends was forced to dodge, rather than take those attacks head-on.

“Allfiend, is dodging all you can do? Is that all you dare do?” Suiren roared angrily. He was quite fast, but the Lord of All Fiends was even faster.

“If we were fighting one-on-one, of course I’d fight you head-on. Right now, I only have part of my full power; a head-on fight isn’t in my favor.” The Lord of All Fiends flew about unpredictably, continuously circling around Suiren and ensuring that Suiren wouldn’t dare to act rashly. Although he had divided his body in two, causing both bodies to be slightly weaker than his normal body, each body could still just barely be considered as having the power of an elite Elder God. If Suiren acted rashly, he would still be in danger of dying.

But of course, only someone like the Lord of All Fiends, the physically fastest combatant in all the Three Realms, would dare to divide his body in half at a time like this.

Ning was facing off against a Lord of All Fiends as well.

“Lord of All Fiends, you split your body in two? I imagine that each body only has a portion of your true might.” Ning shook his head. “You underestimate me too much.”

Whoosh.

A black-robed Ning suddenly appeared next to the white-robed Ning.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

The white-robed Ning charged towards Daofather Ink Bamboo, while the black-robed Ning charged towards Daomother Devilhand.

Chapter 19: Executed

“Damn.” The Lord of All Fiends’ face turned pale. His body surged forward like a gust of wind, quickly flying towards the black-robed Ji Ning. He knew exactly how formidable Ji Ning’s true body was; it was as tough as a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure and was simply unbreakable. By comparison, the Primaltwin should be much easier to deal with, as it had a much more fragile body.

“Go.” The black-robed Ning turned his head to stare icily at him.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Three streaks of sword-light flew out from his forehead. Those three streaks of sword-light moved in a unpredictable, ghostly fashion, and all three of them surpassed the limits of the Heavenly Daos. They swirled around the region, completely halting the Lord of All Fiends in his tracks.

“Eh?” After testing those swords out, the Lord of All Fiends immediately felt a headache impending. Ji Ning was a first-tier Ancestral Immortal who was controlling Chaos-level swords that moved faster than the limits of the Heavenly Daos. The swords flew around Ning like a circle, with Ning being the center of that circle. They only had to defend against any attacks that drew close to that center, and if the Lord of All Fiends wanted to breach their defenses he would have to attack much faster than they moved. But...there were three of those swords!

And that wasn’t the worst part of it!

The worst part of it was that thirty-six frozen lotuses had appeared around the area, spinning about and releasing streams of frozen energy, dramatically impacating the Lord of All Fiends. Even if he was at the peak of his power, he would still find it difficult to penetrate Ning’s defenses.

In truth, Ning had yet to reveal his Blackcloud Chains. Once he did, his defenses would become absolutely and completely impenetrable.

“Where the hell did he acquire this set of swords? How can they be so powerful?” The Lord of All Fiends tried multiple times to break through

Ning's defenses, only to discover how formidably sharp and fierce the set of three swords was.

Swoosh.

He wasn't able to stop the black-robed Ning, which meant the black-robed Ning was free to continue charging towards Daomother Devilhand.

As for the white-robed Ning, he moved forward at high speed using his Ninehorn Lightning Serpent.

"I have no choice but to go stop his true body instead." The Lord of All Fiends moved at maximum speed towards the white-robed Ning. The two were originally quite far away from each other, but the distance between the two could be visibly seen shrinking! Before the white-robed Ning had reached Daofather Ink Bamboo, the Lord of All Fiends had once more appeared before him, stopping him in his tracks.

"You can't stop me." Ning laughed coldly, "The Seamless Gate is doomed to lose for sure."

The Lord of All Fiends couldn't help but sigh to himself as well. Indeed. Upon discovering how many terrifying overlords the Nuwa Alliance had, he had wracked his brains for solutions and had gone so far as to split his own body in half, so that he could stop the two fastest enemy overlords, Ji Ning and Suiren.

And yet...in the end, it wasn't enough. Ji Ning had a second body of his own, one which most likely also had the combat power of an elite Daofather!

That second body was the final straw that broke the camel's back!

The Seamless Gate simply had no more extra power it could squeeze out.

"Should we retreat right away?" This thought flashed past the Lord of All Fiend's mind.

If they were to retreat now...he was fast, but it would still take him time to rescue everyone one-by-one. If the Nuwa Alliance seized the

opportunity to press the assault, the Seamless Gate would definitely lose a large number of Immortals and Fiendgods, but it would only make up a small fraction of their total forces. If things went on for too long, they would probably lose even more.

“Not yet. The reasons behind this war have yet to be revealed,” the Lord of All Fiends mused to himself.

To this very day, neither side truly understood what the cause of this war was. In addition, the alien Outsider known as Godfiend Witherspike still had yet to display his true power. Everything still seemed quite odd. The Lord of All Fiends wanted to watch and wait for a bit longer.

Boom...

The Daofathers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals continued to battle in the Void. One of the Infinity Fiendgod Formations of the Seamless Gate broke apart, and the three True Gods and 3900 Empyrean Gods inside of it were thrown into a state of chaos. The Nuwa Alliance naturally seized the opportunity to butcher them!

Whenever a formation was broken apart, a large-scale massacre would immediately occur.

The longer the Endwar continued, the more major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals would die.

“Die.” The black-robed Ning stared off into the distance.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Two crystalline swords and a golden sword came together, forming a triangle as they shot towards Daomother Devilhand and Daofather Bloodswan’s two clones. The three of them were currently battling Lord Tathagata, and as Ning’s three swords flew towards them, the divine runes atop the swords began to manifest and glow. The three swords quickly began to transform, melting together like mist to form a single semi-translucent golden sword.

Once the semi-translucent golden sword appeared, a faint aura of sword-ki manifested around it for a million kilometers, causing everyone

on the battlefield to feel astonished.

That sharp aura of light was simply too ferocious. It was completely comparable to that of the Immortal Slaying Swords of Daoist Three Purities! Daoist Three Purities' Immortal Slaying Swords were capable of causing tremendous difficulties for even a defensive specialist like Keeper Everwood.

Ning's 'Triult Sword Formation' flew straight towards Daomother Devilhand and Daofather Bloodswan.

"Not good. Flee!" The faces of Daomother Devilhand and Daofather Bloodswan both changed. They could tell that Ning was specifically targeting the two of them.

"Don't even think about leaving." Lord Tathagata's palms came crashing down upon them, seeking to bar their path.

However, Daomother Devilhand and Daofather Bloodswan were in no mood to fight him any longer. When they saw the power of the Triult Swords soaring towards them, they instantly knew that this wasn't something they could fight back against. Right now on the field of battle, the most offensively powerful attack as the Immortal Slaying Swords of Daoist Three Purities', who was in command of a Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation. The second was the terrifying unknown sword-formation which the black-robed Ji Ning had just unleashed.

"Flee in separate directions." Daofather Bloodswan's two bodies and Daomother Devilhand fled in three completely different directions.

Swish.

The semi-translucent golden sword continued to fly after Daomother Devilhand! It was best to pull up grass by the roots. Daomother Devilhand didn't have any clones; if she could be killed, she would be permanently slain.

"Come, then!" The fleeing Daomother Devilhand understood what was happening. She knew that she wouldn't be able to outrun that terrifying sword, and so she turned, a calm look on her face, to watch as the sword-

light descended upon her.

She was dressed in violet robes, and she was as beautiful as any fairy maiden.

However, she was the most terrifyingly devil of the entire Seamless Chaosworld. She calmly struck out with her jade-white arms, using them to block the incoming streak of sword-light.

“No...” Daofather Bloodswan had fled far off into the distance. When he saw this happen, his face changed.

“Devilhand!” Keeper Everwood grew frantic as well.

When the Lord of All Fiends saw this, all he could do was sigh softly.

BOOM!

She managed to block the blow. Her twin palms, covered by a pair of Chaos gloves, had actually managed to block the semi-translucent golden sword. However, the sword-strike had carried far too much power within it. The force of the collision instantly caused Daomother Devilhand’s body to quiver, and she couldn’t help but vomit out a mouthful of blood. In the next instant...the semi-translucent golden sword hacked down again in an unpredictable, ghostly manner.

Before she died, Daomother Devilhand was able to strike out a total of eight times, blocking eight of those sword-attacks. On the ninth sword attack, the sword-light swiped past her neck...and as it did so it completely annihilated the rest of her body. Her body evaporated like a snowflake in the sun, completely disintegrating into dust.

The difference in power was simply too obvious.

This scene caused terror to fill the hearts of all the major powers of the Seamless Gate.

Did she just die?

That was Daomother Devilhand! A legendary woman who was known as a devil amongst devils in the Seamless Chaosworld. This legendary figure who had once exchanged blows against Mother Nuwa herself...had died,

just like that?

But when they thought of the sword-formation Ji Ning had just displayed, every member of the Seamless Gate shook in fear.

Too powerful.

In raw power alone, perhaps only the Immortal Slaying Swords could match it. Technically, the Immortal Slaying Swords might be a bit more powerful, but the important thing was that Ji Ning's 'Triult Swords' were much faster than the Immortal Slaying Swords! The Triult Swords were being used to display Ji Ning's sword-arts, the most supreme sword-arts of the Three Realms. After twenty thousand years of polishing, Ning's sword-arts had reached a truly inconceivable level.

"Fiendlord, we can't hold on any longer."

"We can't hold."

The Seamless Gate had less karmic luck to begin with, making it so that their formations were able to summon significantly less natural energy from Heaven and Earth. Daomother Devilhand's death, combined with the fact that no one was able to bar the path of the black-robed Ning, caused the morale of the Seamless Gate to dramatically plummet. Two more of their formations were broken in quick succession, resulting in the deaths of the nine True Gods/Daofathers and ten thousand Emphyrean Gods and True Immortals in them. It was an absolute massacre...and now, Ji Ning was chasing after Daofather Bloodswan. The situation was growing grimmer and grimmer.

"Have we lost, just like that?" The Lord of All Fiends truly didn't wish to accept this.

He had known right away that Devilhand was going to die.

From the moment that he had been unable to stop the black-robed Ji Ning from advancing, he had known that Daomother Devilhand was definitely going to perish. However, the degree to which things were worsening was causing the Lord of All Fiends to grow frantic.

"What exactly is the cause of all this mayhem?" The Lord of All Fiends

suddenly detected a subtle ripple of power. His face instantly changed.
“This is...”

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The Nuwa Alliance’s morale was skyrocketing even further!

They had five new overlords, the three guardian formations, and superior karmic luck. Although the Seamless Gate had gone all out to recruit new allies, bringing Old Man Yuan and the two Elder Gods of the Primordial Ruinworld into their fold, in the end...this short initial clash had already brought the Seamless Gate to the breaking point.

Lord Tathagata, Ji Ning, and the others sought to widen the scope of the massacre and slay even more of them. But right at this moment...

Rumble...an extremely minute ripple of power spread out.

Every single major power, Empyrean God, and True Immortal on the battlefield could sense it, because the source of this ripple came from the Heavenly Daos. The ripple quickly began to grow more powerful, causing all of the Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms to begin to shudder.

“You wish to stop me? Three Realms, you aren’t able to do so!” A furious roar rang out in every single part of the Three Realms, causing all of the Heavenly Daos to shake.

Chapter 20: Escaping the Three Realms

“That voice...it sounded like the voice of the heavens themselves.” The countless denizens of the Three Realms, human and monster alike, stared questioningly at the skies. The weaker ones were confused, while the powerful cultivators and Diremonsters were stunned.

As for the two battling armies in the Void, their experts and major powers were similarly shocked.

“Is that...” Ji Ning and the others all felt fear in their hearts.

Rumble...

The entirety of the Three Realms was trembling. Heaven and Earth were thundering and shaking. Even the Void itself was booming! It was as though some invisible creature was attempting to tear the Three Realms asunder. This surge of power caused the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance, who had held the upper hand in the Endwar thus far, to have a bad feeling.

“Ignore him. Wipe out the Seamless Gate first,” Daoist Three Purities barked.

“Wipe them out first.”

The black-robed Ning pointed, causing the semi-translucent golden sword to rapidly swing towards the distant army of the Seamless Gate. The sword energy stretched out a million kilometers, aimed at a Ragnarok Formation that was formed by six Daofathers and 5100 True Immortals. Rings of black light swirled around the Ragnarok Formation as it did its best to defend.

Slash! The first strike of the semi-translucent golden sword nearly destabilized the Ragnarok Formation.

Stab! The Triult Sword Formation launched yet another attack, this one using the ‘Blood Drop Stance’ of the [Brightmoon] sword-art and striking with extraordinary speed.

Boom!

The entire Ragnarok Formation completely blew apart. Sword-ki sliced everywhere, causing the majority of the True Immortals in the formation to be reduced to dust. The six Daofathers and the remainder of the True Immortals sought to flee, but the semi-translucent golden sword then spun about, transforming into an enormous black hole that drew in and ground to death all of the Immortals and Fiendgods in the area. Some attempted to hide in their Immortal estates, but even those estates were ground to tiny pieces. Of the thousands of Immortals, only eight were able to survive, all of which were only able to do so because they had extraordinarily powerful estate-worlds or Immortal estates on them.

Three of the eight were Daofathers while five were True Immortals.

“Come here.” The black-robed Ning flew over towards them, waving his hand and collecting all eight of those treasures.

“Ashes to ashes...dust to dust.”

Lord Tathagata the Buddha, in command of a Pangu Genesis Formation, also advanced through the Void as he charged towards the Seamless Gate’s army. The mighty formations of the Seamless Gate quickly began to flee. Although these formations had many Immortals and Fiendgods inside of them, how could they possibly fight Lord Buddha head-on? A Ragnarok Formation had been destroyed by Ji Ning with just two blows!

“You shall BREAK!!!!” A furious roar echoed throughout the entire Three Realms, causing the infinite Void to shudder and shake.

RIIIIIIIIP!!!!!!!!!!!!

A blinding golden light suddenly appeared at the end of the distant Void. It was like a giant golden tear in the emptiness of space. Although the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate were in the middle of a giant battle, they couldn’t help but pay attention to what had just happened. The rift of golden light was at least a hundred million kilometers long, and it seemed to very nearly tear apart the entire Three Realms.

Deep inside the rift of golden light, something which looked like a massive, turbid flood could be seen.

BOOOOM!!!!

The torrential flood of water gushed out from the golden rift, quickly passing through into the Void and flowing towards the battlefield where the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate were located.

As the waters finished flowing out the distant golden rift quickly healed and closed, completely disappearing from sight.

“Demonheart.” The Lord of All Fiends was the first to speak.

“Ahaha....ahahahahaha! I’ve finally returned...I’VE FINALLY RETURNED! AHAHAHA!” Wild, frenzied laughter rang out, echoing throughout the Void. The raging waters of the river quickly solidified into a tall, slender, black-robed figure. He had thick, bushy, ink-black eyebrows, and a pair of intoxicating eyes that caused those who looked into it to feel an uncontrollable urge to submit.

His black robes rustled about him as his aura surged towards the heavens.

“Tathagata.” The black-robed figure waved his hand, causing his palm to once more transform into a raging river that smashed directly towards Lord Buddha.

Lord Buddha, who had been charging towards the Seamless Gate’s army, was forced to turn his attention towards this oncoming palm attack.

BOOM!!!

The massive Pangu Genesis Formation shuddered violently, causing Tathagata’s face to change. The raging river then delivered a second blow with incredible speed, so fast that no one present was able to block it.

Boom! The Pangu Genesis Formation actually broke apart. Lord Buddha was knocked flying backwards, and as he did so he frantically waved his hand to use his [Buddha-Realm Within the Palm] to collect as many Empyrean Gods as he could. However, more than 90% of the Empyrean Gods were instantly reduced to dust.

“Die!”

As soon as the black-robed figure assaulted Tathagata, Ji Ning immediately used his Triult Sword Formation to counterattack, sending the awesome power of the semi-translucent golden sword forward.

The black-robed figure delivered yet another blow of his palm. His palm once more transformed into a raging river, striking against the tip of that semi-translucent golden sword. The sword let out a keening cry as the raging river shuddered and dissipated slightly. However, the sword itself was knocked flying backwards.

The entire battlefield turned completely silent.

The army of the Nuwa Alliance had been in hot pursuit, but now they quickly began to regroup. Ning’s true body and Primaltwin moved towards each other, while Lord Buddha flew back to his side as well. Everyone stared at that black-robed figure.

After appearing, he had attacked twice with his palms.

With one palm attack, he had effortlessly suppressed the Triult Sword Formation.

With the other palm attack, he had delivered a double-blow that had annihilated a Pangu Genesis Formation that had been commanded by Lord Buddha.

Swoosh. Swoosh. Swoosh.

The grand army of the Seamless Gate quickly reassembled as well. Even Godfiend Witherspike, Saber, and the others retreated temporarily. As he retreated, Godfiend Witherspike stared fixedly at the skinny, black-robed figure as he chatted mentally with Saber. “So he is the Lord of the Demonheart? He’s too powerful. Even in the endless primordial chaos, he would be one of the most supreme of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. He’s incredibly close to the World God level!”

“Yes. He’s definitely a transcendent figure amongst Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals.” Saber’s heart was quivering as well.

Ordinary Elder Gods had the power of an ordinary 'overlord'; this was the power which Elder Gods were born possessing.

Elite Elder Gods included the likes of Ji Ning and Keeper Everwood. When Daoist Three Purities and the others used certain formations, they could also attain this level of power.

In the endless primordial chaos, most Elder Gods and first-tier Ancestral Immortals who did some adventuring and who worked hard would generally be able to reach the 'elite' level of power. However, less than one in a thousand Elder Gods would be able to reach such a supreme level of power, a level of power that was extremely close to that of a World God or a Chaos Immortal!

"Be careful, everyone. He is the Lord of the Demonheart," Daoist Three Purities sent mentally. "Long ago, he merged his body into the Heavenly Daos. I never would've imagined that he would actually be able to escape from them." Everyone who saw this scene could guess that it was most likely Lord Demonheart who had just broken free of the Heavenly Daos. If he hadn't, how could he possibly have struck out at them and slain so many Empyrean Gods?

"He actually broke free." Ning felt dread as well.

This was too terrifying.

His Triult Sword Formation was his most powerful technique...but it had actually been crushed in a head-on clash. This 'Lord of the Demonheart' was far too strong!

During the war that had ended the Primordial Era, the most powerful combatant of the Pangu Chaosworld had been Mother Nuwa, while the most powerful combatant of the Seamless Chaosworld had been Lord Demonheart! The two had been on the exact same level. Mother Nuwa had become a World God and left the Three Realms, while Lord Demonheart had merged himself into the Heavenly Daos and remained within them for countless years. But today...he had broken free.

"Demonheart." The two bodies of the Lord of All Fiends merged together once more, and he stared calmly at the Lord of the Demonheart. "You owe

me an explanation.”

“An explanation?”

Lord Demonheart’s black robes rustled, causing space around him to ripple like water. He chuckled. “Yes, I do owe you an explanation. You really are quite clever, Windfiend. Even all those years ago, I could tell that although Everwood’s reputation was second only to mine in the Seamless Chaosworld, only you were truly a match for me. I have to thank you for what you did during the clash between our two chaosworlds. If it wasn’t for you, I wouldn’t be able to see my disciple and grand-disciples today.”

“The explanation.” The Lord of All Fiends continued to look at him.

“Oh.” Lord Demonheart laughed. “Your guess is correct. I was indeed the one behind all of this.”

Lord Demonheart turned his hypnotic gaze towards the Nuwa Alliance, his voice reverberating within the Void. “It was all because of me. I wished to break free of the Three Realms, which is why I had to come up with a way to cause this great war.”

“What does you breaking free have to do with this great war?” The Lord of All Fiends frowned.

“Ahahaha...I’ll tell you, all of you. Especially you.” Lord Demonheart once more swept his gaze towards the Nuwa Alliance. “Before you die, I’ll let you know why exactly you are dying.”

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance were all filled with murderous intent.

This ‘Lord of the Demonheart’ was behaving far too arrogantly. He actually held them in no regard at all! Still, Ning and the others all understood that although Lord Demonheart wouldn’t be able to effortlessly dominate them as a World God would, the power Lord Demonheart had displayed just now meant that multiple overlords of the Nuwa Alliance would most likely have to join forces against him in order to stop him.

“Ji Ning, your true body, Jueming, and myself will join forces and strike out simultaneously against Lord Demonheart,” Suiren sent mentally.

“Alright.” Ning and Buddha Jueming both assented.

Chapter 21: The Lord of the Demonheart

Ji Ning's true body was as tough as a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure. Buddha Jueming had mastered the [Nine Elements Annihilation], coming up with his own palm-arts that were even more formidable than those of Lord Tathagata's. Not only were his palms comparable to top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures, so was the rest of his body! As for Suiren...his attainments in fire were simply too profound. He had long ago mastered his own flameform incarnation technique, which was similar to how Lord Demonheart could transform his body into the waters of a raging river.

This was why Ji Ning, Jueming, and Suiren would dare to fight head-on against Lord Demonheart.

Lord Demonheart, however, held the Nuwa Alliance in no regard whatsoever. He sighed wistfully, "When Nuwa suddenly broke through to become a World God, she came straight for me. I was out of options. I could sense that the Heavenly Daos of the newly forming Three Realms contained a demonheart within it, and so I immediately merged myself into those Heavenly Daos, avoiding that near disaster. If Nuwa wanted to kill me, she would've had to destroy the entire Three Realms. Clearly, she wasn't willing to do so."

"Although I managed to survive, I was perpetually trapped inside of the Heavenly Daos, becoming part of them. Even I myself thought that I would forever be a part of the Heavenly Daos, and that I would perish with the Three Realms when it eventually perished, as all chaosworlds do. But I wasn't willing to accept that...and so all this time I've been searching for a chance to escape the Heavenly Daos."

Lord Demonheart once more turned his gaze towards the Nuwa Alliance. "The Heavenly Daos that apply to the Three Realms were formed from multiple Daos, including metal, wood, water, fire, earth, Yin, Yang, life, destruction, chaos, the sword, the Taiji, infinity, thunder, demonheart, and more. These countless Daos joined together to form the complete set of functioning Heavenly Daos."

“Later...I realized that the Heavenly Daos weren't always completely stable.”

“For example, when many worlds began to clear their forests, the causing the amount of wood in the Three Realms to slowly lessen, the Heavenly Dao of Wood would slowly begin to weaken as well.” Lord Demonheart smiled.

Upon hearing this, the distant Ji Ning was surprised.

Right.

The records which World God Northrest had transmitted to Ning had made it clear to him that there were differences amongst chaosworlds. In some chaosworlds, for example, there was an enormous amount of fire; those places were known as ‘flame chaosworlds’. The most powerful Dao in a flame chaosworld would be the Heavenly Dao of Fire, and in that chaosworld it was entirely possible that it would be nearly as complete as the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos.

The Dao of the Sword also had at least six levels and was thus also comparable to the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos.

Both the Dao of Wood and the Dao of Fire could also be continuously developed to the point where it would be a match for the Heavenly Dao of Primordial Chaos.

A flame chaosworld could, over the course of its development, suffer from special circumstances that would cause the entire chaosworld to all but be destroyed. This would instill the entire chaosworld with the aura of destruction, very possibly causing it to transform into a destruction chaosworld. As for the formerly supreme Heavenly Dao of Fire, it would dramatically weaken, allowing the Heavenly Dao of Destruction to become the most important Heavenly Dao in that chaosworld.

“There are fluctuations in every single Heavenly Dao.” Lord Demonheart smiled. “When the Three Realms sink into times of strife, resulting in many deaths and killings, the devil in the heart of all creatures will grow stronger. As a result, the entire Dao of the Demonheart will grow stronger and stronger.”

“I realized that as the Dao of the Demonheart grew stronger, my influence over the Three Realms grew greater as well. In fact, I had the feeling that if the Dao of the Demonheart grew strong enough, I would be able to break free from the Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms. And if the Dao of the Demonheart became the most powerful Dao of the Three Realms? Then I would become the absolute master of the Three Realms. My will would be the will of the Three Realms itself!”

“However, the Three Realms is merely a single chaosworld. How could I let myself be perpetually tied down to a single chaosworld? All I needed was to make the Dao of the Demonheart strong enough that I could escape the Heavenly Daos.”

“Alas...the Heavenly Daos functioned in a way in which the balance is automatically maintained. I had no chance of changing things at all... until one day, my chance came.”

Lord Demonheart said smugly, “After countless years of propagation, the number of living creatures in the Three Realms grew to an unfathomable level. More and more Immortal cultivators and Diremonsters emerged. More and more Celestial Immortals, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals were born. In fact, even many Daofathers were born as well. This placed an increasingly greater burden on the Three Realms. All of you refused to engage in civil war, which meant that more and more experts continued to arise with very few perishing. The burden on the Three Realms grew to be so great that I could sense that one day, it could cause the Three Realms to collapse and be destroyed.”

“What?!” Everyone present was astonished. Too many living creatures could cause the destruction of the Three Realms?

“Don’t you understand? Imagine being on a boat that can seat twenty. If two hundred of you board the boat, the boat will sink! The same is true for the Three Realms. It is nothing more than a single chaosworld! You can see for yourselves how many major powers, Immortals, and Fiendgods existed within the Nuwa Alliance and my Seamless Gate. The number of Celestial Immortals was truly inestimable!” Lord Demonheart laughed coldly.

Both the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate had to admit this was true.

Previously, they had all been sighing emotionally at how this war was far greater in scale than the one which had destroyed the Primordial Era. And yet, the experts who took part in the war that ended the Primordial Era had come from two different chaosworlds, while this time they came from just one; the Three Realms. This single chaosworld of the Three Realms had more experts than those two chaosworlds combined!

Even though the Three Realms was a special chaosworld that had been born from the collision of two different chaosworlds, it apparently had still been under enormous pressure due to the number of creatures who were living within it.

“The Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms were intrinsically searching for a solution to lower the number of living creatures in the Three Realms. They sent down countless disasters and tribulations, but it was all useless. Immortals and Fiendgods are simply too good at staying alive. The calamities the Heavenly Daos sent down were only capable of killing ordinary mortals, and even then Immortals and Fiendgods would sometimes set up large formations to protect those mortals.”

“Mortals continued to propagate, filling every world of the Three Realms. Countless Immortals and Diremonsters continued their path of cultivation, resulting in more and more powerful experts. If this continued unabated, the entirety of the Three Realms would be completely crushed and shattered by the burden.”

“That’s when I knew that my chance had come.”

“I communed with the Three Realms, imparting unto it the suggestion to have the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate engage in a great battle. My idea was to have the two sides engage in a great civil war; without a doubt, enormous amounts of Immortals and Fiendgods would die during this war. This would instantly cause the burden on the Three Realms to be dramatically lessened.” Lord Demonheart laughed. “And it would be quite easy for us to instigate this war. All we had to do was to

have fate whisper to both sides and guide them, telling them that only one of the two sides could survive. If one side wished to survive, they would have to annihilate the other side.”

“The living creatures of the Three Realms would never question it when fate itself whispered to them.”

“Ahahaha...but the River of Destiny of the Three Realms is nothing more than part of the Heavenly Daos that function to maintain the Three Realms.” Lord Demonheart roared with laughter. “In the past, the Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms had functioned in an extremely fair and just manner. However, after the Heavenly Daos realized that the propagation of the various living races was threatening the very survival of the Three Realms, it automatically began to adjust itself in a way that would ensure more internal warfare amongst the various races. All I did was give it a little push.”

The Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate all had ashen looks on their faces.

It was...

It was all a scheme? It was the Heavenly Daos of the Three Realms which had guided them to kill each other?

“I nudged the Seamless Gate into causing all sorts of trouble, filling the Three Realms with all sorts of chaos and slaughter. Shadows were cast over the hearts of countless living creatures, giving birth to the demonheart within their soul.” Lord Demonheart laughed. “I even had the Seamless Gate launch large-scale assassinations of the family members and loved ones of the Nuwa Alliance, causing the demonheart to fester and grow within the hearts of many of your experts. Some of them actually died when their demonhearts grew out of control.”

“The Three Realms were thrown into chaos, and the demonheart prospered.”

“The Dao of the Demonheart continued to grow increasingly powerful. Although I could sense that much chances were growing greater and greater, I continued to wait. I knew that I could only make one attempt to

break free of the Three Realms. If I failed, the Heavenly Daos would use all sorts of schemes and ploys to more firmly entrap me and suppress me. It would be very hard for me to find a second such chance.”

“After a thousand years of chaos in the Three Realms, the Dao of the Demonheart had become very powerful.”

“Finally...you started the wars.”

“What a fine slaughter it was! Immortals and Fiendgods died in droves.”

“You were filled with hatred and the desire to kill. You hated your enemies to the bone, but you had no idea that as your hatred filled the heavens, the demonheart grew within the Three Realms and within you. The Dao of the Demonheart only grew even more powerful.” Lord Demonheart smiled. “Nuwa left behind those three guardian formations, and I imagine she also left behind a technique allowing one to train to become an Elder God. Quite a few of you ended up becoming Elder Gods, and you also had such powerful formations...the Endwar has just started, but the Seamless Gate has already begun to crumble. That’s why I decided to immediately break free of the Three Realms.”

“Hahaha...I’ve been scheming and preparing for countless years for this moment. I was at a higher level of enlightenment than I was during the war that ended the Primordial Era. When I suddenly struck out, I was able to break free of the Three Realms in one blow.”

“From this day forth, I shall forever be free and unrestrained, bound by no one and nothing.”

Lord Demonheart laughed heartily, his laughter reverberating throughout the endless Void. Everyone present, be it the Nuwa Alliance or the Seamless Gate, could sense the wild, exultant joy which the Lord of the Demonheart felt.

He had been imprisoned for countless years and had schemed for countless years to escape, knowing that there would only be one chance...

And he had succeeded!

Why shouldn’t he be excited?

“Since the story has been made clear to all of you...” Lord Demonheart swept the army of the Nuwa Alliance with his gaze. “All of you can die now.”

Chapter 22: Surrounded and Attacked

“Let’s go.”

Godfiend Witherspike and Saber were standing at the margins of the battlefield. The Nuwa Alliance had yet to actually begin to fight against the Seamless Gate once more, but the two exchanged a glance and instantly hid themselves within their dark-gold castle. With a swoosh, they flew far away.

Protected within the castle, Godfiend Witherspike, Saber, and the retainers were now quite relaxed.

“I didn’t expect a local chaosworld to produce a truly supreme Elder God.” Godfiend Witherspike let out a chortling sigh. “This supreme Elder God would be considered an expert, even in the endless primordial chaos.”

Ordinary Elder Gods were the weakest type of Elder Gods.

Elite Elder Gods were talented, powerful Elder Gods who had fairly powerful divine abilities and fairly deep insights into the Dao.

Supreme Elder Gods, however, were very close to World Gods in power. They were considered true experts, and they were generally able to do quite well for themselves within the endless primordial chaos.

Clearly, the Three Realms didn’t have Elder Gods of this caliber. An Elder God of this caliber would only appear when there was a confluence of monstrous talent, incredible luck, superb divine abilities and techniques, exceptional treasures, and many other factors. Only then would such a supreme Elder God emerge.

Godfiend Witherspike and Saber had retreated. Both armies were like arrows nocked to bowstrings, ready to shoot forward at a moment’s notice.

“Kill!”

“Ji NIng, Jueming, let’s do it.”

Suiren, Buddha Jueming, and Ji Ning simultaneously charged forward

towards Lord Demonheart.

“Let me be the one to accompany the two of you.” The Lord of All Fiends’ body blurred, once more splitting into two as he went to block the black-robed Ning and Lord Tathagata.

Because he hadn’t been able to stop the black-robed Ning, Ning had already slaughtered many people earlier.

Lord Tathagata had reformed a new Pangu Genesis Formation. For now, there was no else one available to stop him.

Boom!

Whoosh!

The two Lord Allfiends began to battle against the black-robed Ning and Lord Buddha. The Lord of All Fiends was simply too fast, even faster than Ning’s Triult Sword Formation. This allowed him to completely tie down both Ning and Lord Buddha for now.

“Everwood, I have all the Immortal pills I need. Let’s see how long your divine power can hold out for.” Daoist Three Purities and his formation began to battle against Keeper Everwood once more.

Daoist Three Purities was using up Immortal energy, while Keeper Everwood was using up divine power. There was no real way to replenish divine power. Strictly speaking, there were a few unique treasures that could replenish it, such as chaos nectar, but these treasures were incredibly rare. An entire bottle of chaos nectar would only be enough to repair the bodies of ten or twenty Celestial Immortals; it wouldn’t even be enough to heal the body of a True Immortal!

To heal the body of an Elder God, not even a hundred bottles of chaos nectar would be enough. Obviously, no one in the Three Realms had that much chaos nectar. Even in the endless primordial chaos, there was no one who would waste that much chaos nectar just to replenish their divine power.

“Don’t worry about me, my divine power can sustain me for quite a long period of time. Demonheart is now much more powerful than before.

Your side will collapse long before I do,” Keeper Everwood said coldly.

These two former friends were now fighting for their lives against each other.

They all knew that this had been caused by Lord Demonheart, but it was as though they were riding on the back of a tiger; there was no way off the ride. The hatred between the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance was now bone-deep.

“Daoist Yuan!” Gonggong roared furiously, but the only response that came were those countless strings from Old Man Yuan’s horsetail whisk which completely blocked him.

Old Man Yuan’s defensive skills were simply too formidable. Gonggong was completely stymied for now.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Shennong commanded his Pangu Genesis Formation to do battle against Daofather Ink Bamboo.

Daofather Bloodswan’s true body and Primaltwin both flew towards the Seamless Gate’s army, assisting them in battling against the Nuwa Alliance’s army.

Right now, there was only a single overlord on the battlefield who was free...Houyi!

Houyi had been battling against the alien Outsider, Godfiend Witherspike. However, now that Witherspike and Saber had retreated, Houyi was free to make one of two choices. He could either assist his army to battle against the Seamless Gate army, or he could get involved in the battle between the elites.

Houyi knew that right now, the critical part of this battle lay in defeating the Lord of the Demonheart. By contrast, the battle between the two great armies wasn’t as important. Although the Seamless Gate’s army had the assistance of Daofather Bloodswan, their own side had the help of Fuxi, whose Waterflame Apocalypse Formation had taken complete control over the battlefield. Even with Bloodswan’s assistance, the Seamless Gate’s army was still at a disadvantage.

“Demonheart.” Houyi focused his attention on the Lord of the Demonheart.

“Demonheart, prepare to die.” Ning was in his three-headed, six-armed form as he struck out with his six swords in close combat, his sword-arts absolutely shocking to behold.

“Amitabha.” Buddha Jueming stood far off in the distance, sending one giant golden palm after another towards Lord Demonheart.

As for Suiren, he swept out with his wooden staff, transforming it into a river of flames as he struck.

“Ahaha...is that all you have? And you want to try to stop me?!” The newly unleashed Lord Demonheart was itching for a fight. As Ji Ning, Jueming, and Suiren assaulted him, his own body blurred as he also manifested three heads and six arms. However, his six arms then quickly transformed into six raging rivers of water.

BOOM! As the raging rivers crashed into him, Ning was still knocked flying away despite doing his best to resist it. This was an overwhelming disparity in power.

BOOM! Buddha Jueming was also knocked flying.

BOOM! Suiren was sent stumbling backwards.

All three of them had powerful protective divine abilities and thus were uninjured. However, Lord Demonheart had manifested a total of six arms, but only used three of them against them just now! He was able to completely crush them with three arms...which was to say that he had the power to suppress six elite overlords like Ji Ning, who only had a chance because he had a strong enough divine body to just barely resist those attacks. The Lord of the Demonheart clearly was a supreme Elder God, but the Nuwa Alliance didn't have anyone on that same level of power.

As those three raging rivers continued to crash down upon them, Lord Demonheart suddenly sent the other three rivers to all surge towards Suiren.

“Die, Suiren.” Lord Demonheart’s cold voice rang out.

Ji Ning and Jueming both had bodies comparable to top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures; killing them would be difficult.

Suiren had a body that could transform into flames. Although he would also be hard to kill, it would be a bit easier to kill him than Ji Ning or Jueming.

But right at this moment...

“Eh?” Lord Demonheart suddenly felt an inexplicable tendril of fear. He hurriedly turned his head to look, and as he did he immediately saw Houyi standing far off in the distance.

Houyi was staring at him coldly. He was holding an ancient divine bow in one hand and gripping a black arrow in the other.

“Houyi?” Lord Demonheart actually smirked, his laughter once more thundering through the Void. “Houyi. Ahahaha! I fear archery the least of all. Come, come.”

Houyi was calm and silent as he slowly nocked his arrow and drew back the bowstring.

Shudder...

Houyi drew the bow to full draw, the tip of his arrow pointed directly towards the Lord of the Demonheart.

The entire battlefield suddenly was thrown into a strange, hushed silence. All of the Immortals and Fiendgods present could sense an invisible form of pressure that weighed down upon their very souls.

“Is that...?” The faces of the distant Godfiend Witherspike and Saber changed slightly.

“What a terrifying type of archery.” Godfiend Witherspike muttered to himself, “This Houyi...he truly is formidable. This local chaosworld is far too powerful.”

“He really is impressive.” Saber felt the pressure as well.

Even Gonggong and Old Man Yuan paused mid-battle, turning their heads to look towards Houyi. The two of them had also reached the fifth stage of heartforce, and they could sense that Houyi was only at the fifth stage as well. However, in the instant that Houyi drew his bow, the invisible pressure that manifested caused even them to feel their spirits being crushed. This was an absolutely terrifying archery skill that involved completely and perfectly joining heartforce, divine power, and the soul together.

“This arrow will be far more terrifying than the one he used to kill that Golden Crow ‘Emperor of Monsters’ all those years ago.” Fuxi was also watching this battle, and he couldn’t help but sigh in amazement to himself by what he saw.

“This arrow...” Ning felt his own heart quiver as well. Although the arrow wasn’t targeting him, he felt a white rabbit who had suddenly run into a sleeping tiger. The tiger was slumbering, but the rabbit would still feel its heart shudder in fear.

“This arrow...” Even Lord Allfiend’s face changed. During the war that ended the Primordial Era, he hadn’t held Houyi in any regard. Houyi’s arrows weren’t able to catch up to him, after all. But now...faced with this arrow...the Lord of All Fiends could sense that even he wouldn’t be able to escape it. He would have to block the arrow first, then flee.

Everyone present could sense the terrifying threat which Houyi’s arrow posed. Even the most powerful figure present, Lord Demonheart, felt his heart quiver slightly. However, he still felt absolute confidence in himself.

“Die.” Lord Demonheart continued to strike towards Suiren with four of his arms, each of which had been transformed into a raging river.

Swish.

A light twang of the bowstring.

An arrow instantly pierced through the Void. It originally was completely silent, but as it pierced through the Void it immediately began to ravenously devour all energy around it. Elemental energy, natural energy, chaos energy...it ravenously devoured everything, and as it did it

howled as it tore through the emptiness of the Void. Quickly, the aura of light around the arrow became thirty thousand meters long...three million meters long...three million kilometers long...

It was like an enormous rainbow that was streaking through the Void. All the major powers pressure felt a sense of tremendous pressure.

“Ahahaha...” Lord Demonheart just laughed wildly, continuing his assaults against Suiren. Bombarded by those four rivers, Suiren’s flames were being rapidly depleted and consumed. When all his flames were used up, he would perish.

Swish.

The gigantic arrow-rainbow finally reached Lord Demonheart. This arrow was far too fast for Lord Demonheart to dodge, and he felt dodging to be beneath himself anyways. His gaze finally turned towards that arrow-rainbow. As far as he was concerned, the unearthly power of the rainbow light surrounding the arrow was all meaningless; the only real threat was the seemingly ordinary black arrow itself.

Chapter 23: Inconsolable

Lord Demonheart could still feel a tinge of fear in his heart, and he didn't dare to be the slightest bit overconfident in facing this attack. Although he acted with bravado, when the arrow actually shot out towards him he acted with great caution.

"Hmph." Lord Demonheart let out a cold snort, his entire body beginning to transform into an endless flood of water. It was as though his body was made of countless drops of water to begin with.

Boom!

The arrow pierced straight towards Lord Demonheart. Lord Demonheart didn't try to block at all, allowing the arrow to pierce straight through his body. The water rippled around the arrow, which easily pierced through it then exited from Lord Demonheart's back and continued to fly far off into the distance.

If you try to cut water with a knife, the water will continue to flow. When the arrow passed through the water, it left behind no traces of its passing.

Hissssss...

Lord Demonheart's face suddenly turned ashen as he revealed an expression of utter terror. A hole had appeared in his chest where the arrow had passed through, and that hole was rapidly corroding and rotting away at the rest of his body, causing those drops of water to vaporize and vanish.

"Impossible. Impossible!" Lord Demonheart had a look of horror on his face. "My riverform has been perfected. I have a deathless body. This is impossible. It's impossible to injure me!"

The major powers of the Seamless Gate began to panic as well.

As the Nuwa Alliance, Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, and the other major powers all revealed looks of delight.

However, none of them understood what was happening. Not even Ji

Ning understood. World God Northrest had transmitted certain information to him, but there was still much that he did not know.

“This is...Godslayer?” Godfiend Witherspike and Saber were watching from far away, and Saber began mumbling to himself. “Godslayer?”

“What’s that? Godslayer?” Godfiend Witherspike was surprised. He immediately sent mentally, “What’s a Godslayer?”

“Godslayer is a type of special attacking technique which only those mysterious Heartforce Cultivators are capable of using.” The one-armed Saber sent mentally, “They are able to merge their heartforce with their divine power, then use it to attack. They will use their own divine power to wipe out the opponent’s divine power. It’s like a mutual exhaustion of divine power. The Heartforce Cultivator will exhaust his own divine power to ensure that the enemy will exhaust even more divine power.”

“This is like a strategy of sacrificing eight hundred of your men to slay a thousand enemies. Despite that, it’s a terrifying ability,” the one-armed Saber sent mentally. “Once a Heartforce Cultivator begins to use this technique, he will be virtually invincible against other Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. However, while he might be able to slay his foes he will also badly injure himself, making it so that he’ll no longer be able to fight. Generally speaking, Heartforce Cultivators aren’t willing to use this ability unless they are in truly desperate straits. In addition, even amongst Heartforce Cultivators, this technique can be considered a fairly rare one.”

“Oh?” Godfiend Witherspike was quite surprised. Although he had gone adventuring as well, he had mostly adventured through regions that he was fairly familiar with. Saber, in truth, was an even bolder and more fearless person than him. Saber had gone to more danger zones and had learned many more things.

“This Lord of the Demonheart is about to die.” Saber stared at the distant, horrified Lord Demonheart. “He actually ran into such a terrifyingly powerful Heartforce Cultivator...and this Heartforce Cultivator is willing to sacrifice anything in order to kill him.”

“If what you say is true, then after Houyi kills Lord Demonheart he’ll probably be at the verge of death himself.” Godfiend Witherspike revealed a smile. “That means we still have a chance.”

“This Houyi must have acquired the legacy of a Heartforce Cultivator.” Saber stared at the distant Houyi. “I absolutely refuse to believe that he could come up with this technique on his own.”

There were tens of millions of heartforce application techniques. Some cultivators with fifth-stage heartforce were of average strength, but some true Heartforce Cultivators had techniques which were powerful enough to make all Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals quail in fear! Houyi’s ‘Godslayer’ technique was one such technique.

“So this technique really does work on you.” Upon seeing Lord Demonheart suffer an injury, the murderous intent in Houyi’s eyes grew even stronger. “I was worried that you might be so powerful as to completely ignore my arrows.”

Twang.

Houyi swiftly nocked an arrow, drew to a full draw, then fired the arrow in one swift motion.

Swish!

The black arrow streaked forward like lightning.

Twang! Not hesitating at all, Houyi took out yet another arrow, nocked it, drew it, and fired it.

One arrow after another streaked through the Void, transforming into a series of blindingly brilliant rainbows that shot straight towards Lord Demonheart. This was a strange, unique secret art which he had devised over the course of countless years of tree-chopping on Mount Innerheart. Upon actually using the technique, he would use up an utterly enormous amount of divine power, but he didn’t care at all, continuing to furiously shoot out arrows.

He shot out nine consecutive arrows in one breath.

Those nine arrows all transformed into rainbows as they streaked through the Void, shooting straight towards Lord Demonheart. Despite being tremendously powerful, Houyi was only able to simultaneously control nine arrows at once.

“No...no...” The Lord of the Demonheart stared in horror as the arrows shot towards him from across the Void.

A single arrow had already injured him badly. How could he possibly survive if all nine of these arrows connected?

The arrows were too fast. Not even the Lord of All Fiends was as fast as these arrows, much less the Lord of the Demonheart.

“I won’t die. I won’t!” A berserk look appeared in Lord Demonheart’s eyes.

Whoosh.

Lord Demonheart’s body suddenly split apart in half, resulting in more than a hundred of him appearing and fleeing in every direction.

Bang! One rainbow arrow pierced directly into the body of a Lord Demonheart. After piercing into his body, its power was slightly weakened, but it was still powerful enough to go straight through it and shoot towards the other Lord Demonhearts. As for the first one to be struck, his body was instantly annihilated.

The nine rainbows continued to streak through the air at high speed, shooting towards the various Lord Demonhearts.

“It’s useless.” The distant Saber shook his head. “Every single arrow is filled with an enormous amount of Houyi’s divine power. Until his divine power is exhausted, the arrow won’t come to a halt. That’s why splitting up your body into multiple clones is a completely ineffective way to avoid this terrifying attack.”

How could an attack known as the ‘Godslayer’ be easily overcome? If it could, it wouldn’t be so famously deadly.

Lord Demonheart also quickly came to realize that this ‘solution’

wouldn't work. He quickly willed his still-existing 106 bodies to roar in unison as they transformed into a raging river of vast proportions. The vast river transformed into a giant palm of water that struck directly at one of the arrows.

BOOM!

A frontal collision!

The arrow was knocked flying, but the bizarre divine power which had been infused into it still instantly ate away at the gigantic palm of water, depleting an enormous amount of divine power.

"Dodging doesn't work. Neither does blocking. What should I do!?" Lord Demonheart let out another sudden howl, causing the vast river to suddenly tear an enormous rift into the Void before him. The river quickly shrank in size as it flew straight towards that enormous rift.

Swoosh!

The arrow chased after him, making it to the rift right after he did.

BOOM! The Void was once more torn open. The raging river was blasted out from the other side through the new rift, reforming into the Lord of the Demonheart.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!!! I don't accept this! I can't accept this! I WON'T ACCEPT THIS! GRAAAAAAH!!!" Lord Demonheart had gone completely berserk. As he stared the arrows streaking towards him from afar, the sense of absolute despair he felt began to drive him insane.

He had waited for so long! Had schemed and planned for so long to regain his freedom!

Finally...he had succeeded in escaping the Heavenly Daos.

He had thought that he would be able to easily subjugate the Nuwa Alliance. He was planning to leave the Three Realms to the major powers of the Seamless Gate, then lead a small group of people to voyage out into the vaster world outside of the Three Realms. He believed that the vast primordial chaos was where he truly belonged! Even Nuwa had become a

World God; Lord Demonheart felt certain that he could become a World God as well.

Lord Demonheart had many plans for the future, many ambitions, many dreams.

But now...

He was going to die.

Those arrows were utterly terrifying, and there was no way to block them at all. He felt true despair as he stared at them come towards him.

"I really can't accept this. I really can't." Lord Demonheart's mutters echoed throughout the vast Void. "Well...if I'm going to die...then let's have everyone die. All of you shall die as well!!!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Lord Demonheart instantly transformed his body into a series of raging rivers once more. Every single one of the six rivers flashed with white light as they surged violently towards the Nuwa Alliance. By now, he didn't care about Houyi's arrows at all. The only thing he wanted to do was kill. If he was going to die, then all of them were going to die as well.

The Lord of All Fiends could only watch as this happened, powerless to stop it.

He was many millions of kilometers away from Houyi. Although he was faster than the speed of light, which could move three hundred thousand kilometers in a second, he himself could only move five hundred thousand kilometers per second! Houyi was more than capable of maintaining his distance as he continued to fire off arrows.

As the power in each arrow was depleted, Houyi would continue to shoot out new arrows, intending to slay the Lord of the Demonheart as quickly as possible.

"Hold."

"Hold for just a bit longer. This is Lord Demonheart's final, desperate attack."

“Block!”

Ji Ning and Buddha Jueming had powerful divine bodies, and so the two of them valiantly charged to the forefront, seeking to block this last-ditch attack. However, two of the six raging rivers were enough to completely tie them down. In fact, Ning could sense that Lord Demonheart’s attack seemed to be a bit stronger than it was earlier. He understood that in his berserk madness, Lord Demonheart had certainly drawn upon every single scrap of power he possessed to deliver this final attack.

“Suiren!” Ning suddenly realized that the distant Suiren was in extremely dire straits, having been completely surrounded by two of those rivers. Suiren was roaring with rage, his body blazing with flames as he swung his wooden staff around to defend. His aura initially towered to the heavens, but as the raging rivers continued to surround and suffocate him his aura slowly and gradually began to weaken.

Chapter 24: The Kindlefire is Eternal

“Protect Suiren.” Daoist Three Purities frantically exerted the power of his Immortal Slaying Swords. He was fairly far away from Keeper Everwood, and so he could afford to take a moment’s respite and temporarily ignore his opponent. A dazzling, freezing sword pierced out through the Void, stabbing directly at the flood of water surrounding Suiren.

Boom!

A raging river of water immediately turned to smash head-on against the Immortal Slaying Swords. The sword-light shattered and the Immortal Slaying Swords were knocked flying backwards.

“Rescue Suiren.” Ji Ning and Buddha Jueming strove to intercept the attacks, but the raging rivers swirling around them had completely tied them down, giving them no way to advance at all.

“Don’t even think about leaving.” The Lord of All Fiends easily blocked the black-robed Ning and Lord Tathagata from moving.

All of the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance wished to save Suiren, but none of them were able to draw close to him.

“Shennong, be careful!” Fuxi called out furiously.

Boom!

The raging waters once more came crashing against Suiren.

It must be understood that of the six rivers of water which the Lord of the Demonheart had manifested, two were being used to die down Ning and Buddha Jueming, two were being used to kill Suiren, and the final two were striking out against various other individuals. Shennong was in command of a Pangu Genesis Formation and was using it to fight in close combat, which was why he had charged the farthest and was the closest to Lord Demonheart.

The water came crashing towards Shennong. Shennong sought to evade, but the endlessly growing bamboo stopped him at every turn. Soon, the

raging river had completely enveloped Shennong as well.

Boom! Boom! Boom! As the waters of the river crashed against Shennong, his Pangu Genesis Formation began to shudder and shake. It was at the verge of breaking apart.

“Not good.”

The faces of every member of the Nuwa Alliance changed.

Suiren was an Elder God, and his body could be dematerialized into endless flames. As a result, he was able to resist Lord Demonheart's attacks for quite some time. Although the situation looked dangerous, he would still be able to hold for a bit longer. Shennong, however, was somewhat weaker. His Pangu Genesis Formation most likely wouldn't be able to survive Lord Demonheart's assaults for very long before being destroyed.

“Three Purities, Fuxi, protect the Three Realms.” Suiren's voice suddenly echoed through the Void...and then, his voice became incredibly calm and peaceful. “Kindle the fire and make it eternal...”

Although his voice was peaceful, it brought terror to the hearts of those who heard it.

Suiren's body had been covered with flames that were weak but still seemed capable of fighting back. Suddenly, the light around him increased dramatically. Moments later, all of the light around his body solidified into small flames. Suiren himself completely vanished, leaving behind just those eight little flames.

Hiss...crackle...

The eight flames seemed tiny and weak, and they rose and fell alongside the river waters that were surrounding them.

These bizarre flames seemed to carry endless life force with them. Although the raging waters of the rivers around them continued to do their best to smother these flames, it was the water that ended up hissing and bubbling as it began to boil away. The two rivers began to quickly shrink in size, becoming thin and weak. As for those eight little flames...

slowly, they began to be extinguished. One flame. Two flame. Three flames...

As one river was completely boiled away and half of the second river was destroyed, the final few flames were extinguished.

Suiren's aura had completely vanished.

Suiren...had died.

Boom! Boom! Boom! In the instant that Suiren's body had dematerialized into those eight flames, a series of arrows had struck the waters of the rivers as well. Their primary target was the river which had wrapped itself around Shennong. As they landed against the river, the river began to dramatically weaken to the point where it was no longer a threat to Shennong.

The arrows moved with incredible speed. Although Lord Demonheart had launched a series of final, berserk attacks, Suiren's own final burst of power resulted in Lord Demonheart's death being hastened.

"I can't accept this...I can't accept this...I can't accept this..." Lord Demonheart's furious roars could still be heard echoing within the waters of the raging rivers. As Houyi continued to fire off arrows, the river continued to shrink in size and wither away, until finally it completely disappeared completely.

The entire Void was completely quiet.

The Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate had both fallen silent.

Everyone felt dazed and stunned. This war had been instigated by the Lord of the Demonheart, and he had done so to escape from the confines of the Heavenly Daos. As the former king of the Seamless Chaosworld, Lord Demonheart's reputation and power was known to everyone on this field of battle. The Nuwa Alliance had been quite terrified of him, as he truly was incredibly powerful.

But...

He had died just like that?

“How could this have happened...” The black-robed Godking stared blankly into the Void. When he saw his master come out, he had been exceptionally happy. After all, although he was the nominal leader of the Seamless Gate, its actual leader was really the Lord of All Fiends! Most of the older generation of major powers didn’t pay much attention to him, which was why he was delighted by the thought of being able to shelter under his master’s auspices once more. But...his master, the Lord of the Demonheart, had actually died just like that!

“Is this destiny?” The Lord of All Fiends sighed softly.

Lord Demonheart had secretly stirred up this entire mess. This had actually enraged the Lord of All Fiends, as he was a person who hated to fight over power. However, there was no way out; the relationship between the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance was now like the relationship between fire and water, utterly irreconcilable. His only choice had been to follow Lord Demonheart in pressing the assault against the Nuwa Alliance.

But now...Demonheart had died. Truly died. He had survived the battle that ended the Primordial Era, but this he did not survive this one.

Last time, he had been able to fuse himself into the Heavenly Daos. However, now that he had broken free from them once, there was no way the Heavenly Daos would allow him to merge into them again. This was why there was nowhere for him to run when Houyi’s final arrows had come for him.

“Suiren.”

The Nuwa Alliance didn’t celebrate at all. All they felt was grief. When Daoist Three Purities, Ji Ning, Fuxi, Tathagata, and the others had seen Suiren transform himself into those eight flames, their hearts had been plunged into grief.

“Big brother...” Shennong’s eyes were wet with tears. “Was it worth doing this for my sake?”

Those six raging rivers were like Lord Demonheart’s body. The smaller it became, the weaker he became. Suiren’s final suicide attack had

completely burned away nearly two of the rivers, causing Lord Demonheart's body to be dramatically lessened and weakened, buying time for Houyi's final arrows to arrive and save Shennong.

"Don't blame yourself too much. Suiren was already in a desperate situation. Even if he didn't launch a suicide attack, he still would've been killed by Lord Demonheart." Daoist Three Purities let out a sigh, then said consolingly, "He just didn't wish to see you die alongside him. Better for one to die than both."

"Alright." Shennong nodded slowly, but he couldn't disguise his grief. The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all joined together.

"Houyi." They all turned their heads towards Houyi as the latter flew towards them. Houyi's face was ashen, but he still looked quite calm.

"You alright?" Kuafu, in command of a Pangu Genesis Formation, immediately inquired after his well-being.

"Not dead yet." Houyi nodded and smiled, quickly flying to the side of Ji Ning and Buddha Jueming.

"Senior apprentice-brother Houyi." Ning looked at Houyi. "It was all thanks to you."

"If it wasn't for Houyi, it would've been hard for us to survive this battle." The nearby Buddha Jueming let out a sigh. "I really didn't expect the cause of this war to be the Lord of the Demonheart. He truly was quite powerful, even more powerful than he was during the war that ended the Primordial Era."

Ning could sense that Houyi's aura was very weak right now. He didn't fully understand what each arrow had cost Houyi, but he could sense that the price had been enormous.

"Too bad about Suiren." Houyi sighed softly.

"He transformed his body into kindle, using his life to fuel the flames and ensuring that it would continue unto perpetuity. This...this is the true meaning of the 'Eternal Kindlefire'." Buddha Jueming folded his palms

together into prayer. “Amitabha.”

Ning nodded slowly as well.

During the Primordial Era, Suiren had led the puny, weak race of humans to slowly rise to power. He had watched as countless human heroes had perished for the sake of their race, and thus he had developed his own ‘Eternal Kindlefire’ technique. However, the Eternal Kindlefire could only unleash its most terrible flames when it was truly infused with the essence of sacrifice.

Although the Nuwa Alliance was filled with grief, they were also filled with confidence that they had taken control over the battlefield. Old Man Yuan, Daofather Ink Bamboo, Keeper Everwood, and the others had all retreated for now. Without the Lord of the Demonheart, the Seamless Gate no longer felt any confidence in their ability to win.

“Three Purities. Tathagata.”

The two bodies of the Lord of All Fiends merged into one. He stood there in midair, looking at them and speaking in a calm voice. “The outcome of this war is very clear. It was Demonheart who caused this war, all for the sake of escaping from the Heavenly Daos. In addition, the Heavenly Daos themselves acted in ways to mislead us and instigate this war, precisely because there were too many living creatures within the Three Realms. Many of us have died on both sides, and the burden on the Three Realms is now much lower. I think we should bring this war to an end.”

“Bring this war to an end?” Shennong’s face was a mask of grief, but his eyes blazed as he growled out, “What, the Seamless Gate still intends to live here within the Three Realms?”

“The Three Realms is also the home of the Seamless Gate.” The Lord of All Fiends sighed softly.

“Ahahaha...”

Daoist Three Purities laughed coldly. “What a joke! You had your chance...and in fact, the Nuwa Alliance didn’t wish for all of this to come to a war. It was your side which continuously caused problems, furiously

assaulting us and provoking us. You even went so far as to cause chaos throughout the Three Realms, assassinating the friends and family members of our major powers. Do you think we can just wipe out all these debts at one stroke?"

"We were foolish enough to let you return once...do you really think we would be foolish enough to do so again?"

Chapter 25: The End of the Road for the Godking

The two great alliances faced off against each other as Daoist Three Purities, Tathagata, Fuxi, Shennong, Houyi, Jueming, Gonggong, and Ji Ning spoke mentally to each other.

“Everyone, should we keep fighting? Or should we force them to leave the Three Realms instead?” Daoist Three Purities sent mentally.

“Kill them. Kill them all. Make sure they will never pose a problem ever again.” Gonggong’s mental voice was filled with murder.

“Who can kill the Lord of All Fiends?” Tathagata asked.

Everyone fell silent.

Tathagata spoke out again. “Houyi, can you kill the Lord of All Fiends?”

“I cannot. He’s too fast. Although my arrow is faster than him, it’s only slightly faster. I’d probably only be able to hit him with one or two arrows, by which point he would’ve fled outside the range of my bow. In addition to that, I badly injured myself dealing when I dealt with Demonheart. There’s no way I can kill another Elder God,” Houyi said.

Ning and the others all sighed secretly. They could all tell that Houyi was very heavily injured; for him to be able to kill Demonheart was already an unexpected surprise for them.

“No one can kill Allfiend.” Tathagata sent mentally, “If this battle was to continue...Allfiend is too fast. He’ll probably launch a series of crazed counterattacks with his speed. We’ll definitely win, but our losses will be very heavy and he himself will probably be able to escape in the end.”

“Agreed.” Everyone nodded.

“As I see it, we should force them to leave the Three Realms,” Tathagata sent mentally. “That will lessen our total casualties. If they ever dare to return, we can fight them then.”

“That works as well.” Daoist Three Purities nodded in agreement. “Ji

Ning, what do you think?”

The other major powers were all waiting for Ji Ning’s input. They knew exactly how deep Ji Ning’s hatred for the Seamless Gate ran. It could be said that the Seamless Gate’s torments had accompanied him during his entire cultivation path.

“Let them leave. However...they have to hand over their Godking.” Ning gave his response. He would never be able to forget how the Godking had killed Yu Wei. No matter what, he would never spare the Godking. In the earlier battle, he had focused on the big picture and so had not attacked the Godking, but there was absolutely no chance that he would let the Godking leave this place alive.

“Agreed. Many of the vilest actions that caused chaos throughout the Three Realms were carried out by the Godking. I agree that we can’t just let him leave.”

“Agreed.”

“Fine.”

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance quickly concluded their discussion, coming to a joint agreement.

“The Seamless Gate is willing to leave the Three Realms.” The Lord of All Fiends suddenly spoke out. “Let this battle come to an end now.”

There was a stir in the ranks of the Seamless Gate. Their major powers, Immortals, and Fiendgods all turned to look at their leaders, their eyes filled with resentment and an unwillingness to accept this outcome. Many of them had been born within the Three Realms; they truly did not wish to leave this place, their home, and venture into the terrifying, unknown parts of the primordial chaos. If they were Elder Gods, they would naturally be able to roam the primordial chaos without fear, but the vast majority of them were far too weak. Even True Gods and Daofathers would merely be minor figures in the primordial chaos.

Still...they also knew that if they continued to fight, the only result would be death. Although leaving the Three Realms would be dangerous,

staying behind would be even more dangerous.

“You want to leave, just like that?” Daoist Three Purities said coldly, “That’d be nice, wouldn’t it?”

“Then what do you want?” The Lord of All Fiends said in a low voice, “Do you wish to keep fighting?” It would take him time to rescue everyone. The Seamless Gate had far too many major powers; once the battle began anew, he would probably only be able to rescue a part of his allies, with the other part being massacred by the Nuwa Alliance. He naturally wished to keep as many of them alive as possible.

“Allfiend,” Daoist Three Purities said, “We won’t make things too hard for you. Hand over your nominal leader, your black-robed Godking, as a sign of your repentance and desire to make amends. If you do so, we’ll let you leave the Three Realms, never to return. If you agree...then the war can stop now. If you do not, then let us keep fighting.”

The Lord of All Fiends stared at the Nuwa Alliance, and the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance stared right back at him. The only reason why the Nuwa Alliance was even entertaining this option was because the Lord of All Fiends was too hard to kill; thus, their only choice was to force him to leave instead! If it wasn’t for that, they would definitely seize this opportunity to completely wipe out the Seamless Gate.

The Lord of All Fiends then turned his head to stare at the great army behind him. The black-robed Godking had been feeling many complicated emotions, but upon hearing Daoist Three Purities’ request his face instantly turned bloodless and ashen. When the Lord of All Fiends turned his gaze towards him, he became filled with utter terror.

“Fiendlord!” The black-robed Godking called out in terror.

“Clothred.” The Lord of All Fiends said, “Sacrifice yourself for the sake of the Seamless Gate.”

“No, Fiendlord! You must not!” The black-robed Godking said frantically, “I’m the leader of the Seamless Gate. If you sacrifice me...the Seamless Gate will have no face left whatsoever! Better that we die in battle than be shamed in such a way!”

Upon hearing these words, the Lord of All Fiends frowned. He said in a cold voice, "You really are cut from the exact same cloth as your master Demonheart was." He snorted coldly then waved his hand, causing an azure rope to fly out. The azure rope transformed into an azure dragon as it flew towards the Godking. The terrified Godking sought to flee, but space around him began to twist and warp. He found himself completely bound up before he even had a chance to react. How could someone like him possibly challenge the power of the Lord of All Fiends?

"You cannot! Fiendlord, you cannot! You cannot just hand me over..." The Godking struggled frantically against his restraints.

The major powers of the Seamless Gate all stared at the black-robed Godking. Although some of them disliked him, he was still their nominal leader. For them to sacrifice their leader in such a way...in truth, they felt quite humiliated. However, they knew that they had lost this war. Even the Lord of the Demonheart had perished. There was nothing more they could say.

The Lord of All Fiends made a casual tossing gesture, causing the bound Godking to be flung towards the Nuwa Alliance.

The white-robed Ji Ning transformed into a streak of lightning, moving with incredible speed. When he saw the bound Godking fly through the air towards him, for some reason...he felt many different emotions in his heart. So many scenes flashed through his mind. The scene of how he had knelt down before the Godking to try and save Yu Wei...the scene of how the Godking had killed her...and more.

"Godking." Ning murmured this word softly.

"Y-y-you..." The tied-up Godking stared at Ji Ning in terror.

"Relax. I won't let you die so easily," the white-robed Ning murmured gently.

Upon hearing this, the Godking began to panic even more. The outcome he feared the most was ending up in Ji Ning's hands. However, he didn't have the courage to commit suicide, as he still felt a powerful desire to stay alive. "So long as I remain alive, I'll have more opportunities in the

future. If I really can't take it, I can commit suicide later."

Ning reached out to grab the black-robed Godking, then put him away with a cold smile on his face.

He could guess at what the Godking was thinking.

To prevent a major power from committing suicide was very difficult! However, Ji Ning had acquired the many legacies and techniques of World God Northrest; he had the necessary abilities.

"You sent my wife into the Infinity Hells to suffer torment...and I promise you, everything you did to her will be slowly repaid unto you a thousandfold." After putting away the Godking, Ning gave the distant army of the Seamless Gate a final glance. The formations of the Seamless Gate had already been dispersed, and looks of sadness, disappointment, and pain could be seen in the eyes of those Empyrean Gods and True Immortals. However, all they could do was allow the major powers on their side to put them away.

The vast majority of them had been born and bred within the Three Realms. They all viewed the Three Realms as their home. When the thought of how they would soon have to venture through the unknown lands of the primordial chaos, all of them were filled with restlessness and unease. Still...since they had chosen the side of the Seamless Gate, they had to live with their choice.

The Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Seamless Gate began to disappear as they were all put away by their respective Daofathers. The Nuwa Alliance began to disperse its formations as well. Keeping the formations active required a large amount of Immortal energy, after all. Still, just to be safe the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Nuwa Alliance continued to remain close to each other, prepared to reform the formation at a moment's notice and do battle if necessary.

"Look at Daoist Yuan." Houyi stood by Ning's side, staring at the rather forlorn-looking Old Man Yuan who stood within the ranks of the Seamless Gate's armies. "I really don't know what he was thinking. He actually chose to join the Seamless Gate."

“Right.” Ning nodded.

Old Man Yuan had chosen the wrong side, which was why there was now only one road before him...following the Seamless Gate and leaving the Three Realms.

To permit him to leave the Three Realms instead of chasing after him and killing him was already a tremendous show of grace on the part of the Nuwa Alliance. There was no way they would permit him to remain here any longer.

“He’ll probably find the primordial chaos to be a tough place to live,” Ning said softly. “Still, it is for the best. He always did want to adventure through it. I suppose we’re satisfying his dreams.”

Old Man Yuan stood by himself at a corner of the Seamless Gate’s armies, watching all this happen. There was a hint of disappointment in his eyes, and he couldn’t help but sigh. “Alas. I really didn’t expect all of this to end like this. So it was the Lord of the Demonheart who was behind this war...and he ended up being killed as soon as he came out. Houyi truly was a surprise for me! Still, Houyi’s usage of his ‘Godslayer’ has surely caused him grievous injuries.”

Suddenly, an invisible ripple of power centered around Old Man Yuan swept out, filling the entire battlefield.

“Attack, my children.” Old Man Yuan’s voice rang out within the hearts of certain individuals.

Chapter 26: Unexpected Events

The white-robed Ji Ning and the black-robed Ji Ning were standing shoulder-to-shoulder, staring towards the Seamless Gate. Although they were in the process of withdrawing, Ning's heartforce was still kept active, continuously rippling out as he kept a careful watch over the region.

At a time like this, there was no such thing as being too careful. The enemy forces still had the Lord of All Fiends, after all?

"Eh?" Ning suddenly frowned slightly. Just now, there seemed to have been a small ripple...but the ripple was so hidden and secretive that he couldn't completely detect it.

Ning glanced all around him, rather puzzled. As he did so, he told himself to be even more careful.

BOOM!!!!!!

Suddenly, a towering explosion of natural energy manifested in the form of an endless sea of flames and a boundless sea of water. The massive attack swept towards the grand army of the Nuwa Alliance as well as the major powers of the Seamless Gate, catching both sides completely off-guard.

"Fuxi, what are you doing?!" Three Purities, Tathagata, Shennong, and the others were all shocked.

"No...!"

The Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Nuwa Alliance were completely caught off-guard. Initially, they weren't too worried as Fuxi was on their side; when he used the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation in the past, he had made sure that the water and the fire would stay away from them. This time, however, the water and the fire swept straight through their ranks. By the time they realized what was happening, it was far too late.

"Why?!"

“No!”

“Fuxi?!”

All sorts of agonized cries rang out as countless Immortals and Fiendgods perished to the endless floods of fire and water.

Suddenly, circles of icy energy began to swirl around the area, furiously ablating the power of the Waterflame Apolcaypse Formation. It managed to block and stop parts of the water and the flame.

One frozen lotus after another was hanging in midair, emitting enormous amounts of frozen energy that completely blocked off the effects of the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation. Ji Ning was using his power as a first-tier Ancestral Immortal to control this treasure, which Fuxi was merely controlling his formation with the power of a third-tier Ancestral Immortal. Thus, although Fuxi’s formation was far more formidable, Ning was still able to withstand it.

“Why has this happened...” Although Ning had managed to block the attack, he was still in a dazed state of disbelief. He had become even more cautious when he had sensed that ripple of power, but when Fuxi struck he was still momentarily dazed. Although he quickly recovered and moved to stop the attack, a large number of Empyrean Gods and True Immortals still perished.

“Senior brothers Lord Jiang and Junwu...” Ning’s heart was filled with pain and confusion.

In that brief moment, the terrifying power of the Eternal Kindelfire and Arcane Moonwater had caused more than thirty thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals to die! Far more died in that instant than had died during the entire war. Many of Ning’s good friends, as well as many of the drinking buddies and conversation partners he had met while wandering the Three Realms, had died. In fact, many of the disciples of Mount Innerheart had just perished as well.

Whooooooooosh. The thirty-six frozen lotuses hovered in the air, surrounding the Nuwa Alliance’s army and defending them from the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation.

The entire Nuwa Alliance was in a state of disbelief.

The deaths of so many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had dazed them...but for Fuxi to be the culprit had completely struck them dumb.

“GONGGONG!” An agonized scream rang out. Shennong stared in disbelief at Gonggong, who was standing right next to him. Gonggong had a cold look in his face, and his right hand...had pierced directly into Shennong’s chest.

Boom! Shennong’s entire body disintegrated. As Shennong died, a look of agony and pain was in his eyes as he murmured his final words.

“Gonggong is dead...”

“Die,” Gonggong said coldly.

“Kill!”

“Kuafu, what are you...!”

“Thundergod attacked me first!”

“Kill!”

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance suddenly found themselves thrown into chaos as a furious battle broke out within their own ranks.

This was all too sudden! Ji Ning, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Daoist Three Purities, Buddha Jueming, Houyi, and the others were all stunned. Fuxi had first activated the ‘Waterflame Apocalypse Formation’ and attempted to wipe out all their Empyrean Gods and True Immortals with utter cruelty...and then Elder God Gonggong and other major powers had suddenly attacked them!

“Stop this!”

“Stop fighting!”

Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, and the others began to make their move. They had been vigilantly watching their surroundings, and so they knew exactly which major powers had attacked first. Thus, they immediately attacked the offenders.

“Let’s go!”

“Withdraw.”

The ambushers quickly began to withdraw from the ranks of the Nuwa Alliance.

“Stop right there.” Elder God Gonggong’s body suddenly transformed to become a million kilometers tall, waves swirling around his entire body as though he was an ocean world unto himself. His palm swung out, and as it did it seemed to be a massive tidal wave that was crashing towards his foes.

BOOM!

Ning’s Triult Swords transformed into that semi-translucent golden sword, then struck directly against that titanic tidal wave.

Rumble...

His attack was actually stopped!

“Gonggong is actually this powerful?” Ning was stunned. Previously, Gonggong had battled against Old Man Yuan for quite some time. From what Ning could tell, Gonggong didn’t seem to be that powerful, appearing to be weaker than Ning himself. But now, it was evident that Gonggong definitely had the power of an elite Elder God. In fact, no one in either alliance had anyone who was definitively more powerful than Gonggong right now.

Only the deceased Lord Demonheart was unquestionably more powerful than him, while Houyi had been heavily injured and was no longer capable of slaying any Elder Gods.

“Ink Bamboo, you...!” Keeper Everwood stared in disbelief at the distant Daofather Ink Bamboo. “Y-you...”

“You hid your power quite well.” Daofather Ink Bamboo gave him a cold glance, then quickly fled.

“Kill!”

“Senior apprentice-brother, you...!”

The major powers of the Seamless Gate were suddenly thrown into turmoil as well as they began attacking each other. The Lord of All Fiends was completely stunned.

“Chase him down!” The Lord of All Fiends quickly came back to his senses. His eyes became filled with fury and murder as he chased after the major powers who had just launched sneak attacks against their friends.

“You can stop right there.” Old Man Yuan, who was within the Seamless Gate’s ranks, said these words softly as he flicked out his horsetail whisk.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Countless white strands flew out from his whisk, covering the skies like a series of giant white waves that protected the fleeing, traitorous major powers.

“Die.” Murder radiated from the Lord Allfiend’s eyes as he clutched his weapon. He had never wanted to kill someone more than he did right now. Only a few major powers had died during the battle between the two sides, but this sudden ambush had resulted in him losing more than twenty of his major powers! This loss caused the Lord of All Fiends to go berserk.

As for Old Man Yuan, who was protecting these traitors? The Lord of All Fiends wanted to kill him more than anyone else.

Whooooooooosh. The white strands of the horsetail whisk undulated, blocking off all paths. No matter how the Lord of All Fiends tried to move past them, he was unable to do so.

Finally, the Lord of All Fiends came to a halt. All of the traitors had already fled. He stared coldly at the distant Old Man Yuan, who had used the horsetail whisk in his hands to prevent any pursuit. The traitors of the Seamless Gate had joined together with the Nuwa Alliance, and they had docilely flown to Old Man Yuan’s side as if they were children running to the side of their father.

The entire battlefield fell completely silent.

The Nuwa Alliance had been dealt a grievous blow. More than thirty

thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals had perished, while more than twenty major powers had died. Fortunately, Ning had been able to block the Waterflame Apocalypse Formation; otherwise, their losses would have been even greater.

Although the Seamless Gate's major powers had collected its Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, more than twenty major powers had been slain. The Seamless Gate had fewer major powers than the Nuwa Alliance to begin with, which meant that their casualties were proportionally higher. Once those major powers had died, the traitors who had slain them had also seized their items and estate-treasures, including the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals contained inside. It was obvious what would happen to them.

The two alliances both stared furiously at the traitors.

Old Man Yuan continued to hold his horsetail whisk in his hands, a smile on his face. Behind him stood a group of towering major powers, including Gonggong, Fuxi, Daofather Ink Bamboo, and more than thirty other True Gods and Daofathers.

The power which Old Man Yuan controlled was actually just as formidable as the power of either alliance.

"The Nuwa Alliance lost thirty thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals." Old Man Yuan smiled. "I'll make things fair. Children, release the Empyrean Gods and True Immortals of the Seamless Gate."

"Yes."

Instantly, the Seamless Gate traitors released the many Empyrean Gods and True Immortals they were holding.

More than twenty major powers of the Seamless Gate had been slain, while more than ten had turned traitor. Each major power had collected nearly ten thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals, and so a total of nearly thirty thousand were released!

It must be understood that the Seamless Gate's losses during the previous battle had been very heavy; thirty thousand Empyrean Gods and

True Immortals represented more than half of their total forces!

“You can all die now.” Old Man Yuan laughed calmly, the countless strands of his horsetail whisk surrounding every single captured member of the Seamless Gate. Before the abductees even had a chance to react... boom! All of them were slain.

“No!”

“Stop!”

Keeper Everwood, Lord Allfiend, and the others all stared with bloodshot eyes, but to no avail...all of the captured Seamless Gate members were slain.

Old Man Yuan had just slain nearly thirty thousand Empyrean Gods and True Immortals with a smile on his face. This caused the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance to feel two things...cold fear, and burning rage! They all stared at Old Man Yuan and the large group of major powers behind him.

“They are all dead.” Lord Tathagata had a pained look on his face. “Those ‘traitors’...all of them are already dead.”

Chapter 27: The Nine Divine Generals

“Why would you say that they are dead?” Old Man Yuan flicked his whisk, a smile on his face. “They are alive and well. Isn’t that right, Gonggong?”

“Yes, Master.” Gonggong spoke in a low, respectful voice.

Upon Gonggong say the word ‘master’, whispers broke out within both the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate. Looks of pain and hatred appeared in the eyes of Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, and the others. They wanted nothing more than to kill Old Man Yuan right now. They weren’t fools; they could tell that it was Old Man Yuan behind all of this.

“So it was you, Old Man Yuan, who caused them to turn traitor?” The Lord of All Fiends growled.

“They are all my children. Why speak of ‘betrayal’?” Old Man Yuan smiled.

Everyone in both alliances, be it Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, the Lord of All Fiends, or Keeper Everwood, was completely enraged. Still, they knew that they had to maintain their calm. They knew very well that this was a critical moment; they had to be even more careful than they were before. Old Man Yuan’s ambitions were truly terrifying, and he was in control of so many major powers. Once he mobilized them...he would be even more dangerous than Lord Demonheart had been.

“You’ve taken control of them?” Ji Ning suddenly spoke out.

Soul control. This was something which terrified any and every cultivator.

It meant to be controlled, to lose all free will, to feel complete and slavish devotion. If the master ordered the soulslave to die, the soulslave would commit suicide with a smile on his face. This was what made soul control so terrifying! Once you were controlled, it might look as though you were still alive, but you would lose all of your free will. It would be no different from death.

In the endless primordial chaos, there were certain supreme major powers who knew soul control techniques. However, they would generally only be able to use it against weaklings.

By contrast, Old Man Yuan had actually been able to make the likes of Fuxi and Gonggong his soulslaves. This meant that he was most likely incredibly skilled in ways of heartforce, perhaps to the point of being an actual, terrifying Heartforce Cultivator.

“He definitely is a Heartforce Cultivator.” Godfiend and Witherspike were both watching from far away, and both of them were stunned. Saber immediately said, “To be able to stealthily take control over so many major powers without revealing any flaws at all...this Old Man Yuan is definitely a terrifyingly powerful Heartforce Cultivator. He’s even more terrifying than Houyi.”

“For someone like Houyi to appear within this local chaosworld is one thing, but how could a true Heartforce Cultivator appear here? Aren’t they supposed to be extremely rare and extremely mysterious, with very few legacies left behind for others?” Godfiend Witherspike felt his heart grow cold.

No Heartforce Cultivator could be underestimated.

Heartforce...it was ephemeral, formless, and extremely strange.

The cultivators of the endless primordial chaos were primarily divided up into three major paths: Fiendgod Refiners, Ki Refiners, and the mysterious Heartforce Cultivators! Fiendgod Refiners primarily focused on refining the body, Ki Refiners focused on cultivating their Immortal energy, and Heartforce Cultivators focused on cultivating the ephemeral power of heartforce.

“Just before you joined the Seamless Gate, you sought me out,” Ning said. “You suddenly launched a heartforce attack against me. Were you attempting to take control over me as well?”

“Yes.” Old Man Yuan smiled. “Your rise to power was simply far too sudden, much faster than I had expected. Given that the Endwar was nigh, I didn’t have any time to slowly infiltrate your soul defenses. To be

honest, I acted against you in a brutish and rather inelegant manner, and I knew that my chances of succeeding would be much lower as a result. When I took over Gonggong and Fuxi, I slowly worked on them over the course of countless years, causing them to fall under my control without even knowing about it. I tried to do the same against Three Purities and Tathagata as well. These locals naturally weren't able to notice a thing, but their hearts were far too powerful. There was no way for me to truly control them."

"What?" Three Purities and Tathagata were both shocked.

So Old Man Yuan had tried to secretly take control of the two of them as well. They had automatically defended against it without even knowing about it.

This was simply too terrifying.

"Ahaha, you local yokels...how could you possibly understand how truly formidable heartforce is?" Old Man Yuan laughed coldly, then glanced at the distant Houyi with a look of praise in his eyes. "But for someone like you, Houyi, to emerge in a backwater chaosworld is quite admirable. You received no legacies at all, but you were actually able to come up with a few heartforce techniques on your own. Although you are a child when compared to true Heartforce Cultivators, you are still quite impressive."

"Heartforce Cultivator?" Lord Tathagata's face changed. "You are a Heartforce Cultivator?"

They had acquired quite a bit of information from alien Outsiders they had slain. They knew a bit about what Heartforce Cultivators were and knew exactly how terrifying they were.

"Yes." Old Man Yuan smiled and nodded, continuing to look at the distant Houyi. "Houyi, I actually wanted to take control over you a long time ago. I knew it would be easy, because your spirit has an obvious weakness...her." Old Man Yuan waved his hand, causing an absolutely peerless beauty to appear by his side. The woman looked towards Old Man Yuan with absolute adoration on her face.

"Chang'e." Houyi's face changed. 1

“As I said, your flaw is obvious. Although your heartforce is powerful, I’m completely convinced that I could take control over you. Alas...after the war that ended the Primordial Era, I was never able to find you. I had no chance to seize your soul.” Old Man Yuan shook his head. “So you were hiding by Subhuti’s side all this time. You hid yourself quite well.”

“What did you do to Chang’e...” Houyi was enraged.

“Ahaha...” Old Man Yuan glanced at Chang’e, who stood by his side.

Chang’e called out in a soft voice, “Master.”

This sight caused Houyi to feel even more miserable. Still, he quickly regained his calm...but his eyes remained as cold as the edge of a blade as he stared at Old Man Yuan.

“Stop trying to scare me. You can’t actually kill me with your eyes, you know.” Old Man Yuan shook his head. “If you were at full power, I’d need to use a bit of effort to deal with you, but now, after killing the Lord of the Demonheart? Hmph. Although I look down upon you local bumpkins, I have to admit that he had the power of a supreme Elder God. In killing him, you most assuredly did considerable damage to your own vital essence as well. I could just stand here and let you attack me as you please, but even if you used up all of your divine power you still wouldn’t be able to kill me. And...I won’t actually let you hit me, of course. Your techniques might be useful against other major powers, but against me? You are still just a kid.”

Daoist Three Purities said in a cold voice, “From what you are saying, I assume you already started to take part in our wars during the Primordial Era?”

“Correct.”

Old Man Yuan said, “I arrived in this place during the Primordial Era. Back then, it was still the Pangu Chaosworld. I was heavily injured when I arrived, so I possessed Old Man Yuan and took his body for my own. Back then, he wasn’t that powerful, and he was a very solitary figure. After I took his body, I slowly began to grow more powerful and took control over other major powers. I’ve been here all along, partially because I wanted to

take the Worldheart, and partially because I wish to acquire Subhuti's spacetime techniques."

"You honor me too much." A white-haired old man in Daoist robes appeared next to Ji Ning. It was Subhuti's incarnation. "So all those years ago, when you risked your life to save this old Daoist, it was all part of your plan?"

"Ahaha...who in the puny little Pangu Chaosworld could possibly do anything to me? Everything was part of my plan." Old Man Yuan shook his head. "The Dao of Spacetime...it truly is quite incredible. Once you reach a truly high level in this Dao, you can effortlessly travel through both space and time, making it impossible for your foes to find and kill you. I really did want to acquire those abilities of yours and learn them from you...but you refused to teach them to me."

"You have no talent in that regard." Subhuti shook his head.

"You simply refused to give me the techniques you came up with." Old Man Yuan's gaze was icy cold. In the primordial chaos, spacetime techniques were considered incredibly valuable techniques, far more valuable than most divine abilities.

Subhuti was a prime example of why this was the case. At his level of mastery, he could leave a place whenever he wished. He was different from the Lord of All Fiends; the Lord of All Fiends had managed to merge the Dao of Wind and the Dao of Space to an unfathomable degree, resulting in him being able to move at incredible speeds. Subhuti, however, had completely surpassed speed itself. He operated in the realm of spacetime and was able to transport himself to a completely different time continuum, making it impossible for any enemies to catch up to him.

This was quite a terrifying ability, especially when used for subterfuge, assassination, or escaping. The value of this technique was actually greater than that of the Worldheart!

"Still, I'm a patient man." Old Man Yuan smiled. "I'm never hasty. I always wait for the end before making any move. I was quite patient

during the war that ended the Primordial Era as well...and it was a good thing I did. I watched as Nuwa, Lord Demonheart, and the Lord of All Things fought against each other. I saw Nuwa make her sudden breakthrough and dominate all her foes...and because I waited and watched, I managed to avoid bringing disaster upon myself.”

“This time, however, the two sides decided to stop fighting, forcing me to make my move.” Old Man Yuan shook his head. “A true pity. As a result, I won’t be able to acquire Subhuti’s spacetime technique. This disappoints me greatly.”

Ning let out a secret sigh of relief.

His master had only transmitted his spacetime technique to Redsnow, teaching it to no others at all. The only people who even knew that Redsnow had learned this technique were Ji Ning, Crazy Ji, and Subhuti himself.

If it wasn’t for that, Old Man Yuan would probably have gone after Redsnow.

“Spacetime techniques are actually this valuable?” True God Redsnow, protected behind the Nuwa Alliance’s formations, was shocked upon hearing this. He had lost one of his clones during the chaotic battle just now, but fortunately he had a total of eighteen clones. Prior to this, he had simply believed spacetime techniques to be powerful...but he had no idea that they were this powerful! Now, it seemed as though the ‘Worldheart’, an item which countless alien Outsiders would go mad for, was not necessarily as valuable as his spacetime techniques.

“Forget it. Can’t win’m all. If I can’t get it, I can’t get it.” Old Man Yuan turned his head to glance at the distant dark-golden castle. “Witherspike, do you still remember that black lotus? If you do, give me a hand. I’ll definitely reward you heavily.”

Godfiend Witherspike and Saber were located deep within that dark-golden castle. Upon hearing these words, both their faces changed, with Witherspike’s face turning completely ashen. He had always believed Old Man Yuan to be a local, but upon listening Old Man Yuan’s soliloquy he

started to have a feeling that something was off. Now...he finally understood everything.

“It’s him.” Godfiend Witherspike was stunned. “Him. He’s one of the Nine Divine Generals under the command of God Emperor Blacklotus... the Mindlord. Why has he appeared in this backwater?! Let’s leave! Let’s leave right now! We need to get the hell out of here!”

“One of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus?” Saber’s face turned pale as well.

Each of the nine were supremely powerful Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals who were utterly, terrifyingly powerful. Compared to them, lone wanderers like Witherspike and Saber were nothing.

“Let’s go!”

Swoosh.

The dark-golden castle instantly fled, disappearing like a streak of light.

“How useless.” Old Man Yuan watched as the dark-golden castle fled at high speed, then shook his head. “Kids like them are as slippery as eels. As soon as they sense a bit of danger, they’ll immediately slip away.”

*

1. Chang’e is an important part of the Houyi legend in Chinese mythology. She was his wife, and in many versions of the story she betrayed him, be it intentionally or accidentally.

Chapter 28: I Have a Solution

Although the dark-golden castle had fled far away, Godfiend Witherspike had left an incarnation behind.

“He’s actually one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus...” Godfiend Witherspike watched from afar. “Hmph. I need to keep my true body far away from this man, but this battle is still worth watching. I might still have a chance.” Godfiend Witherspike was far less nervous now that his true body wasn’t at any risk. There was no longer any danger here.

“The Nine Divine Generals are all famous figures, with the Mindlord being a particularly formidable Heartforce Cultivator.” Godfiend Witherspike’s eyes suddenly lit up. “They’ve started to fight.”

In the Void.

“It seems that the formations which Nuwa left behind are just so-so after all.” Old Man Yuan said calmly, “Assemble my formation.”

Elder God Gonggong, Daofather Ink Bamboo, Fuxi, and the other major powers all quickly assembled into formations. They drew upon the power of chaos, centering it around Old Man Yuan and forming an enormous formation around him. A giant black lotus flower began to bloom around him, a lotus flower with a total of three lotus petals.

Old Man Yuan stood atop the center of the black lotus, flywhisk in hand. Next to him stood Chang’e, the mistress of the Lunar Palace which was also known as the Frozen Palace. Elder God Gonggong, Daofather Ink Bamboo, and Fuxi each commanded a squad of major powers, with the three squads standing on those three black lotus petals.

Rumble...

Chaos energy began to surge violently.

Old Man Yuan and his subordinates had joined their powers together perfectly, and their combined aura was far more powerful than that of Lord Demonheart’s.

“Kill.” Old Man Yuan’s eyes were filled with lofty disdain, as though he was staring down at a pile of ants. This was his true face, the face of the Mindlord.

The Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance had both become enraged long ago. The sudden betrayal had caused devastating losses to both their sides, and their hearts were filled with endless hatred. The only reason why they had not attacked was because they wanted to get a better understanding of Old Man Yuan first. Now, they understood that Old Man Yuan was actually a terrifyingly powerful alien Outsider, one who had lain in wait for a long period of time and who had silently taken control over quite a few major powers. He was an even more terrifying figure than the long-deceased Lord of All Things had been.

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

Three dazzling streaks of light shot through the air towards Old Man Yuan.

These streaks of light were Ji Ning’s Triult Swords, Daoist Three Purities’ Immortal Slaying Swords, and the Lord of All Fiend’s shuttle. These were the three fastest attackers. Because Old Man Yuan was somewhat closer to the Seamless Gate, the Lord of All Fiend’s attack was actually the first to arrive.

“You backwater locals.” Old Man Yuan calmly willed the lotus petals to swivel slightly.

Boom! The sharp shuttle stabbed directly against the slowly swiveling black lotus petals but was completely blocked.

Boom! Boom! The attacks from the Triult Swords and the Immortal Slaying Swords arrived as well. The black lotus simply slowly swiveled to block the two attacks. Although it trembled, it was still able to endure the strikes.

One of the enormous lotus petals gently brushed against the body of the

Lord of All Fiends, who had moved into close combat range. He was knocked flying backwards and he vomited up a mouthful of blood.

“You can’t take those attacks head-on. Those lotus petals are as powerful as Demonheart was.” The Lord of All Fiends sent a hurried mental message to the others. He was more than fast enough to have dodged the attack, but he wanted to test those black lotus petals and see how powerful they were.

This caused the major powers in both alliances to feel their hearts grow cold.

Ji Ning, Three Purities, the Lord of All Fiends...the three of them striking out essentially represented the three most powerful attackers in both alliances striking out. Although they had caused the black lotus petals to tremble, it was still clearly quite stable and far from the point of breaking down.

And a single, simple strike from a petal was comparable to a blow from Lord Demonheart?

T-this...

Boom! The enormous black lotus came smashing straight towards the Seamless Gate.

“What should we do?”

“How should we stop him?”

The major powers of the Seamless Gate and the Nuwa Alliance were both panicking. After suffering such heavy losses a few moments ago, both sides were now much weaker than before. Even the attacks of Ji Ning, Three Purities, and the Lord of All Fiends had been useless against the black lotus. Most likely, even if everyone in both alliances attacked together they still wouldn’t be able to breach its defenses.

“I have a solution. It might be able to kill Old Man Yuan.” A voice suddenly rang out in the minds of the overlords of both the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate.

“Subhuti.” Three Purities, Tathagata, and the others were intrigued.

“Master?” Ji Ning was stunned.

.....

The Crescent world.

Subhuti was standing atop the clouds, staring at past the skies towards the war in the Three Realms. He was able to see everything very clearly.

“Shennong...given what has come to pass, it is time to use that flower.” A hint of grief could be seen in Subhuti’s eyes as a fiery red flower appeared in his hands. “A pity that you won’t be able to see it.”

.....

Six years ago.

The two of them were standing together at a farm deep within the primordial chaos. There was a thatched cottage by the side of the farm, and Shennong, dressed as an old farmer, was smiling as he pointed towards a certain plot. “See that, Subhuti?”

The restrictive formations covering the field had already been withdrawn, revealing its true appearances. There were small creeks and many different plots, with a fiery red flower having appeared in the very center of the field.

“What’s that?” Subhuti paused for a moment, then his face changed slightly. “I-I...why do I sense your aura in it?”

“Yes.”

Shennong said softly, “That’s because I used my own blood and soul to nourish it. Finally, just before the Endwar, it has come to maturity. This is the most terrifying plant that I have ever created in all my life. Normally, I delight in creating medicinal plants that can save lives. But this time...I have a bad feeling about this Endwar. I feel as though there has to be someone causing it, someone scheming behind our backs.”

“Yes. Who is causing this great calamity?” Subhuti frowned as well. “The Seamless Gate has coexisted peacefully with us for countless ages

now. Why, then, am I now subconsciously sensing that destiny is telling us that either we survive or they survive? What is happening?"

"I've poured my heart and soul into the art of plants and flowers." Shennong smiled. "I'm afraid that I won't be of that much use when the war begins. I suppose this flower is the only real contribution I can make."

"This flower is for you to use." Shennong looked at Subhuti.

"Me?" Subhuti was stunned.

"Nuwa trusted you. I trust you as well." Shennong nodded. "This flower has a very simple name. It is the 'Lifeseizer Flower'. When the flower blooms, it shall seize away life! Right now, it has yet to bloom. Once you fill it with your divine power, you'll be able to make it bloom...and once it does, everything within thirty meters shall be attacked by it. Even Elder Gods will see their souls shattered and even their truesouls annihilated."

Subhuti was shocked by what he heard.

"However, you need to get within thirty meters of your target," Subhuti said. "My concern is that the instigator of the Endwar will appear and be too powerful for me to handle. If I'm too weak, I won't even be able to draw near him. But you, Subhuti, have incredible mastery over the Dao of Spacetime. You can silently draw near our opponent...although you'll probably have to sacrifice a bit of divine power once you lose that clone."

"Alright." Subhuti nodded. This definitely was a killer weapon for them to keep hidden.

"Subhuti...remember, you can't use this weapon casually. It can only be used once, after all," Shennong said.

"I understand." Subhuti nodded.

Shennong nodded slowly as well. "I hope to one day see the beauty of the flower blooming...and yet, I also hope that day will never come."

For the flower to bloom meant that they were in truly desperate straits.

"You might be worrying just a bit too much." Subhuti smiled. "You know

how powerful our side is, and we also have the three guardian formations. On the whole, we should be overwhelmingly more powerful than the Seamless Gate.”

“No one can predict the future. It is best to be cautious.” Shennong turned to stare at the creeks flowing through his fields and the tiny little eddies within them. “You and I are different. Suiren and I both watched as our fragile little human race slowly rose to prominence. Many of our comrades died during that process. That’s why I know that life and death are both unpredictable things. There will always be unexpected events in every war.”

“Look at those little eddies in the creeks. They can represent all the deceased heroes of the human race. They risked their lives for the sake of giving their descendants a brighter, safer future. This tribulation is a great tribulation for all the Three Realms. I hope that the Three Realms will be able to safely endure it and once more return to peace.”

“Right.” Subhuti sighed as well. He, too, was concerned.

The war of the Primordial Era had resulted in both chaosworlds being shattered.

What would happen this time?

“Let us fight. If someone wishes to take over our home or destroy it, we shall fight them to the bitter end.” Shennong waved his hand, causing the flower to fly over and land within it. He lowered his head to look at it, then handed it to Subhuti. “I entrust it to you.”

“Alright.” Subhuti nodded.

.....

The present day.

“I have a solution that might allow us to kill Old Man Yuan.” Subhuti’s voice rang out within the minds of Ji Ning, Jueming, Three Purities, Houyi, Everwood, and Allfiend.

“So long as I can get within thirty meters of him, I’ll have a very good

chance of killing him! Even if he doesn't die, he will still be heavily wounded," Subhuti said. "However, the issue is that this black lotus formation has completely locked down spacetime around him. There's no way for me to draw near him. I need all of you to help me breach that black lotus formation. Without it locking down spacetime, I'll be able to instantly appear next to him and launch my attack."

Chapter 29: All To Let the Flower Bloom

“Subhuti, are you really sure about this?”

“Even if we can temporarily breach the formation, Old Man Yuan has a host of servants guarding him. He himself is also unfathomably powerful.” Everyone began to question him.

Subhuti continued to stand there atop the clouds of the Crescent world. His divine body suddenly split in half, resulting in a second Subhuti appearing next to him. “I’m sure.”

It wasn’t that he had faith in himself.

It was that he had faith in Shennong! Shennong had said that even Elder Gods would see their souls shattered and their truesouls destroyed by this flower.

“Good.” Keeper Everwood sent mentally, “Subhuti, my old friend, I believe in you. I never would’ve thought that we would have the chance to fight alongside each other.”

“I believe in you.”

“We have no other options.”

“Everyone, how should we break that black lotus formation?”

The overlords were all speaking mentally to each other.

Houyi had been silent this entire time. Suddenly, he sent mentally, “I need your help. All of you, attack the black lotus formation! Put it under some pressure, and then I’ll use my archery to break through it with one strike.”

Ji Ning and the others were all stunned upon hearing Houyi say this.

They had great confidence in Houyi, because Houyi was the one who had slain Lord Demonheart! However, Houyi clearly was heavily injured right now.

“This arrow will be my most powerful arrow, an arrow that will be far stronger than the ones I used to kill Lord Demonheart,” Houyi said.

“Fine. We’ll do as you say.”

“Alright.”

The various major powers quickly came to a decision.

“Everyone, we no longer have any other way out of this.” Lord Tathagata let out a growl as he and the Empyrean Gods around him all stared at the black lotus formation as it assaulted the distant army of the Seamless Gate. Everyone’s eyes were filled with hatred...and then they summoned the natural energy of Heaven and Earth, quickly forming a Pangu Genesis Formation around Lord Tathagata.

“Hahaha...we’ve been forced to the brink. My fellow Daoists, come fight by my side!” Daoist Three Purities let out a laugh as the Pure Yang True Immortals around him quickly joined together into the Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation.

“My fellow Diremonster brethren, let us kill this Old Man Yuan! After we kill him, we’ll drink and feast together!” Sun Wukong let out a loud roar which was immediately followed by the cries and cheers of the many Diremonster Gods around him as they formed into a Pangu Genesis Formation around him. The massive Pangu-Wukong charged forward through the Void towards their enemies.

“Daoist Yuan...today is the day you shall die.” Buddha Amitabha took control of a Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation as well.

Kuafu...

Daoist Jade Cauldron...

Buddha Maitreya...

All of these powerful figures who were close to the overlord level took control of a grand formation. None of the Empyrean Gods or True Immortals within the formations shirked back from their duty. They all fearlessly followed their major power leaders into war.

“Amitabaha...to be able to join so many friends in battle is truly a blessing,” Buddha Jueming said with a smile as he sped through the Void

towards the black lotus formation.

“Brightmoon.” In this moment...Ning’s mind was filled with images of his daughter, Brightmoon.

“No one will be able to harm you.”

“No one.”

A black lightning serpent streaked across the Void, charging towards the black lotus formation.

Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation had been watching this battle from afar. Upon seeing all the experts of the Three Realms charge straight towards the black lotus formation, Witherspike felt astonishment. He couldn’t help but reminisce to himself as he murmured softly, “By all rights, the Mindlord isn’t someone that these locals can defeat. They are fools to true! And yet...when I see this, I can’t help but hope for their victory, much like how I hoped that my own homeland would win that great war. Alas...in the end, this world is a world where the strong reign supreme.”

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

Old Man Yuan showed no mercy at all. The black lotus petals ground away at the attackers like a meat grinder, quickly causing the deaths of many major powers and the destruction of multiple formations.

Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, Keeper Everwood, and the Lord of All Fiends had charged to the very front, seeking to aid the other major powers as much as they could. They relied on the power of their divine bodies or the strength of their defensive techniques to charge into the most dangerous situations, ensuring that their allies would suffer fewer losses as they furiously attacked the black lotus formation.

The Triult Swords, the Immortal Slaying Swords, and other streaks of jade light, bloody light, sword-light, and various Chaos weapons all struck out towards the grand formation.

Both alliances were attacking with full strength, holding nothing back whatsoever.

Far off in the distance, Houyi calmly watched this all happen. "Everyone...I promise that I will not let you down." He drew his bow.

Old Man Yuan had been calmly watching everything happen from within his black lotus formation. Upon seeing Houyi draw his bow, Old Man Yuan's face changed slightly as he stared at Houyi. He knew exactly how formidable every single Heartforce Cultivator could be. Although Houyi only knew some techniques he had devised on his own, he had been able to use those techniques to kill the Lord of the Demonheart! Old Man Yuan didn't dare to underestimate Houyi's attacks. This was one of the reasons why he had taken control over Chang'e all those years ago; he wanted to be able to influence and perhaps restrict Houyi's actions.

"Houyi." Old Man Yuan issued a silent order, causing Chang'e to immediately fly in front of him.

"If you wish to act against me, you'll have to kill Chang'e first." Although Old Man Yuan felt confident that he could handle this next arrow, he still acted with caution.

"Houyi." As Houyi drew his bow, he felt as though he had returned to those bygone days, the most beautiful days in his life.

"Houyi, have a taste. Does it taste good?"

"Everything you make is wonderful, Chang'e."

Although certain things happened afterwards that broke his heart, the beauty of those oldest memories had never faded.

Houyi smiled as he pulled the bow to a full draw.

Rumble...the Void shook as a flood of chaos energy began to fill Houyi's divine bow.

Rumble...the bowstring also began to tremble.

Houyi's divine body transformed into a breathtakingly brilliant beacon of light...and then all the light was also poured into that arrow.

Chaos energy was his bow. Heartforce was his bowstring. His own body, his very life itself, was his arrow.

This was an arrow which Houyi had developed over the course of countless years of melancholy and spiritual sorrow. An arrow which required the life of the archer...

Twang.

The bowstring sang.

The arrow flew.

The only thing left in the Void was Houyi's divine bow, which seemed to be sobbing in pain.

The arrow pierced through the skies, gathering and swallowing all of the chaos energy and natural energy nearby. This arrow streaked through the Void like a meteor, becoming increasingly brilliant as it flew forward. The entire Void seemed to have turned silent. All the major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals were staring at this arrow. They were frantically assaulting the black lotus formation, precisely so that they could give this arrow a chance.

They understood that Houyi had sacrificed his very life for this arrow.

Although they felt sorrow, they also felt hope. Hope that this arrow would succeed. If necessary, they would be willing to make the exact same sacrifice.

"A suicide arrow." Protected by his black lotus formation, Old Man Yuan frowned. "This Houyi truly is a madman. He is tremendously talented in heartforce, but why is it that every single technique he came up with is borderline suicidal? He used what could be described as a desperation attack in order to kill Lord Demonheart, but this arrow? It's completely a suicide attack."

The arrow was too fast. There was no way to dodge it at all.

"These madmen." Old Man Yuan frowned. The grand formation was being battered by everyone in both alliances. Although the individual cultivators were quite weak, when they joined forces they were so powerful that even Lord Demonheart would find it hard to withstand them. The black lotus formation truly was under a significant amount of

pressure.

Boom!

The arrow had expanded to become an utterly enormous comet, and it slammed directly against the black lotus formation, causing a tremendous boom. The formation had already taken a tremendous amount of punishment...and now, it could take no more. With a bang, it blew apart and dissipated, but as the lotus petals broke apart the giant comet became much dimmer as well. The arrow within it could now be seen as well as it continued to shoot straight towards Old Man Yuan.

Old Man Yuan stood there, horsetail whisk in hand. The strands of his whisk coiled around him, forming multiple layers of protection. He also ordered Chang'e to stand in front of him as well.

Boom!

The arrow streaked forward without changing course.

It pierced both through the body of Chang'e and the whisk-barriers. As it appeared before Old Man Yuan, Old Man Yuan struck out with his palm against the tip of the arrow.

BOOM!

Old Man Yuan was knocked quite a few steps back. Blood leaked out from the corner of his lips, but he grinned. "You were able to breach my formation, but in doing so you lost all your power. You were only able to consume up a small bit of my divine power." The only thing which he was worried about was Houyi and his arrows.

Chang'e fell to her knees, holding a hand to her chest.

Whoosh. A blurry shadow appeared in front of them, a shadow with Houyi's appearance. It was his true soul.

"Chang'e." Houyi's shadow looked at Chang'e. He gently stretched out his hand, touching her face. He said in a soft voice, "I...never...hated you."

Chang'e just looked at him, her eyes as cold as ice.

And yet...two tears silently streaked down her face.

She felt pain in her heart. She knew exactly what had happened, but there was nothing she could do.

Upon seeing the two tears streak down the face of Chang'e, Houyi's shadow smiled gently. And then...it dissipated.

"He used a suicide arrow attack, but was actually able to keep his truesoul intact for a brief moment out of pure willpower?" Old Man Yuan glanced coldly at Chang'e. She had fallen to the ground and her aura was already beginning to weaken. Her body had been penetrated by that terrifying arrow; how could she possibly survive?

"Hmph." Old Man Yuan waved his hand, causing a surge of divine power to sweep out and smash down upon her body, transforming it into ash.

And right at this moment...

"Eh?" Old Man Yuan's face changed...because right behind him, a white-haired old man in a Daoist robe had suddenly appeared.

An utterly dazzlingly flower flew out from Subhuti's hand, and as it did so it began to bloom. The petals of the flower began to spread out, revealing what could truly be described as the most indescribably beautiful flower to ever grace the Three Realms.

Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, the Lord of All Fiends, the Keeper of the Everwood, Kuafu, Sun Wukong, Crazy Ji, Jade Cauldron, Buddha Maitreya, Amitabha, and all the other major powers were watching. They stared at that flower as it bloomed. Everything they had done...Houyi's sacrifice...it was all for the sake of letting this flower bloom.

Chapter 30: Unto Death

The flower bloomed.

Daoist Subhuti watched as the flower bloomed...and then, his gaze grew dim. Although divine power still rippled through his body, his aura of life had completely vanished.

Ji Ning and the others watched from afar, staring hopefully at Old Man Yuan who stood at the center of that giant black lotus. A look of horror appeared on Old Man Yuan's face, and his aura trembled then weakened dramatically.

"He didn't die."

"He didn't die!"

Ning and the others were all stunned. The Immortals and Fiendgods of the Three Realms were in a state of shock.

"He actually didn't die." Daoist Subhuti, back within the Crescent world, let out a soft sigh. His own clone had been instantly slain and so he knew exactly how terrifyingly powerful that flower had been. Old Man Yuan, however, had actually been able to withstand it.

"Shennong said that even Elder Gods would have their souls shattered and their truesouls wiped out. Old Man Yuan, however, is far more powerful than ordinary Elder Gods." A hint of grief was in Subhuti's eyes. He understood that since the Lifeseizer Flower had failed to seize Old Man Yuan's life, the upcoming battle would be the cruelest, deadliest battle of them all. If Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata the Buddha, Buddha Jueming, Crazy Ji, Ji Ning, and the others were not able to withstand Old Man Yuan...then all living beings in the Three Realms would truly be annihilated.

"That flower...?" Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation was still watching from afar. As he saw this, he nodded to himself. "Subhuti's clone no longer has any aura of life around it, but the body of the clone is fine. It would appear as though that flower doesn't distinguish between friend or

foe; it should be something that attacks all souls and truesouls around it. Alas...the flower might've been powerful, but the Mindlord is a powerful Heartforce Cultivator. Heartforce Cultivators have more techniques for protecting their souls and truesouls than anyone else. Still, it looks as though the Mindlord was heavily injured; even his life aura has grown unstable."

"Kill."

"Kill him."

"Kill."

Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, the Lord of All Fiends, Keeper Everwood, Ji Ning, Buddha Jueming, and the rest of the major powers were briefly disappointed, but then their eyes turned red with bloodlust as they let out furious roars and began to launch all-out attacks with abandon.

Old Man Yuan's face turned ugly. He barked out in a cold voice, "Kill them!"

He knew quite well that this was the critical moment. As he gave the order, his soulslaves immediately sprang into action, forming into multiple smaller formations and engaging the Nuwa Alliance and Seamless Gate in battle. The three guardian formations of the Nuwa Alliance were particularly deadly, and the ones under the command of Buddha Maitreya, Buddha Amitabha, and Daoist Jade Cauldron were actually able to hold the upper hand, tying down the likes of Elder God Gonggong for now.

"Blacklotus Guard." Old Man Yuan sat down into the lotus position and activated a secret art.

Whoosh!

Instantly, the area around him transformed into countless lotus flowers. He was seated atop a lotus throne, while the sea of black lotuses around him and spread out to cover an area of nearly ten thousand kilometers. Spacetime around him instantly became sealed, blocking out any movement.

“Attack.” Daoist Three Purities, Lord Tathagata, the Lord of All Fiends, Keeper Everwood, Ji Ning, and Buddha Jueming were clearly more powerful than the other major powers. They either charging forward alone or attacked from afar with the help of mighty formations, furiously assaulting Old Man Yuan.

There were seven figures in total, as Ji Ning was using both his true body and his Primaltwin. This represented seven elite Elder Gods assaulting Old Man Yuan!

The most powerful forces on both sides had joined together to attack him; even Lord Demonheart at his peak would have been suppressed in power. However...although Old Man Yuan had clearly been heavily injured, he was able to rely on his ‘Blacklotus Guard’ to block all attacks. The lotus petals slowly swiveled around him, rendering the area around him completely impervious to attack.

Old Man Yuan was one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus. He was a supreme Elder God, and an extraordinary one at that! He was most skilled in heartforce and knew many secret arts, and he naturally knew the ‘black lotus techniques’ which God Emperor Blacklotus had developed.

This Black Lotus Guardian was something which Ji Ning and the others were not capable of breaching.

“Die.” Old Man Yuan, seated atop the lotus throne, had an ugly look on his face. He reached out with his right hand which instantly expanded in size and glowed with black light, stretching out hundreds of thousands of kilometers to strike at Daoist Three Purities. Daoist Three Purities wasn’t too far away, as he had to rely on his Immortal Slaying Swords to attack. Only Houyi, who attacked with arrows, was capable of attacking from a greater distance.

Old man Yuan’s fingers reached out towards him like the very pillars of heavens themselves.

“Not good.” The black-robed Ning immediately willed his Triult Swords to arc out in a streak of curved light, stabbing towards that palm.

“Hmph.” Daoist Three Purities also used his Immortal Slaying Swords to strike out at the attack.

“And here I was worrying that he would keep hiding inside without coming out.” The Lord of All Fiends was the fastest of them all. He instantly appeared next to Old Man Yuan’s elongated right arm, then whipped down his long shuttle at the arm.

Boom! Bang! Bang!

The attacks from the three major powers forced Old Man Yuan to withdraw his arm once more.

“What?! His body is comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic treasure?” This exchange of blows caused the hearts of Daoist Three Purities, Ji Ning, and Allfiend to clench. When their attacks had landed on Old Man Yuan’s arm, they had only been able to cause a few sparks to appear.

“I never would’ve thought that I’d have to fight with full power in order to kill you backwater locals of the Three Realms. That flower should have been devised by Shennong, I believe? It was quite nasty.” Old Man Yuan’s face was quite pale. He put away his horsetail whisk, then a total of six arms suddenly appeared on his body. His six arms all dramatically elongated, striking out at the various major powers.

Old Man Yuan continued to sit there atop his black lotus throne, striking out with his six arms in every direction, his hands executing different types of marvelous palm-arts and finger-arts.

“The heavy injury he suffered just now was to his soul. Now, he’s using up his divine power as well. Every bit of divine power he uses up, a bit of his soul is used up as well.” Lord Tathagata sent mentally, “Everyone, keep fighting. If we can hold on for long enough, he won’t be able to endure it.”

“All of you can go die.” Old Man Yuan also knew that he wouldn’t be able to stay in battle for too long.

Faced with six attacking arms at once, Ning and the others had to fend for themselves by themselves.

Boom!

Old Man Yuan's giant palm clashed directly against Keeper Everwood's wooden ruler.

Bang!

An invisible wave of power struck out at Keeper Everwood's soul. Keeper Everwood's wooden ruler turned sluggish, giving the palm a chance to slip past it and strike directly against his body.

"Everwood!" Lord Allfiend's face twisted. He never would've expected that Keeper Everwood, so skilled in defense, would actually be the first to fall into danger.

"I won't be able to escape." Keeper Everwood quickly understood that he wouldn't be able to avoid death.

His mind became filled with thoughts of how he had journeyed as a mortal through the Seamless Chaosworld.

He thought of a wooden house.

Keeper Everwood had played an everwood flute in front of that house as a certain woman had danced by his side.

"I really wish I could go back...but I never will..."

Swish!

The giant palm pierced straight through Keeper Everwood's body...but as it did, Keeper Everwood actually laughed.

BOOM!

His body suddenly exploded. Pierced through by that palm, he had unhesitatingly chosen to self-detonate. This explosion, the self-detonation of an Elder God, rocked the entire battlefield. The power of this explosion was great enough to cause the already-injured Old Man Yuan's face to turn even paler.

"These damn locals." Old Man Yuan knew that at a critical time like this, he had to either kill these Immortals and Fiendgods or be killed!

He never would've imagined that he would be in such a dangerous situation. It was all due to that flower!

No...it was all because of Houyi.

If it wasn't for Houyi, his black lotus formation wouldn't have been breached.

"Die." Old Man Yuan grew even more berserk. This time, he simultaneously struck out with two of his palms against Daoist Three Purities. Daoist Three Purities' 'Immortal Slaying Swords' had tremendous penetrative power. As a result, his attacks were actually the most damaging to Old Man Yuan.

"My fellow Daoists, are you willing to accompany me unto death?" Daoist Three Purities knew that he wouldn't be able to survive this attack; the defensive power of his 'Nuwa Heaven Repairing Formation' was far lower than that of an Elder God's body.

"It is our honor to follow you, Daofather."

"Let's fight!"

As the giant palms came smashing towards them, Daoist Three Purities and his 3600 True Immortals all smiled. Then...they transformed into an incomparably dazzling sun that was even more brilliant than the Solar Star itself.

"You've gone ahead of us, my old friend," Lord Tathagata murmured to himself.

"I swear I will slay this Outsider!" Ning's eyes were filled with crimson bloodlust.

"Amitabha." Buddha Jueming was even more berserk.

"These damn yokels!" Old Man Yuan was going crazy from rage as well. Keeper Everwood had chosen to self-detonate, then Daoist Three Purities and several thousand True Immortals had chosen to do the same, allowing all of the Immortal energy in their body to completely burst forth. The explosive power was simply too great; even Old Man Yuan was

injured by the waves of power.

“Die! Die!” Old Man Yuan then sent three of his palms to strike out towards Ji Ning. Aside from the Immortal Slaying Swords, Ji Ning’s Triult Swords were the most dangerous weapons on the battlefield. The two people Old Man Yuan wanted dead above all others were Ji Ning and Daoist Three Purities.

Ning’s true body was able to block one palm...but the other two palms continued forward to strike against Ning’s Primaltwin. The black-robed Primaltwin’s body was quite weak, after all; he wouldn’t be able to resist any close range attacks that landed against him. Ning’s true body had been helping out this entire time, but now that three palms were simultaneously striking out against him...the only possible result was death.

“Outsider...” The black-robed Ning shut his eyes.

BOOM!

Yet another dazzling, enormous sun suddenly lit up.

Chapter 31: The Destiny of the Three Realms

When the distant incarnation of Godfiend Witherspike saw those enormous suns erupt one after the other, even he was moved by the grief he could sense radiating from them. Some of his most ancient memories were stirred, and he couldn't help but sigh softly, "Even I hope that they can kill the Mindlord. Perhaps the Mindlord really will end up falling by the hands of these locals."

Keeper Everwood, dead.

Daoist Three Purities and his 3600 True Immortals, dead.

The black-robed Ji Ning, dead.

"Die, you yokels! All of you, die!" Old Man Yuan was utterly enraged. Even if he won this battle, his soul would have been so heavily injured that even he didn't know how long it would take for it to heal. He sent three of his enormous arms reaching out towards Lord Tathagata the Buddha.

Lord Buddha murmured in a soft voice, "If I do not go to Hell, who shall? My friends, are you willing to venture into Hell alongside me?" 1

"I am willing."

"I am willing."

The Empyrean Gods by his side were all extremely calm as the most unforgettable memories of their lives slowly drifted through their minds. They all had things they had once sworn to protect, and they would not shirk back from their duty, not even if it cost them their lives.

The three enormous palms descended upon them.

Lord Buddha and his 5800 Empyrean Gods were all completely calm and peaceful.

BOOM!!!

A blindingly brilliant sun erupted once more.

Although Lord Tathagata had an indestructible golden body, he knew very well that he was still just a True God. If he didn't self-detonate, Old Man Yuan would end up suppressing him and then sealing him away. The end result would still be death, and he wouldn't even be able to harm Old Man Yuan! Thus, Lord Buddha didn't hesitate at all. He immediately self-detonated, the shock of the explosion causing Old Man Yuan's hands to shudder and quickly draw backwards.

Old Man Yuan's face turned even uglier to behold.

"Kill!" Old Man Yuan had already made up his mind to wipe them all out. His next target was Buddha Jueming. Buddha Jueming's protective divine ability was incredibly formidable. Given that he was also an Elder God...he made Old Man Yuan rather uncomfortable.

"Amitabha. Northrest, my benefactor...this monk won't be able to travel to Vastheaven Palace." Buddha Jueming silently murmured these words to himself, smiling as he watched those three massive palms descend towards him.

BOOM!!!

Buddha Jueming also transformed into a dazzlingly bright sun, the power of the explosion furiously draining away Old Man Yuan's divine power. However, given that Old Man Yuan was a Heartforce Cultivator, he'd still be able to survive even if the only part of him left was his truesoul! When World God Northrest had fled, he had lost both his body and his soul. The only part of him left was his truesoul, and his truesoul was actually beginning to dissipate as well. Despite all that, he had managed to stay alive for a long period of time.

Obviously, Old Man Yuan wasn't as formidable as Northrest. However, although quite a bit of his divine power and soul had been consumed, he was still able to continue to launch attacks of tremendous power.

This was the difference between himself and Lord Demonheart. He was one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus!

“He’s still not dead?”

“How is he not dead?!”

The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance and the Seamless Gate all felt heartbroken over their losses, and yet somehow Old Man Yuan was still alive!

“Ji Ning, die.” Old Man Yuan next sent five of his arms to strike at Ji Ning. Ji Ning’s true body had mastered the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent], making it extremely hard for Old Man Yuan to kill him with just one or two arms. However, Old Man Yuan’s arms were all capable of attacking as fast as the limits of the Heavenly Daos. When five of those arms attacked simultaneously, there really was no way for Ji Ning to dodge, especially since he had been fighting in close combat to begin with.

In addition...Ji Ning never even considered fleeing.

None of the other major powers had additional clones like he did, yet they had all decided to self-detonate in the hopes of exhausting more of Old Man Yuan’s divine power. Ning had clones. How could he flee?

In this moment, he threw all other thoughts to the back of his mind. He focused on just one thing...to injure Old Man Yuan as best he could. Perhaps he might be the straw that broke the camel’s back, causing Old Man Yuan to die.

Keeper Everwood had died.

Daoist Three Purities and his 3600 True Immortals had died.

The black-robed Primaltwin Ning had died.

Lord Tathagata the Buddha and his 5800 Empyrean Gods had died.

Buddha Jueming had died.

Now, even Ning’s true body was going to die.

“My fellow Daoists...I’m not afraid of death, but I have to ensure that the Seamless Gate will live on. If all of us were to die here, the Immortals and Fiendgods who died for our sake would have died for nothing.” The Lord of All Fiends finally decided to flee.

“Let’s go.”

“We’re leaving the Three Realms.”

The Lord of All Fiends began to collect the major powers of the Seamless Gate mid-battle.

Before this Endwar had begun, these major powers had all handed their closest friends and loved ones over to the Lord of All Fiends for safekeeping. They all had faith in the escaping abilities of the Lord of All Fiends. The reason why they were willing to risk or even to give up their lives was to ensure that the ones they cared about would be able to continue living.

“Let’s go. All of you, let’s go.” Subhuti appeared next to the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance as well.

“Let’s go.” Sun Wukong’s eyes turned red, as did the eyes of many others.

“Let’s go.”

They all understood that continuing to fight like this would be pointless. The whole point of them fighting was to keep the soulslaves occupied, preventing them from assisting Old Man Yuan! Now, however, there was no point. It was all up to Ji Ning.

These other True Gods and Daofathers were too weak to make a difference; they simply couldn’t keep Old Man Yuan tied down. If Old Man Yuan wanted to flee, he could do so whenever he wished to. Only the likes of Ji Ning, the Lord of All Fiends, and the other overlords were capable of forcing Old Man Yuan to stay and fight.

The Lord of All Fiends evacuated the Seamless Gate, while Subhuti evacuated the Nuwa Alliance. Both sides had already made their preparations.

If Ji Ning’s self-detonation failed to slay Old Man Yuan, then they would leave the Three Realms and enter the endless primordial chaos.

If Ji Ning’s self-detonation succeeded in exhausting Old Man Yuan’s

store of divine power, rendering him helpless...then they would counter-attack and win!

It was all up to Ji Ning!

Those five massive palms reached out for Ning from five different directions, covering the Void like five massive stormclouds. All of them moved as fast as the speed of light, giving Ning's true body no chance to run.

"Is the Three Realms about to be destroyed?"

"No..."

"We still have a slight chance."

Ning was calmer than he ever had been before. The reason why all of those overlords had sacrificed themselves was because they saw that same slight chance as well.

"Come, then." Ning's heart was as still as water.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Old Man Yuan's five palms slammed down with no mercy whatsoever towards Ning's true body. With the Lord of All Fiends having fled, the Three Realms no longer posed any threat to him whatsoever. As for the likes of Buddha Maitreya or Sun Wukong, those major powers were too weak in comparison. If he wanted to fight them, he would; if he wanted to flee from them, he could.

Ji Ning was the last one who could pose a threat to him.

"Die, then." Old Man Yuan's eyes were filled with cold savagery as he mentally steeled himself for Ji Ning's self-detonation. "I can take another blast. I can still hold."

The Lord of All Fiends had fled far off into the distance and was watching through his senses.

Patriarch Subhuti was also far away by now, and by his side stood Buddha Maitreya, Buddha Amitabha, Sun Wukong, Jade Cauldron, and the others. They, too, were watching.

Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation was also watching from afar.

The destiny of the Three Realms itself hung in the balance, and everyone was waiting to see how the scales would be tipped. Even the Heavenly Daos were shuddering. They understood that a critical moment had arrived...but there was nothing they could do.

As for the countless living creatures of the Three Realms, they continued to peacefully live their ordinary lives. Some struggled for political power, some wooed their lovers, some chanted poems, some focused on their studies, and some were fighting in their own wars...

They had no idea...that the fate of the entire Three Realms would be decided in this next instant.

“...What’s going on?” The Lord of All Fiends, Patriarch Subhuti, Godfiend Witherspike, and the others all grew puzzled.

This was because Old Man Yuan’s giant palms had descended upon Ji Ning, clutching him in their grasp.

But...

There was no detonation!

“He didn’t self-detonate?!” The Lord of All Fiends boggled.

Subhuti and the rest of the Nuwa Alliance were all stunned as well. Even Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation was stunned.

None of them believed that this was because Ji Ning was afraid to die. Ji Ning had to know that if Old Man Yuan captured him and sealed him away, the end result would still be death, and a pointless one at that. He wouldn’t even be able to injure Old Man Yuan.

They were shocked. Old Man Yuan himself was shocked. He had already mentally prepared himself to deal with Ji Ning’s self-detonation, but even as he finally wrapped his fingers around Ji Ning, Ji Ning still did not self-detonate.

“The destiny of the Three Realms shall be decided in this instant.”

When Ning saw the palms draw near him, he had decided to self-detonate.

In this moment, his heart was calmer than it ever had been before. He stood there all by himself, his friends and allies all far away, his spirit in a state of complete silence...and suddenly, he found that spark of insight within his divine body.

“A spark of insight that can only be found in endless solitude...” As death descended, Ning suddenly gave up his plans of self-detonation. Instead, he immediately activated the [Solitary World God] technique.

In order to advance through the [Solitary World God], one had to find a spark of insight hidden within one’s divine body.

Last time, when he had broken through to become a True God, he had succeeded because of the effort he had spent on mastering the Goldstar Beads of the Heavens. This time, however, it was because in this moment where the entire destiny of the Three Realms hung in the balance, his soul had become so extraordinarily calm and silent that he was able to sense that tiny little spark inside himself.

Whoosh. Old Man Yuan’s fingers clenched around Ji Ning.

Ji Ning did not self-detonate.

“It’s over.” The Lord of All Fiends shook his head.

“It’s finished.” The major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all shook their heads, despair written plainly on their faces. They had tried so hard...but for some reason, Ji Ning had refused to self-detonate. The last hope of the Three Realms was gone.

“No.” Patriarch Subhuti continued to watch. He wouldn’t believe it. He refused to believe that his disciple was a craven man who feared death.

Rumble...

Boundless amounts of chaos energy suddenly began to appear in a great flood, forming an enormous chaos vortex that was centered...directly above Ji Ning.

“It’s not finished. The Three Realms isn’t finished.” When Subhuti saw the chaos vortex suddenly appear, he let out a hoarse cry. “The Three

Realms is not finished!”

*

1. This is a very famous Buddhist saying which was actually attributed to Bodhisattva Kshitigarbha, who swore that he would not allow himself to become a Buddha until he rescued all living things who were trapped in Hell. When asked by others why he was doing this, he countered with the question, ‘If I do not go to hell (to rescue those people), who shall?’

Chapter 32: Half-Step World God

“Is that...!”

The Lord of All Fiends, the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance, and Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation all stared at the chaos vortex which had suddenly appeared. All of them tensed as they sensed that aura of tremendous power expand and wash over them. The source of that terrifying aura...lay in the center of Old Man Yuan’s giant palms.

“Impossible. This is impossible.” Old Man Yuan was still seated on his lotus throne, but his face now completely changed. He could keenly sense the terrifying power emanating from Ji Ning, who he still held within his grasp. Clearly, Ji Ning was striving to push him back.

“He made a breakthrough?!”

Old Man Yuan had experienced the war that ended the Primordial Era. It was at the very end of that war when Mother Nuwa had broken through to become a World God, absorbing enormous amounts of chaos energy and then dominating all her foes. For a chaos vortex to appear at a moment like this...Old Man Yuan knew right away that Ji Ning had begun to make a breakthrough.

But...Ji Ning had only trained for roughly a thousand years!

“He’s barely a thousand years old. There’s no way he could possibly become a World God so quickly.”

“And judging from the size of this chaos vortex, it doesn’t appear as though he has become a World God.”

“So long as he isn’t a World God, he still won’t be a match for me.” Old Man Yuan had been heavily wounded. He knew that this was a critical moment, and he truly did not wish to lose. To lose meant dying in the hands of these local yokels, and so he repeatedly consoled himself by telling himself he would win.

“Get over here!” Old Man Yuan sought to tighten his grip around Ning and pull him over.

BOOM!

Ning suddenly manifested three heads and six arms. His six arms trembled violently, but he was still able to push Old Man Yuan's palms aside.

A vast flood of chaos energy continued to pour into Ji Ning's body. Ji Ning's divine body was continuously improving and transforming as his True God power was rapidly converted into Elder God power. This caused his aura to continue to grow in power, allowing him to fight back with greater and greater efficacy.

"Damn." This time, Old Man Yuan struck out with all six of his massive palms.

BANG! BOOM! BANG!

Ning continued to block and occasionally counter-attack. Only part of his mind was on the fight; most of his efforts were directed towards converting his divine power.

His body continued to grow more and more powerful...

"How can this be? How can he be this strong? Even if he has become an Elder God, it doesn't make sense for him to become this strong." Old Man Yuan grew frantic. The amount of power which Ji Ning had revealed already surpassed that which an Elder God should be capable of. Old Man Yuan's six arms were now completely incapable of suppressing Ji Ning.

Of course, Old Man Yuan had no idea that Ji Ning had trained in both the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods] and the [One True Body] divine abilities. Upon becoming an Elder God, Ning would be as strong as seventeen Elder Gods added together. This was even more effective than seventeen Elder Gods joining together into a formation; he could be considered a half-step World God!

Old Man Yuan couldn't be blamed for his miscalculation.

This combination of techniques was extremely rare, even amongst Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. Less than one in ten thousand would be at such a level of power. The King of Pangaea himself had only risen to

prominence amongst Elder Gods after he had mastered the third level of the [Taowu Eighteen Fiendgods], which allowed him to fuse all eighteen of his bodies together. When he later became a World God, he became an incredibly powerful one thanks to his enormously strong and stable foundation.

“Old Man Yuan can no longer hold him down.” The Lord of All Fiends revealed a look of joy.

“He can’t hold Darknorth down any longer.” Buddha Maitreya and the others began to grow excited as well. Why had so many major powers, Immortals, and Fiendgods sacrificed their lives earlier? It was all for the sake of defeating this alien Outsider and defending their Three Realms. Now...they could see hope!

“You have to win. You HAVE to win!” Patriarch Subhuti grew excited as well, his body beginning to visibly tremble.

“Die! Die! DIE!” Old Man Yuan’s six arms struck out at Ji Ning with wild, berserk abandon.

Rumble...

The flood of chaos energy continued to pour into Ning’s body, causing even more of his True God power to be converted into Elder God power. By now, more than seventy percent of the divine power in his body was Elder God power, and the rest was still being converted. He was now so strong that his punches and kicks were enough to completely block Old Man Yuan’s attacks. In terms of raw power alone, he had definitely surpassed Old Man Yuan already.

A half-step World God...unless a true World God made an appearance, a half-step World God could be described as capable of utterly dominating all opponents.

“How could this happen? How could he be this strong? What the hell type of divine abilities and secret arts has he trained in?” Old Man Yuan was beginning to panic. “I need to leave, now!”

There was no time for slow pondering. Old Man Yuan immediately

chose to flee!

As one of the Nine Divine Generals, he was an extremely crafty figure. He knew very well that given how Ji Ning had learned the [Ninehorn Lightning Serpent], it would be extremely difficult for him to flee. This was one of the reasons why he hadn't tried to leave earlier and had instead focused on attempting to wipe out the experts of the Three Realms. Now, his plan was to take advantage of the fact that Ji Ning was making a breakthrough and use the remaining time to flee.

Swoosh! Old Man Yuan immediately began to flee at high speed atop his black lotus, and as he did so he gave orders to his many soulslaves. "Stop Ji Ning!"

"You want to run?"

Ji Ning was continuing to convert his divine power, but he immediately transformed into a streak of black lightning and chased after Old Man Yuan. Although his divine power was not yet fully converted, and although combat would slow down the breakthrough process, that wouldn't make much of a difference. When Mother Nuwa had made her breakthrough to become a World God, she had caused an even greater disturbance and needed to convert even more divine power, but she was still able to dominate all her foes during the process.

Swish! The black lightning serpent flashed forward through the Void, easily dodging past the other major powers and chasing after Old Man Yuan.

"Damn." Old Man Yuan felt hatred and regret. He had made so many preparations and backup plans, and he had even managed to avoid exposing himself during the war that had ended the Primordial Era after seeing Mother Nuwa make her breakthrough. This time, he had only chosen to reveal his true self after Lord Demonheart had died and the two alliances had come to a ceasefire...but then he ended up running into this monster, Ji Ning!

Houyi was a monster.

Ji Ning was a monster as well.

Houyi had slain Lord Demonheart and breached the first black lotus formation.

Shennong's Lifeseizer Flower had heavily injured him.

The self-detonations of the various major powers had depleted the majority of Old Man Yuan's divine power.

"Given all of my abilities, if I was at peak power I wouldn't be afraid to battle this Ji Ning head-on. But...this body is a body that I took over through possession. It is too slow!" Old Man Yuan shook his head. He wasn't even able to fly as fast as the speed of light; there was no way he would be able to escape. And, unlike Subhuti, he didn't have any techniques that allowed him to flee to a different spacetime continuum. His only choice was to face Ji Ning head-on.

"Blacklotus Guard." Old Man Yuan sat down in the lotus position once more, the black lotus flowers once more circling around him and covering an area of ten thousand kilometers. The lotus petals began to swivel in place as he stared icily at the white-robed youth.

Ning just stood there in the Void, his aura continuing to grow more and more powerful.

Ninety percent. A hundred percent!

The chaos vortex above him finally began to vanish. Ji Ning looked at Old Man Yuan, his eyes filled with a terrible, terrifying light.

"Outsider...today is the day you die." Ning's body blurred briefly as he manifested his three heads and six arms.

"A yokel like you dares to put on airs in front of me?" Old Man Yuan sat there atop his black lotus throne as he replied in a cold voice. "I might be heavily wounded, but if I have to fight to the death I can still kill a bumpkin like you."

"Hmph."

Ji Ning let out an angry snort. His six arms instantly stretched out through the Void, expanding many tens of thousands of kilometers as

they simultaneously struck out towards Old Man Yuan's black lotus flowers. Ning's six mighty arms were like six enormous axes, and he furiously chopped down upon the black lotus flowers with power comparable to Pangu's when Pangu cleaved apart Heaven from Earth.

Divine ability...[Starseizing Hand]!

[Brightmoon] sword-art, Heavenbreaker stance!

"Keep dreaming." Old Man Yuan felt complete confidence in himself. The Blacklotus Guard was a secret art of God Emperor Blacklotus. It possessed incredible defensive strength and was so durable that the simultaneous attacks of Ji Ning, Daoist Three Purities, the Lord of All Fiends, and Keeper Everwood had been able to do nothing to it.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Six massive explosions rang out.

The black lotus flowers surrounding him shuddered violently. Even his lotus throne shuddered, and quite a few of the lotus petals began to crack apart.

"What?!" Old Man Yuan was shocked. How was this possible? He had been personally taught this technique by the God Emperor. Even supreme Elder Gods should find it difficult to breach this technique!

"Eh?" Ning actually frowned as well.

He knew better than anyone else how shockingly powerful he had become. He was now a half-step World God, and his six palms were all comparable to Chaos weapons. His skills in sword-arts were incredibly high, and when he used the 'Heavenbreaker stance' to strike his blows definitely possessed the power of a supreme Elder god. He had also used the [Starseizing Hand], making his blows more powerful than even Lord Demonheart's had been.

He had struck out with six palms at the same time...and yet, the black lotus flowers hadn't completely shattered?

"I told you. Today is the day you die." Ning retracted three of his six

arms, then manifested a blood-red sword within one of them – Violetjewel. Ning's eyes were filled with murder.

If he didn't use Violetjewel and instead used brute force strikes, he would probably still be able to eventually break apart the Blacklotus Guard or to completely exhaust Old Man Yuan's divine power and then kill him...but Ning felt far too much hatred towards Old Man Yuan. He wasn't willing to wait, and so he immediately took out the most powerful weapon he had.

A half-step World God body...a supreme sword-art...the [Starseizing Hand]...and Violetjewel, a weapon that was comparable to a Dao weapon...

Ning's power had already crossed the threshold of a World God's power.

Chapter 33: Curtain Call

“A sword?” When Old Man Yuan saw Ji Ning pull out a sword, he gritted his teeth. “My black lotus is incredibly tough and durable. It’s perfect against swords and sabers.”

Boom!

The white-robed Ji Ning took a step forward, his body rapidly expanding in size to become thirty thousand kilometers in height, comparable to the size of the black lotuses. He then lifted up the similarly enormous Violetjewel.

“You shall break for me!” Ning raised Violetjewel up high, filling it with a savage torrent of divine power that passed through the sword’s quintessence and made it even more powerful. The towering Ning held Violetjewel high in the air, then furiously chopped down towards the protective black lotus in front of him. The anger infused into this chop made it even more savage than any of his previous strikes.

“He wasn’t even able to breach my defenses when using all six arms. Now, with just a single sword...” Old Man Yuan smiled coldly as he took firm control over his Blacklotus Guard...but then, his cold smile turned stiff.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was like the Heavens had collapsed.

In the instant that the blow connected with the black lotus flowers, the flowers completely folded under its power. Countless lotus petals were instantly torn apart, causing the entire black lotus to begin to break apart.

“A Dao weapon.” Old Man Yuan stared as Ning struck out with Violetjewel. “Is that a Dao weapon? It has to be a Dao weapon. Otherwise, there’s no way it could be so powerful.”

There were many grades of magic weapons. Above Chaos weapons was the realm of Dao weapons.

Generally speaking, Dao weapons were exclusively used by World Gods and Chaos Immortals. It was almost impossibly rare for an Elder God or an Ancestral Immortal to be lucky enough to acquire one! A weakling simply wouldn't be able to keep his hands on a Dao weapon for long, and in truth Ji Ning wasn't strong enough either. Previously, when he filled it with his True God power, it had still been so weak that his strikes weren't particularly impressive. Not even experienced figures like Witherspike or Old Man Yuan had suspected that his weapon was a Dao weapon.

Now that his divine power had become dramatically stronger, the power of his weapon also became much more apparent.

The Triult Swords or the Immortal Slaying Swords, for example, could be said to have just barely surpassed Chaos weapons in might; they could be considered to have nearly reached the level of Dao weapons. However, they were only comparable to the weakest of Dao weapons; there was still a noticeable difference between them and true Dao weapons. Now that Ning had become a half-step World God, his divine power was capable of truly linking to and activating the core quintessence of the sword, allowing it to reveal its true might.

Generally speaking, only the most supreme of Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals would be qualified to even dream of possessing a Dao weapon. They would furiously battle for the right to wield such a weapon, and only the most powerful of them would ever be able to do so.

Without a Dao weapon, Ning would at most be considered a supreme Elder God and be just slightly more powerful than Lord Demonheart. They would still, however, belong to the same general level of power.

With this Dao weapon, he had truly reached the World God threshold.

"Die." After Ning broke apart the black lotuses, he returned to his normal shape and size as he transformed into a black lightning serpent that streaked towards Old Man Yuan.

"After I kill you, your Dao weapon shall be mine." A look of greed was in Old Man Yuan's eyes. "Time to go all out. I have no way out anyhow. My only option is to use my heartforce in a last-ditch attack."

During the Endwar, he hadn't tried to use his heartforce to attack Ning at all.

This was because he had discovered during his previous ambush attempt that Ji Ning's soul protection technique was extremely formidable. He simply didn't feel confident in using heartforce against Ji Ning...but now, he had no other options. Use divine power? He had almost run out, and thanks to the Dao weapon Ji Ning had just barely reached the World God threshold of power. Old Man Yuan's only shot, his final shot, was to use heartforce in one last attack.

"Die." Ning charged towards him, Violetjewel in hand.

Old Man Yuan sat there in the lotus position, striking out with his six arms to block Ning.

"Hmph." Ning chopped out with his sword once more.

Boom!

Old Man Yuan was knocked flying backwards, his hands aching and starting to split apart. He couldn't help but feel shocked by this. "With this Dao weapon in hand...in offensive power, at least, Ji Ning is as powerful as a World God. My body is comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic treasure, but it is at the verge of breaking down."

A true World God would be able to effortlessly smash apart any top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure...and Ji Ning was already strong enough to cause damage to such treasures!

Clang! Clang! Clang! Old Man Yuan used his palms to block Ning's repeated attacks. Although he was sent flying backwards each time, his defenses remained utterly airtight.

"Eh?"

Ning stared at Old Man Yuan as the latter struck out repeatedly, six arms moving like a blur. He felt a greater desire to kill this man than he had ever felt before, and the future of all living creatures of the Three Realms was riding on his shoulders. Ning felt calmer and more zen-like than he ever had before.

In recent years, he had mastered the ninety-eight stone sword-steles which World God Northrest had left behind, but he had never been able to gain proficiency in the [Nameless] sword-art. However, as he stared at Old Man Yuan's six illusory arms, a light suddenly flashed in Ning's head.

It was a very strange feeling...

It was as though the surrounding Void had become part of his own demesnes, as though the Void itself had become brimming with sword-intent. It was as though countless swords were resonating with him and were calling out with joy!

"This...this is my world."

He felt a sense of total and utter control. In this moment, Ning suddenly understood the true meaning of the first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, the 'Heartsword' stance.

The 'Heartsword' stance...

It wasn't meant to make his sword stronger! It wasn't meant to make his sword faster! On the surface, it seemed as though it wouldn't make Ning's sword attacks better in any measurable way, but in reality...the true meaning of the 'Heartsword' stance lay in truly understanding how to use and control the sword. It taught the wielder how to become the true master of his sword, allowing him to truly unleash the appropriate amount of power with every single strike. It taught one to be agile when necessary, strike with full force when necessary, block when necessary...

It was a sense of control that one would only possess when one reached a truly profound level of insight into the sword.

"Heartsword Realm."

Ning looked at Old Man Yuan's six illusory palms, then strode forward through the Void and struck out with his sword.

Slash! The sword knocked one palm aside, causing an opening to appear in the movements of the other five palms. In the past, Ning would have never been able to notice such a minute flaw...but he now had a sort of absolute control over the Void around him, making it almost impossible

for any flaw to escape his notice.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

He struck out with three consecutive sword-strikes.

Old Man Yuan didn't even have a chance to react before Ning's sword-light pierced through his six blocking arms, stabbing straight towards his body.

"How can this..." Old Man Yuan was in disbelief.

Even an ordinary Elder God who had mastered the first stance of the [Nameless] sword-art, the 'Heartsword' stance, would become comparable to a supreme Elder God in battle. This stance represented a certain level of mastery over the sword!

"Go."

Faced with impending doom, Old Man Yuan didn't attempt to block the sword-strike. In truth, there was no way for him to block it, even if he wanted to...and so all he did was stare into Ji Ning's eyes.

Whoosh.

A ripple of power instantly surged towards Ning and attacked him.

It was as if a gray seed suddenly burrowed itself into Ning's body, attempting to penetrate his very soul. This gray mental seed caused Ning to feel a dim sense of danger.

Boom!

Heartforce soul-lock!

After he became a half-step World God, he had hurriedly strengthened his soul and once more protected it with the heartforce soul-lock technique which World God Northrest had transmitted to him. It was as though an incomparably thick steel plate had appeared before the gray seed. The gray seed did its best to burrow through it, but it actually began to shatter after repeatedly ramming into the steel plate.

Stab!

Ning's sword-light didn't slow down in the slightest as it pierced straight through Old Man Yuan's forehead.

[Brightmoon] sword-art, Blood Drop stance!

This was Ning's fastest and most penetrating attack. Old Man Yuan's protective divine ability was unable to block this strike. His forehead was pierced straight through...and he finally ran out of divine power. As Violetjewel unleashed its power, Old Man Yuan's truesoul was completely ground apart and destroyed.

Old Man Yuan...had died!

The Void was completely silent.

Old Man Yuan's body continued to sit there in the lotus position, with Ji Ning standing in front of him, holding a sword that had been driven through his forehead. Old Man Yuan's life aura had completely dissipated...but on his face was a look of resentment and unwillingness to accept this outcome.

Clearly, his final attempt at a heartforce attack had also been easily blocked by Ning. This made him feel quite resentful.

Tears appeared in the eyes of the Lord of All Fiends as he beheld this sight. He murmured softly to himself, "Everwood, we won. The Three Realms won."

On the Nuwa Alliance's side, Patriarch Subhuti, Buddha Maitreya, Sun Wukong, Jade Cauldron, Kuafu, and the other major powers stared hard as well, afraid that they were seeing things.

"Dead. Old Man Yuan is finally dead." Daoist Jade Cauldron mumbled to himself, "Master, the Three Realms has been saved. It's saved. We won."

"We won." Sun Wukong murmured softly, "My senior apprentice-brothers and junior apprentice-brothers...we won. Do you know? We won!"

A number of major powers couldn't help but begin to shed tears.

They had won.

The Three Realms had won.

Even the distant incarnation Godfiend Witherspike found itself breathless. When he saw Ji Ning pierce through Old Man Yuan's forehead with his sword, he waited for Old Man Yuan's life aura to completely vanish before he mumbled to himself, "I never would've thought that the Mindlord of the Nine Divine Generals would end up dying in the hands of a local bumpkin from this chaosworld. These yokels actually won. This is unbelievable. Truly unbelievable."

Chapter 34: Deception

Snick! Ji Ning pulled Violetjewel out of Old Man Yuan's corpse. His body was comparable to a top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasure; destroying it would be no easy feat. Ning would have to attack multiple times at absolute maximum power in order to succeed. Still, Ning couldn't actually be bothered to do that; he would simply use his Five Elements Cauldron to annihilate the body of this alien Outsider who had sinned against them all.

Ning wouldn't even make use of the Five Elements essence from this body, because he viewed it to be filthy! Ning truly felt far too much hatred towards Old Man Yuan, because far too many had died because of him. Many of Ning's old friends, his fellow apprentices, and even overlords had died because of him. All the waters of the universe still wouldn't be enough to wash away the hatred he felt.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Daofather Subhuti, Buddha Maitreya, Daoist Jade Cauldron, Kuafu, and the other major powers flew over. The Lord of All Fiends, Daofather Bloodswan, and the other major powers of the Seamless Gate flew over as well.

"He finally died." Subhuti stared at Old Man Yuan's corpse, then said in a low voice, "This alien Outsider has finally died."

"This is the most terrifying Outsider I have ever encountered." The Lord of All Fiends let out a sigh as well.

"The Three Realms' tribulation has finally come to an end." Buddha Amitabha had a look of grief and sorrow in his eyes.

"An end?" A voice suddenly rang out from afar. "Don't be so quick to celebrate."

All of the major powers surrounding Old Man Yuan's corpse turned to look. They saw Godfiend Witherspike fly towards them from afar.

“Godfiend Witherspike?” The Lord of All Fiends frowned. “No, this is just his incarnation.”

Ning and the others could also tell that this was merely Witherspike’s incarnation.

“Witherspike, what do you mean by that?” The Lord of All Fiends frowned. “Are you scheming something?”

A flicker of a killing intent flashed through Ji Ning’s eyes.

Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation glanced at Ning, then laughed. “Sword Immortal Darknorth definitely stands at the very peak of power amongst Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals. How would I dare to scheme against him?”

“Then why would you suggest that the tribulation has not ended?” Ning frowned as well.

“I didn’t say that. I just said...don’t be so quick to celebrate.” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation said. “To tell you the truth, all of you have to thank me. I truly feel sympathy for you locals, after having seen you all fight so hard to protect your Three Realms. As for the Mindlord, I really rather dislike the man. That’s why I’ve come to tell you a few things.”

“Mindlord?” Ning and the others listened, puzzled.

“Old Man Yuan had an extraordinary background,” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation said. “He is one of the Nine Divine Generals of God Emperor Blacklotus, whose name is spoken of with awe throughout the entire Badlands Territory. God Emperor Blacklotus is a World God, while his Nine Divine Generals are his nine most trusted subordinates, each of whom is a supreme Elder God or Ancestral Immortal. Every single one of them is more powerful than Lord Demonheart was, while Old Man Yuan was the ‘Mindlord’ of the nine.”

Ning and the others frowned upon hearing this.

The Badlands Territory?

It was the territory that was closest to the Three Realms. Once one

traversed through that spatial vortex that led outside the Three Realms, one would reach the vast region commanded by the Badlands Everworld which was known as the Badlands Territory.

“No matter how powerful he was, he’s dead now,” Ning said.

“No.” Godfiend Witherspike shook his head. “I only reached this place during the Three Realms Era, while the Mindlord arrived here during the Primordial Era...but what’s strange is that when I was in the Badlands Territory, I actually saw the Mindlord once from afar.”

“You saw the Mindlord in the Badlands Territory during the Three Realms Era?” The faces of Ji Ning and everyone else all changed.

Old Man Yuan had arrived during the Primordial Era.

How could the Mindlord have been present in the Badlands Territory during the Three Realms Era?

“Right.” Godfiend Witherspike nodded. “As you’ve probably guessed by now, the Mindlord rose to power step-by-step, starting as an ordinary mortal. He has a Primaltwin! His true body has been following and serving God Emperor Blacklotus this entire time, while his Primaltwin has generally been the body he used to wage war. My guess is that the ‘him’ that died here was nothing more than his Primaltwin.”

“What?”

“He still has a true body?”

“Shit.”

The major powers of the Three Realms were all enraged.

“But why is it that all of his soulslaves died as well?” Ning pointed towards the corpses of the major powers that were floating through the Void. As soon as Old Man Yuan had died, all of his soulslaves had silently passed away as well. “If he has a true body...his true body and his Primaltwin should share the same soul. Both would be capable of controlling his soulslaves. When his Primaltwin died, the soulslaves should remain alive, right?”

“Spot on.” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation sighed. “Logically speaking, after he died he should’ve immediately ordered his soulslaves to attack you, trying to do as much damage as he possibly could, regardless of the price.”

“And yet...he did not.”

“Instead, when he died he willed all of his soulslaves to die as well.” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation smiled. “That’s because he didn’t want you to realize that he still had a true body around.”

“He didn’t want us to know?” The major powers of the Three Realms began to understand.

Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation glanced at Ning, then let out a sigh. “Sword Immortal Darknorth...you’ve started to frighten the Mindlord.”

“Frighten?” Ning frowned.

“Yes. You are starting to scare him.” Godfiend Witherspike continued, “Because of what Old Man Yuan, the Three Realms has suffered far, far too much. I trust that all of you here would be willing to do almost anything to tear him apart, dining on his flesh and drinking his blood. If you all knew that he had a true body out there...it’s entirely possible that you would choose to venture out into the Badlands Territory to seek revenge upon him.”

“All of you have remained within just this single chaosworld, with no one to provide you with any guidance...and yet, you all have still managed to train to such levels of power. This is even more true for you, Sword Immortal Darknorth...you are already ridiculously strong, and your sword-arts are particularly terrifying. Very few Elder Gods or Ancestral Immortals would be a match for you. In fact, not even the Mindlord’s true body would necessarily be a match for you! And you’ve only trained for a bit over a thousand years...given your potential, it is entirely possible that you might become a World God!”

“If you were to seek him out in the future for the sake of revenge...you tell me, wouldn’t the Mindlord be worried? Wouldn’t he be frightened by this possibility?” Godfiend Witherspike’s incarnation smiled. “If you were

to perpetually remain at your current level of power, he wouldn't be worried; he's protected by God Emperor Blacklotus after all. But you've been improving far too quickly. He can't help but feel afraid...and so, in the moment of his death, he extinguished the souls of all his soulslaves, putting on a show of being truly slain. This was all for the sake of deceiving you."

Ning nodded.

It made sense. Even if Old Man Yuan had ordered his soulslaves to launch an all-out assault, Ning would've been able to effortlessly wipe them all out. Far better to use them to deceive Ning instead.

"Ahaha...well, I've said everything I've come to say." Godfiend Witherspike's incarnation smiled. "No need to thank me. Ahahaha...great men like the Mindlord have always looked down on minor figures like us. I'm delighted that I'm able to ruin things for him!" As he laughed, his incarnation slowly dissipated and faded away.

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Far away, at the very end of the Three Realms. A dark-golden castle was hovering in the Void here.

Inside the castle.

"Mindlord...hmp. You wanted to make a clean break and avoid any future troubles? A pity for you that I've stirred up the trouble you wanted to avoid." Godfiend Witherspike laughed coldly. 'Old Man Yuan' truly had put on a perfect show; Ji Ning and the others had no idea that 'Old Man Yuan' still had a true body outside the Three Realms, much less what his true identity was. It really would've been difficult for them to take revenge on him.

But now...Godfiend Witherspike had told them everything.

"Master, did you just say that Ji Ning slew the Mindlord?" Saber was shocked. "Is Ji Ning really that powerful?"

"He really is." Godfiend Witherspike thought back to that final clash, when Ji Ning's terrible sword-art had easily pierced through Old Man

Yuan's palms. The power of the 'Heartsword' stance had truly frightened the Godfiend.

The 'Heartsword' stance was a technical stance. Ji Ning was now a half-step World God, and his body was filled with incredible power. An incredible technique, matched with incredible power...and a Dao weapon as well!

"Of all the Elder Gods and Ancestral Immortals I've ever seen, he can rank in the top three." Godfiend Witherspike sighed softly. The reason he said this was because he had seen how terrifyingly brilliant Ji Ning's final sword-art had been. If Ji Ning merely relied on powerful divine abilities and his Dao weapon, he would be nothing more than a strong brute...but the Heartsword stance had truly allowed him to unleash his power in a perfect manner.

"He's that powerful?!" Saber was truly shocked now.

Was this a joke? Godfiend Witherspike had been alive for ages now, and had seen more than a hundred individuals on the same level as the Mindlord. Despite all that, he actually dared to claim that Ji Ning could rank in the top three?

"Let's go. To be able to watch as two figures of such power battled to the death...this entire trip was worth it." Godfiend Witherspike no longer harbored any more designs on the Three Realms at all. His dark-golden castle flew out of the Void, entering the endless primordial chaos and once more beginning their drifting journey through it.

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After listening to Godfiend Witherspike's words, Ning had a feeling that the man had told them the truth.

This was because Old Man Yuan had once said this to Witherspike: "Witherspike, do you still remember that black lotus?" When Witherspike had heard those words, he had been so terrified that he immediately fled. The 'black lotus secret art' which Old Man Yuan had used had also been truly formidable.

“Old Man Yuan? Mindlord?” A killing intent arose once more within Ning’s breast.

He was going to venture into the endless primordial chaos eventually.

All signs pointed to Old Man Yuan being the Mindlord; Ning assessed that there was at least an 80% chance of this being the case. After Ning ventured off into the Badlands Territory, he would probably be able to quickly verify whether or not this was the case. A technique as powerful as that black lotus art had to be quite famous. Not just anyone could be allowed to learn it!

“Darknorth...can the Seamless Gate rejoin the Three Realms once more?” The Lord of All Fiends suddenly spoke out.

Chapter 35: The New Three Realms

The faces of the major powers of the Nuwa Alliance all changed slightly. Suhbuti, Maitreya, Jade Cauldron, Kuafu, Sun Wukong, and the others all hesitated before answering. They wanted to refuse...but just now, both alliances had worked together to defeat Old Man Yuan. Keeper Everwood had gone so far as to unhesitatingly sacrifice his own life by detonating his own body.

Quite a few major powers of the Nuwa Alliance had been very close to Everwood. Subhuti and the already-deceased Tathagata and Three Purities...they had all been very good friends with Keeper Everwood. For them to expel the Seamless Gate right after Keeper Everwood had died for the Three Realms...it really wasn't very appropriate.

But!

Although they felt confident that the Lord of All Fiends wasn't a warmonger, who could say what the future would hold? When the Seamless Gate gave birth to new overlords in the future, who could say what would happen? If the Seamless Gate was permitted to stay in the Three Realms, they would continue to be a potential source of trouble. It was entirely possible that in the future, a new war would once more erupt.

"Darknorth, what do you think?" Buddha Maitreya spoke out, causing all the major powers present to look towards Ji Ning.

Ji Ning was now the unquestionably most powerful expert of the Three Realms. He now had the power to dominate all others, much like Mother Nuwa before him. This meant that his words now held much more weight than before.

"They can rejoin the Three Realms." Ning nodded.

"What?" Subhuti and the others stared towards Ning in astonishment.

The Lord of All Fiends and the others were all shocked and overjoyed. For the Lord of All Fiends to venture through the dangers of the

primordial chaos was one thing, but the other major powers and the Seamless Gate's Empyrean Gods and True Immortals were far too weak. Life in the Three Realms would be better by far.

"However...you all must swear lifeblood oaths." Ning waved his hand, producing a jade globe.

"A lifeblood oath?"

The major powers of both sides looked towards the jade globe in Ning's hands.

"Is that an oathstone?" The Lord of All Fiends was shocked.

"Yes." Ji Ning nodded.

"Then today, the troubles of the Three Realms shall all come to an end." The Lord of All Fiends laughed. Why was it that the various organizations of the vast primordial chaos were able to remain so unified? It was because of lifeblood oaths! Even the most durable of faiths and promises could be slowly worn away by the passage of time, after all. Only the compulsive power of lifeblood oaths was truly eternal.

Right there in the Void, before the corpse of Old Man Yuan, the major powers of the two alliances set down and swore the Three Realms Oath.

After all of the major powers finished swearing their lifeblood oaths, the atmosphere between the two alliances immediately became noticeably friendlier.

"Ji Ning." Subhuti pointed at the corpses of the major powers that were floating around in the Void. "We can't just let their corpses continue to float around like that."

"Right." Ning nodded.

"I think...Holyflame." Subhuti turned his head to look at Daofather Holyflame. "Let us cremate them and send them to their final rest, never to be disturbed again. Allfiend, what do you say?"

"Agreed." The Lord of All Fiends nodded slowly.

Generally speaking, corpses of major powers wouldn't be buried. The

concern was that some might plunder their graves or perhaps even go so far as to refine their corpses into treasures. For example, when the Three Realms slew the alien Outsider known as Rahu, they had used his corpse to create multiple different treasures such as the Rahu Bow.

Daofather Holyflame nodded, then waved a finger.

Whooooosh.

A dazzling, sacred white flame suddenly flew out from his finger. This was the holy flame which Daofather Holyflame had devised, a flame that was far more powerful than the samadhi truefire he had once used. It was still somewhat weaker than the likes of Golden Solarfire, Zhurong Godfire, or the Eternal Kindlefire, but since these corpses weren't as tough as top-grade Protocosmic spirit-treasures, his holy flame was enough to cremate them.

The corpses of the Immortals and Fiendgods began to blaze with that pristine, holy white fire.

Ji Ning, Subhuti, Allfiend, and the others all watched silently. Their hearts were all filled with grief. Far, far too many of their friends and brothers had died on this day.

"Life and death are part of a cycle," Subhuti said softly. "Although they have died, the Three Realms shall never forget them."

"The Three Sovereigns of Mankind – Suiren, Fuxi, and Shennong..." The Lord of All Fiends nodded. "Tathagata...Three Purities..."

"Everwood...Jueming...Gonggong...Devilhand..."

"They will become legends. The humans...the Buddhists...the Daoists...the Seamless Gate...the countless living creatures of the world...they shall sing about them for generations to come."

Ning nodded slowly as well.

They were the forefathers, the ones who had ensured that this world of theirs would survive and prosper.

It didn't matter what the future held in store for the human race. It

didn't matter that the Three Realms would eventually collapse and give birth to a new chaosworld. Hundreds of chaos cycles could go past, but so long as the human race continued to exist, it would still forever remember those three ancient Sovereigns who had protected them and guided them in the earliest, weakest days.

“Although they are dead, they shall still live forever.” Ji Ning, who had truly fought shoulder-to-shoulder alongside all of them, felt even more grief than the others.

“If in the future...”

“If after a hundred chaos cycles...a thousand chaos cycles...or an even longer period of time...if I ever reach the true apex of power possible for cultivators and become capable of reviving all those who were slain...I swear that I definitely will do so. I'll make it so that we'll all be able to sit down and drink with each other once more.” Ning was silently praying to himself.

Because of his lifeblood oath, he had to go to Vastheaven Palace. But even if it wasn't for the sake of the oath, he still would've wanted to leave and travel to more distant realms.

Perhaps one day, he would find a technique which would allow an extinguished truesoul to be brought back to life once more. If he did, he would no longer have any more regrets in life. He would be able to bring back all those who had died...but Ning knew quite well how incredibly hard it would be for him to find and become capable of using such an incredible technique.

However, he had made up his mind. No matter how long it took or how hard it would be, he would continue to go down this path.

.....

Thanks to this great war, the Three Realms had lost many of its major powers, Empyrean Gods, and True Immortals. Its vital essence had been dramatically weakened, and even the Celestial Court had been shattered by the war.

And so...

Ji Ning and the other major powers had worked together to remake a new Celestial Court! They had re-established the Netherworld Kingdom! They rebuilt the great Six Paths of Reincarnation!

In rebuilding the Six Paths of Reincarnation, Ji Ning served as the principle power while Subhuti served as the assistant. This was because the Six Paths of Reincarnation involved the power of spacetime. Although Ji Ning's divine power was the strongest and purest in the Three Realms, he still needed Subhuti's help. After three years of hard work, the Six Paths of Reincarnation were repaired and remade, allowing the Three Realms to go completely back to normal.

"From this day forth, Immortal cultivators must be extremely restrained and cautious in choosing disciples."

"The Dao is not to be casually transmitted."

A veritable ocean of Celestial Immortals, True Immortals, Empyrean Gods, and other cultivators had died as a result of this war. The burden on the Three Realms was significantly lessened as a result. However, everyone knew that if the Three Realms continued to produce Immortal cultivators at as fast a pace as before, it was likely that many new Empyrean Gods and True Immortals would emerge in the not too distant future. Thus, certain changes had to be made. Immortal cultivation had to become a more difficult path, one filled with even more dangers than before.

After the major powers of the Three Realms gave the orders, the entire Three Realms began to change. All Immortal cultivation schools were relocated to mountain tops, and the Immortal cultivation clans and tribes would rarely admit new disciples. To embark upon the path of Immortal cultivation would be a hundred times more difficult than it had been in the past. It required even greater determination and willpower for someone to be permitted into an Immortal school.

Three hundred years passed after the great war.

"The Three Realms has changed."

An old man in Daoist robes was alongside a white-robed youth. The two were standing atop a cloud, staring at the vast world before them.

The Daoist robed elder let out a sigh. “The Three Realms has become more peaceful as a whole. Immortal cultivation has become more difficult, which means that fewer and fewer Immortal cultivators are around to take part in mortal wars and battles. At most, you’ll only see the occasional Zifu Disciple taking part. Now that there are so few Immortal cultivators, there are also much fewer people fighting over resources and natural treasures, making conflicts amongst cultivators much rarer than in the past as well.”

“Yes.” Ji Ning nodded.

It was as though the Three Realms had turned over a new leaf.

“Are you truly going to leave the Three Realms?” Subhuti looked at Ning.

“I have to leave.” Ning nodded. “I have no other choice.”

Subhuti understood what Ning was hinting at, knowing that Ning had to be under some sort of compulsion. “Then what of the Three Realms? Your daughter?”

Ning said, “I’ll set up an Immortal estate very close to the Three Realms in the primordial chaos. My Primaltwin will stay there permanently and protect the Three Realms. My true body will traverse that spatial vortex and journey to the Badlands Territory. Everything else aside, the Mindlord remains a source of potential trouble. If I ever have the chance to kill him, I will.”

“Good.” Subhuti revealed a hint of delight on his face.

For someone as powerful as Ji Ning, going out adventuring through the primordial chaos was quite normal. Mother Nuwa was born an Elder God and thus did not have a Primaltwin. Ji Ning, however, had started as an ordinary mortal and slowly had risen to power. Although he was going to leave, he would only send his true body out adventuring; his Primaltwin would remain behind, close to the Three Realms.

“How strong is your Primaltwin, compared to your true body?” Subhuti asked.

“With my Primaltwin here, we wouldn’t need to worry even if we encounter more figures on the level of Old Man Yuan,” Ning said.

Although his Primaltwin was a bit weaker than his true body, it was still a first-tier Ancestral Immortal. When using the ‘Heartsword stance’, it absolutely had the power of a supreme Elder God.

“Alright.” Subhuti suddenly glanced downwards and smiled. “See what your daughter is doing?”

Ning glanced downwards as well, his gaze piercing through the Void. He saw Brightmoon tease and toy with an ordinary scholar in a mischievous manner. She was pretending to be an ordinary young lady from a mortal clan of nobles, and she and her ‘maidservant’ were both teasing this ordinary mortal scholar.

Ning laughed.

His daughter was able to live freely within the Three Realms, to be happy and carefree. Ning was satisfied. In the past, his daughter had been forced to hide within the Crescent world, and if they had lost the war she would’ve been forced to risk her life adventuring through the primordial chaos. Ning truly did not wish to see this happen.

“She’s doing well. That’s all I want.” Ji Ning smiled.

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